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BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

FEW public men in any country have been made the subject of so much hostile criticism as Benjamin Disraeli. The most powerful section of the press in England has always been opposed to him. The rising young Radicals, whether in Parliament or out of it, have found him a convenient object for those vigorous denunciations which are usually accepted as a proof of superior sagacity and fidelity to party. The Conservative organs in England, and especially in London, have not exercised great influence over public opinion during the last thirty years, and what little they possessed has more frequently been thrown against Mr. Disraeli than in his favor. The Quarterly Review has never had a good word to say for him. He has had no friends among journalists, and has never sought to make any. He has never tried to conciliate the forces which control, or are supposed to control, public opinion. Yet for upwards of twenty years he has been the virtual leader of the party which represents the "territorial aristocracy" of England. Three times he has led that party to power in the teeth

of apparently insurmountable difficulties. Three times he has held the great position of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Once, already, he has been Prime Minister; a second time the Queen invited him to take upon his shoulders the cares and responsibilities of that post; and the hour is probably approaching when he will be called to office under circumstances better calculated to do him justice than any which have hitherto marked his career. If he is the giddy adventurer, the empty charlatan, the unprincipled intriguer that the world has been taught to believe, how has all this success been achieved? It is not customary in English politics to see adventurers climb slowly to power, and survive the test of thirty years of public life. The highest place in the English government is not to be won by imposters. There must be something more in Mr. Disraeli's history than most of his critics are willing to have us suppose.

Whenever Mr. Disraeli's life is written with an impartial hand, it will be found to present one of the most remarkable and instructive stories in the

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annals of political history. To the young especially it will be full of invaluable lessons,—lessons which are never so forcibly presented as through the medium of example. The advantages of intrepidity, patience, and steadfast endurance in the battle of life were never set forth in a more striking manner. Few young men can enter upon the active business of the world under more discouraging conditions than those which attended the early lot of Disraeli. In a country where wealth and family connections are important auxiliaries to success, and at a time when they were much more important than they are now, “Disraeli the younger” began as a clerk in a lawyer’s office without a shilling in the world. Under a social system in which powerful friends are almost indispensable, at least to advancement in political life, he stood alone. At a period when no man was thought fit to enter Parliament who was not either a landed proprietor himself or had one for a patron, he forced his way into the House of Commons, boasting that “literature was his only escutcheon.” He made friends as he grew older; but it was only by the commanding force of his genius, by his calm, invincible resolution, and by the unflinching nerve with which he confronted every difficulty. The world honors courage, and when the world tried to beat down Disraeli, and he beat it down instead, it became his friend. But, for long and weary years, it was an apparently hopeless contest. The only friendly hand extended to him was the hand of that woman whose remains he followed to a wintry grave last December, amid a blinding snow-storm, bareheaded and alone. If anybody desires to know what a wife may be to her husband, with what pure unselfishness and devotion she can give up everything that she has to his service, and find a noble happiness in doing it; what a support and comfort she can be to him under the inevitable sorrows and misfortunes of life; how magnificently she can in-

spire him to fresh exertions, and stand as a bulwark between the adverse world and himself,—any one who wishes to comprehend all this need only read the story of Mr. Disraeli’s married life. It will be found that in such a case the devotion is not all on one side. The affection of a good woman kindles the nobler qualities of a man, and he will repay her devotion with lofty fidelity. If Mr. Disraeli had, as he once said, the “best of wives,” he, on his part, proved the best of husbands. Till the last day of her life he paid to his wife those attentions which are too often associated rather with the romance of youthful intercourse than with the routine of married life. When he rose to the highest point of his ambition, the only favor he would accept of the Queen was a coronet for his wife. He was scarcely ever absent from her side until the dark day when the fast friends were to be parted. She knew that she was dying, but refrained from telling him so, in order that he might be spared the pain of bidding her farewell. He also knew that her last hour was at hand, but kept silence lest he should distress her. Thus they parted, each anxious to avoid striking a blow at the other’s heart. The domestic lives of public men are properly held to be beyond the range of public comment; but in an age when marriage is the theme of ridicule from “leaders of progress” it may be that this passage in Mr. Disraeli’s career may be pondered with some profit by the young.

Mr. Disraeli’s connection with the literature and politics of his country has been of a very active kind for upwards of six-and-forty years. Although he boasts that he was “born in a library,” there is little of the spirit of a recluse in his temperament. Wherever hard blows were to be given or taken, there was he to be found. His Parliamentary life began with the reign of Queen Victoria, and it was in 1838 that he made the now celebrated speech which brought upon him the ridicule of the House of Commons. The speech

itself was in that inflated style which occasionally marks his later efforts. He spoke of the "noble Tityrus of the Treasury Bench and the Daphne of Liskeard," and described Lord John Russell as "waving the keys of St. Peter in his hand." The House laughed him down. "I am not at all surprised at the reception I have met with," said he. "I have begun several times many things, and I have often succeeded at last. I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will listen to me." But years went by, and apparently he made no headway. He was told that he was "not an Englishman," although his grandfather settled in England in 1748, and the family have never since quitted that country. To this moment when a "smart" writer wishes to launch a shaft against Mr. Disraeli, he describes him as being so "un-English." And yet it is not every smart writer who can be quite sure that he had a grandfather. A careful study of Mr. Disraeli's public life leads to the conclusion that he understands "English affairs" at least as well as men who do not lie under the reproach of being "un-English." He opposed the repeal of the Corn Laws, but he did so in common with the great party of which he was afterwards to be the leader. The faithlessness of Sir Robert Peel to the Tory party he bitterly resented. It is often alleged that he began life as a Radical, because, upon his first attempt to get into Parliament, a Radical proposed him. People forget that a Tory seconded him, so that the evidence on either side is not conclusive. Undoubtedly Mr. Disraeli's earliest utterances were in favor of giving greater power to the people. He always maintained, as we shall presently see, that the Tory party was the true democratic — that is, the Liberal — party of England. In 1841 the downfall of the Whig government was at hand. Ministers attempted to gain popularity by introducing a Poor-Law Amendment Bill, and Mr. Disraeli moved that it be read that day six months; in other words, moved its

rejection. He failed, but he denounced the pauper system then, and he has denounced it ever since, and most men are now obliged to acknowledge that he was in the right. When he was Chancellor of the Exchequer he proposed several means of increasing the revenue, without casting fresh burdens upon the bulk of the people, and he was laughed at. But some of his ideas — among them the stamp on checks — were afterwards adopted, and were found to work well. In introducing his first Reform Bill, he proposed a lodger franchise, which was received with great merriment, and long afterwards passed into a law, amid the general approval of the country.

His alleged inconsistency in 1867 demands more careful consideration. For many years previous to that time the subject of Parliamentary reform had been regarded with ever-increasing interest by almost all classes, but especially by the laboring class, which was practically excluded from the franchise. The settlement of 1832, arrived at after dangerous disorder and agitation all over the country, was not adequate to the wants of the people, nor was it intrinsically a just measure. From time to time great pressure was brought to bear upon the government of the day to extend the franchise, so that it might include a larger proportion of the working classes. Mr. Disraeli was one of those who insisted on the justice of this demand. He did not, as was so often asserted in 1867, become at that late hour a convert to a workingman's suffrage. If we turn to a speech which he delivered in the House of Commons on the 20th of June, 1848, we find him boldly asserting that property was already sufficiently represented in that House. "I am prepared," he said, "to support the system of 1832 until I see that the circumstances and necessities of the country require a change; but I am convinced that when the change comes it will be one that will have more regard for other sentiments, qualities, and conditions than the mere possession of

property as a qualification for the exercise of the political franchise. And, therefore, in opposing the measure of the honorable member for Montrose, I protest against being placed in the category of finality, or as one who believes that no change is ever to take place in that wherein there has been, throughout the history of this ancient country, frequent and continuous change, — the construction of this estate of the realm." He repeatedly avowed his conviction that in the Reform Act of 1832 there was "a want of due consideration of the rights of the working classes to the franchise." But years went on, and small concessions were made in a timid and grudging spirit, for the sole purpose of bringing one ministry in or saving another from being turned out. When a premier became unpopular, one of his first shifts was generally a proposal to admit another handful of workingmen to the privileges of the suffrage. In 1858, Lord Derby being then in power and Mr. Disraeli Chancellor of the Exchequer, it became necessary once more to consider the subject of Parliamentary reform. Mr. Disraeli has stated that it was even then proposed in the Cabinet that the "borough franchise should be founded upon the principle of household suffrage." * But this measure was thought to be far too sweeping for the hour, and, practically, nothing whatever was done, either by that ministry or its immediate successors. As Mr. Disraeli said, in the speech just referred to, successive ministers attempted to settle the reform problem, and all of them failed. "Lord Russell failed, Lord Aberdeen failed, Lord Palmerston failed, Lord Derby failed, and we were called upon to consider the question when we came into office [in 1866] after a fresh failure by Lord Russell."

In 1867 Mr. Disraeli determined to take this question out of the region to which it had previously been confined. He resolved that it should no longer form the subject of a hand-to-mouth

policy. He therefore brought forward the celebrated measure which has not since been disturbed, establishing household suffrage in boroughs, and what is called an occupation franchise in counties. Any man who has occupied a house or lodgings in a borough for a twelvemonth prior to an election is entitled to vote at that election. In counties, any man who has occupied lands or tenements to the ratable value of twelve pounds or upwards exercises the same right. The measure was denounced with great bitterness on all sides. Mr. Lowe and many other Liberals resented it, partly because it deprived them of their stock in trade, partly because it really went much farther than they desired, or had ever intended, to carry reform. Even Mr. Bright said of it, * "I do not complain of the passing of this bill, or of the House having adopted it in its entirety; but I have said that, looking at the prevailing opinion of powerful classes in this country, who regarded such a step with fear and alarm, and also to the fact which no man can deny, that there is a class, which I hope is constantly decreasing, to whom the extension of the franchise at present can possibly be of no advantage either to themselves or to the country, I should have been willing to consent to some proposition which fell short of household suffrage pure and simple." Mr. Lowe protested in fervid strains against the transfer of power from the "middle" to the "poorer" classes. He advised the House to "prevail on our future masters to learn their letters." He declared that the measure was viewed with "shame, rage, scorn, indignation, and despair by every Englishman who was not a slave to the trammels of party." The speeches were very good, and Mr. Lowe was afterwards rewarded for them by being made Chancellor of the Exchequer; but it is odd that none of his gloomy predictions have been fulfilled, and that he should consent to belong to a ministry which has lately talked of going to the country

* Speech in House of Commons, July 15, 1867.

* July 16, 1867, in the House of Commons.

with the cry of "household suffrage for counties."

Mr. Disraeli had the people on his side in this contest, and thus he was enabled to carry out his design in spite of the opposition of Liberals, and the still more embarrassing opposition of his own party. The feelings of many of his followers were vividly portrayed in an article written by Lord Cranborne (now Marquis of Salisbury) in the *Quarterly Review* of October, 1867, and entitled *The Conservative Surrender*. Mr. Disraeli was accused of the blackest treachery. It is not very probable that Lord Salisbury holds a different opinion now, but the lapse of six years enables unprejudiced observers to take a fairer view of Mr. Disraeli's conduct. What was his duty, as a constitutional statesman, in 1867: to oppose an irresistible tendency of the times, or to adopt the policy of "acquiescence"? Peel and Wellington had opposed reform, but both were compelled to yield to it. It was of no use fighting against public opinion. The Conservative party could not be always resisting a great popular impulse. Mr. Disraeli believed that he could obey that impulse and yet guide it; and the events of the past twelve-month already indicate that he had a clearer insight into the future than his assailants. The Conservatives have gained victories in constituencies where they have for years only looked for defeat. The "Conservative working-man" is not quite the myth which was supposed, and at the next general election it is quite possible that his vote will surprise Liberals like Mr. Lowe, who believed that a wider measure of reform would bring upon England all the horrors of the French Revolution.

It was urged that Mr. Disraeli ought not to have proposed a sweeping extension of the franchise, because he was the Conservative leader, and the Conservatives were opposed to reform. But Mr. Disraeli has always been a leader; he has never followed his followers. He boasted, on one occasion, that he had been obliged to "educate his par-

ty." He had undoubtedly opposed attempts to meddle with the question of reform which were not designed to settle it. But when he came into power he tried to deal with it so that it should no longer be the shuttlecock of politics. He declared his belief that his scheme would have a conservative rather than a revolutionary tendency; and thus far his anticipations have certainly been justified. "Inconsistency" has always been the favorite cry which Mr. Disraeli's critics hurl at him. If it conveyed a just charge, it ought, at least, to be applied to some other eminent men. Lord Palmerston took office under all sorts of Ministries; but no one called him inconsistent because he one day served with Tories and the next with Whigs. Sir Robert Peel began as a Tory, and soon threw over the principles then dearest to the Tory heart; but his friends said that he was quite consistent. Mr. Gladstone was described by Macaulay as the "rising hope of the unbending Tories": we all know what he is now; yet he is not inconsistent; at least no one may say that he is. Mr. Disraeli's course on the reform question was far less variable than the course of any other great statesman has been on a question of equal magnitude, the discussion of which has been protracted over an equal number of years. The Corn Laws were abolished by a Ministry which went into office pledged solemnly to support a policy of protection. Lord Derby's ministry was in no such position as that on the question of reform. Ministers in England are bound to obey the will of the people, sooner or later. It is a part of their duty as constitutional advisers of the Crown. In Mr. Disraeli's treatment of the working classes he was true to his old opinions. In his early writings he dealt with the aristocracy in no gentle spirit. His sympathies were clearly with the people. When the "Great Petition" of the Chartists was presented (July, 1839), he declared that, though he disapproved of the Charter, he sympathized with the Chartists. In all his books

he substantially took the same ground that he held in 1867. *Sybil*, written nearly thirty years ago, is full of ultra-reform opinions. But he treated the question as an advanced Conservative. In the novel just referred to he says: "In an age of political materialism, of confused purposes and perplexed intelligence, that aspires only to wealth because it has faith in no other accomplishment, as men rifle cargoes on the verge of shipwreck, Toryism will yet rise from the tomb over which Bolingbroke shed his last tear, to bring back strength to the Crown, liberty to the subject, and to announce that power has only one duty,—to secure the social welfare of the people." These are not the sentiments of a demagogue on the one hand, or of an unprincipled adventurer on the other. He speaks with indignation of class rule in England, and describes the people as being practically two different nations, "who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws." In *Coningsby*—written at the age of thirty-nine—the same ideas were constantly repeated. His theory of a national policy for England was no vague or uncertain one, even so far back as 1844. This is what he wrote at that period:—

"In a word, true wisdom lies in the policy that would effect its ends by the influence of opinion, and yet by the means of existing forms. Nevertheless, if we are forced to revolutions, let us propose to our consideration the idea of a free monarchy, established on fundamental laws, itself the apex of a vast pile of municipal and local government ruling an educated people, represented by a free and intellectual press. Before such a royal authority, supported by such a national opinion, the sectional anomalies of our country would disappear. Under such a system, where qualification would not be

parliamentary, but personal, even statesmen would be educated; we should have no more diplomatists who could not speak French, no more bishops ignorant of theology, no more generals-in-chief who never saw a field."

There was no "inconsistency" in a man who held such views as these in 1844 bringing in a bill in 1867 for the admission of the working classes to the suffrage. The frivolous charge was made that ambition alone led him to bid for popular support. Ambition is not a dishonorable passion, nor is it a crime to appeal on proper grounds for popular support. Mr. Disraeli's idea of ambition is probably expressed in his own language more fairly than in the language of his opponents:—

"It was that noble ambition, the highest and the best, that must be born in the heart and organized in the brain, which will not let a man be content unless his intellectual power is recognized by his race, and desires that it should contribute to their welfare. It is the heroic feeling,—the feeling that in old days produced demigods; without which no state is safe; without which political institutions are meat without salt, the Crown a bauble, the Church an establishment, Parliaments debating clubs, and civilization itself but a fitful and transient dream."

It can be truly said that Mr. Disraeli has always held views in politics which are generally thought to be confined to "Liberal" statesmen, but it must also be admitted that he has never sought to conciliate any class at the expense of another. He has certainly not been very lenient towards the section of society with which his political life has chiefly thrown him into contact. He has never sought to win the favor of the "higher classes." They have been obliged to yield to the superiority of his genius, but he has made no overtures to them. He offers no homage to mere rank. Perhaps this is the reason why so many people call him "un-English." He has told the proudest families in England that, compared

with the race from which he sprung, they are "muddy-blooded barbarians." When he became Prime Minister, some one complained that his Cabinet was "full of plain misters." "It is the most plebeian Cabinet we have ever had," said the *Saturday Review*. In his novels he has usually treated the aristocracy with contemptuous sarcasm. "Ancient lineage!" he causes one of his characters in *Coningsby* to exclaim, "I never heard of a peer with an ancient lineage. The thirty years of the Wars of the Roses freed us from those gentlemen. We owe the English peerage to three sources, — the spoliation of the Church, the open and flagrant sale of its honors by the elder Stuarts, and the boroughmongering of our own times." His sketch of the Egremont family in *Sybil* is one which reveals no special love or admiration of the aristocracy. The true claim to public respect of which many a noble family can alone boast is there described: "The family had their due quota of garters, and governments, and bishoprics; admirals without fleets, and generals who fought only in America. They had glittered in great embassies, with clever secretaries at their elbows, and had once governed Ireland, when to govern Ireland was only to apportion the public plunder to a corrupt senate." The picture of Earl de Mowbray, who was raised from the ranks of domestic service to adorn the peerage, and the account of the Vavasours, are evidently the work of a man who cannot be called untrue to himself because in 1867 he supported the cause of the people against class interests. It may not be a pleasant fact for the old Whigs or the new Liberals to contemplate, but a fact it is, that the leader of the Conservative party carried the most liberal measure of reform ever brought into the House of Commons.

As a statesman, it is worse than foolish to describe Mr. Disraeli as a failure. He has never had an opportunity of carrying out a well-defined policy, requiring time and a reserve of strength for its development. He has

never been in power for more than a few months at a time, and then always in a minority. But it cannot be denied that he has made the best of his opportunities. As a Parliamentary leader, there is no man living his equal. Much of his success in 1867 must be attributed to his consummate skill in managing the House of Commons. He is a man who never loses his temper, or, if he does, he never allows anybody to detect the loss. The elasticity of his intellect enables him to grapple easily with the most complex questions, and his advice upon them is usually full of common-sense. He does not fly off under the impulse of excitement into all sorts of follies. When Mr. Gladstone was publicly declaring that "Jefferson Davis had created a nation," Mr. Disraeli never uttered a word in discouragement of the Northern armies or people. There is no more difficult body of men to lead in the world than those who constitute the House of Commons, and when it has fallen to Mr. Disraeli's lot to lead them, he has done it with incomparable tact. He never scolds or lectures them, as if they were a pack of naughty children, who ought to be whipped and sent to bed. This is Mr. Gladstone's method of managing his fellow-members, and it partly accounts for the success with which he turns a majority for him into a majority against him. Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, deals patiently with the House, humors it in its fits of petulance or anger, and often recalls it to a sense of its duty by a few words of good-humored remonstrance. Once, when he had suffered a great defeat, and the House was wild with excitement, and everybody looked to him for a violent speech, he rose calmly and said, "I think the best thing is always to put a good face upon a disagreeable state of affairs, and take that sensible view which may be taken even of the most distressing and adverse occurrences, if you have a command over your temper and your head." * In the same way, his trench-

* Speech in House of Commons, June 5, 1862.

ant replies to attacks upon himself or his party are always free from malvolence, while at the same time they pierce the tenderest points of his antagonists. He fastens some epithet upon a man which sticks to him for the remainder of his life. Mr. Horsman will always be the "superior person" of the House of Commons. No one who sees Mr. Beresford Hope rise to make a speech will forget his "Batavian grace." Lord Salisbury will be remembered for his "power of spontaneous aversion." Mr. Lowe is the "inspired school-boy." When Mr. Gladstone professed to disestablish the Irish Church, after supporting the cause of "Church and State" all his life, Mr. Disraeli had the opportunity of pointing out a real case of inconsistency, and he did not fail to use it. He taunted the Liberal leader with endeavoring to "reverse the solemn mummings of the nation at eight days' notice," and with having come forward, "like a thief in the night, to make the enormous sacrifice of all the convictions of his life." His sketch of the eternal "Irish difficulty" is worth reading, even though it suffers much through being detached from a great speech:—

"I never liked the emigration from Ireland. I have deplored it. I know that the finest elements of political power are men, and therefore I have not sympathized with the political economists who would substitute entirely for men animals of a lower organization. . . . I am not conscious that I have ever been deficient in sympathy for the Irish people. They have engaging qualities, which I think every man who has any heart must respect. But I must say nothing surprises me more than the general conduct of the Irish people on this subject of sentimental grievances. They are brave, lively, very imaginative, and therefore very sanguine; but going about the world announcing that they are a conquered race, they do appear to me the most extraordinary people in the universe. Every one of us, nations and individuals, is said to have a skeleton

in the house. I hope I have not; if I had, I would turn the key upon him. But why do they go about ostentatiously declaring themselves to be a conquered race? If they really were a conquered race, they are not the people who ought to announce it. It is the conquerors from whom we should learn the fact, for it is not the conquered who go about the world and announce their shame and humiliation. (Cheers) But I entirely deny that the Irish are a conquered race. I deny that they are more a conquered race than the people of any other nation. Therefore, I cannot see that there is any real ground for the doleful tone in which they complain that they are the most disgraced of men, and make that the foundation for the most unreasonable requests. Ireland is not one whit more conquered than England. They are always telling us that the Normans conquered Ireland. Well, I have heard that the Normans conquered England too (laughter), and the only difference between the two conquests is that while the conquest of Ireland was only partial, that of England was complete. (Renewed laughter.) Then they tell us that a long time ago there was that dreadful conquest by Cromwell, when Cromwell not only conquered but plundered the people. But Cromwell conquered England. (Great laughter.) He conquered the House of Commons. (Renewed laughter.) He ordered that bauble to be taken away, in consequence of which an honorable member, I believe of very advanced Liberal opinions, the other night proposed that we should raise a statue to his memory. (Laughter and cheers.) Well, sir, then we are told that the Dutch conquered Ireland, but, unfortunately, they conquered England too. They marched from Devonshire to London through the midst of a grumbling population. But the Irish fought like gentlemen for their sovereign, and there is no disgrace in the battle of the Boyne, nor does any shame attach to the conduct of those who were defeated. (Hear, hear.) I wish I could say as much for

the conduct of the English leaders at that time. (Hear, hear.) Therefore, the story of the Irish coming forward on all occasions to say that they are a conquered race, and, in consequence of their being a conquered race, to wish to destroy the English institutions, is the most monstrous thing I ever heard of. (Laughter.)"

Lightness and gayety often appear in Mr. Disraeli's speeches when all things seem to be going against him. It is his courage and unfailing good-humor which make him many personal friends, even among his bitter political foes. If a man is doomed to be beaten, it is well to see him taking his punishment with a serene countenance and a cheerful air. Throughout the long and stormy period during which Mr. Disraeli was compelled to remain in the "cold shade of opposition," he never betrayed signs of a failing heart. "The determined and the persevering," as he says in *Lothair*, "need never despair of gaining their object in this world"; and this principle is the keynote to his own life. He allied himself very early with a declining party, and he has remained steadfast to it through almost unexampled vicissitudes. There was a grudge against it in the minds of the people, and it never had a chance of taking up a popular question. All the fruit on the tree fell to the Liberals. Nothing would have been more natural, according to the ordinary behavior of men, than for Mr. Disraeli to have broken down during his long and arduous struggle against a victorious party. He had sat for fifteen years in Parliament before the smallest prospect appeared of his enjoying the solace of office. His party was scattered, demoralized, and cast down. It had no policy before it. Its former long lease of power had rendered the people tired of it; and it had fallen out of accord with the spirit of the age. Younger men and younger ideas were needed in it. Mr. Disraeli was abundantly able to supply ideas, but the very sound of the words "change" or "progress" scared the country party. They dis-

trusted the unknown man who was at their head in the Lower House. He was much too clever for them. He had a head full of ideas,—that was decidedly un-English. He had written in newspapers, and could not tell the weight of a bullock by pinching it in the rear. Nothing much worse could be said of a man. The old squires looked askance at the young man with a Hebrew type of face who suddenly appeared among them. He had no land and no money, no "family," and no titled kinsfolk. To move a stubborn, inert mass such as the Tory party then was might have defied the strength of twenty men. The task fell to the "adventurer," and he had to address himself to it while the party was in deep adversity. The lot of a leader in opposition is at the best never an enviable one. His followers are eager for office, and if he cannot bring them to the desired haven they reproach him for his want of capacity and enterprise. If he makes a dash at power and fails, they accuse him of foolhardiness and stupidity. "Anybody," they will say, "might have seen that failure was inevitable," although they may all the time have been inciting him to make the attempt. If he goes fast he is hot-brained; if slow, he is faint-hearted. Mr. Disraeli tried hard for years to bring his party out of the Slough of Despond, and was resisted chiefly by that party itself. In his *Life of Lord George Bentinck* there is a passage which may well be taken as descriptive of his own experiences:—

"There are few positions less inspiring than that of the leader of a discomfited party. The labors and anxieties of a minister, or of his rival on the contested threshold of office, may be alleviated by the exercise or sustained by the anticipation of power; both are surrounded by eager, anxious, excited, perhaps enthusiastic adherents. There is sympathy, appreciation, prompt counsel, profuse assistance. But he who in the parliamentary field watches over the fortunes of routed troops must be prepared to sit often alone.

Few care to share the labor which is doomed to be fruitless, and none are eager to diminish the responsibility of him whose course, however adroit, must necessarily be ineffectual. Nor can a man of sensibility in such a post easily obviate these discouragements. It is ungracious to appeal to the gray-headed to toil for a harvest which they may probably never reap, and scarcely less painful to call upon glittering youth to sacrifice its rosy hours for a result as remote as the experience in which it does not believe. Adversity is necessarily not a sanguine season, and in this respect a political party is no exception to all other human combinations. In doors and out of doors a disheartened opposition will be querulous and captious. A discouraged multitude have no future; too depressed to indulge in a large and often hopeful horizon of contemplation, they busy themselves in peevish detail, and by a natural train of sentiment associate their own conviction of ill-luck, incapacity, and failure with the most responsible member of their confederation: while all this time inexorable duty demands, or rather that honor which is the soul of public life, that he should be as vigilant, as laborious, should exercise as complete a control over his intelligence and temper, should be as prompt to represent their principles in debate, and as patient and as easy of access in private conference, should be as active and as thoughtful, as if he were sustained by all that encourages exertion,—the approbation of the good and the applause of the wise."

Few men could speak with greater knowledge than Mr. Disraeli of these trials and misfortunes. It was not until 1852 that he was first called to office as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Twice afterwards he was compelled to take the same post, with a minority at his back. At length still greater responsibilities were pressed upon him. In the early part of 1868 Lord Derby, under whom Mr. Disraeli had so often served, found his health rapidly declining.

He retired from office, and Mr. Disraeli received the commands of the Queen to form a Cabinet. When he went down to the House of Commons, on the night of March 5, 1868, everybody expected a memorable speech. The House was crowded, and the new Premier was vehemently cheered as he passed through Westminster Hall. In the House itself he was received with equal warmth. The galleries were filled with people eager to hear the great speech. But Mr. Disraeli does not care to surprise people,—at least not in the way they expect. He delivered a short and modest address, and instantly applied himself to the practical work of the House,—work which few Prime Ministers have ever managed so well. The interest felt by the public in his accession to power was not unnatural. Since Mr. Disraeli had entered Parliament, more than thirty years before, only five men had succeeded in climbing before him to the chiefplace in the country,—Peel, Aberdeen, Russell, Palmerston, and Derby. He had beaten his rival, Gladstone, in the race. Many great men had come and gone during those thirty years, and had missed the chief mark. Sir George Cornewall Lewis, Sir James Graham, Arthur Buller, the Duke of Newcastle, were men of great influence and abilities; but the unknown member, whose faith was that all things in this life will fall to those who wait and persevere, achieved the distinction which they failed to reach. He had fought out his struggle with a grand courage which would alone render him a man memorable in history. He set himself to accomplish his purpose, not in a feverish or impulsive spirit, but with an heroic patience, an indomitable endurance, and a splendid self-reliance which enabled him to face all antagonists, to rise again and again from repeated reverses and blows, to mock at all difficulties, and finally to vanquish every obstacle which was thrust in his path. He had always led a solitary life. He had no intimate friends, outside a very small circle of men with whom he has been

acting for years. He began as a solitary man in the wastes of London, with the chances of success incalculably against him. He sought no help from outside. He paid court to no man, and, what must be the strangest thing of all to aspiring politicians, to no newspaper. Social prejudices stood in front of him like a wall of iron. Not the least of these prejudices was that which related to the race from which he sprung. His family traced its descent from the pure Sephardim stock: they were Hebrews of the Hebrews. For two generations at least they had been Christians, but still the favorite taunt levelled at Mr. Disraeli was founded on his Jewish origin. These reproaches, as usual, he met with defiance. So far from repudiating his race, he has always gloried in it. He fought its battles in the House of Commons, and to him fell the honor of completing the removal of Jewish disabilities. He succeeded in gaining for Jews the right to sit in the House of Commons, and he has done more to break down the unjust prejudice against them than any man of his generation. He has made people at last understand that they do not insult him by calling him a Jew, — they only pay him a compliment.

In that powerful, although eccentric novel, *Tancred*, there is a vigorous argument to prove that the world owes to the Jewish race nothing but gratitude and honor. "Half Christendom," he makes one of his characters say, "worships a Jewess, and the other half a Jew: which do you think should be the superior race, — the worshipped or the worshippers?" He speaks with bitter scorn of the "flat-nosed Franks and their progress." Their gibes at the despised Jew he returns with compound interest. "And yet," he says, "some flat-nosed Frank, full of bustle and puffed up with self-conceit, — a race spawned, perhaps, in the morasses of some Northern forest, hardly yet cleared, — talks of 'progress!' Progress to what and from whence? Amid empires shrivelled into deserts, amid

the wrecks of great cities, a single column or obelisk of which nations import for the prime ornament of their mud-built capitals, amid arts forgotten, commerce annihilated, fragmentary literatures, and populations destroyed, the European talks of progress, because, by an ingenious application of some scientific acquirements, he has established a society which has mistaken comfort for civilization." In all this there is little attempt to conciliate the class which heaps insults upon the Jews. Taunt for taunt, Mr. Disraeli's penetrates the deepest. "London," he makes one of his heroes remark, "is a modern Babylon; Paris has aped imperial Rome, and may share its catastrophe. But what do the sages say to Damascus? It had municipal rights in the days when God conversed with Abraham. Since then, the kings of the great monarchies have swept over it; the Greek, the Roman, the Tartar, the Arab, and the Turk have passed through its walls. Yet it still exists and still flourishes; is full of life, wealth, and enjoyment. . . . As yet the disciples of progress have not been able exactly to match this instance of Damascus; but it is said that they have great faith in the future of Birkenhead." These sneers may not have tended to make Mr. Disraeli friends among the narrow-minded, but it is by this time understood that, when attacked, he strikes back, and strikes in a way which is not soon forgotten. "Hath not a Jew hands?" It appears that he has, and sometimes knows how to use them. To apologize for being a Jew or to be ashamed of the name, has never been Mr. Disraeli's method of dealing with his assailants. He has suffered, and perhaps suffers even now, from the vulgar prejudices which relate to his ancestry, — those prejudices which, as he has told the world, sorely embittered the lives of the first Disraelis who settled in England. The family had been driven from Spain to Venice by religious persecutions, and were enticed to England by the prospect of enjoying complete

liberty. The grandfather had but one son, who was the author of the well known series of works beginning with the "Curiosities of Literature." He was the father of the present Benjamin Disraeli, and from him the son seems to have inherited not only his literary tastes, but much of his equable temperament and constancy of purpose.

It would carry us far beyond our present purpose, to enter upon a discussion of the series of events which resulted in the defeat of the Conservatives, in 1868. The reform issue was no longer of any service to a party out of power. But there was a question which offered great opportunities to a great statesman,—a question which for several generations had attracted and baffled every one who attempted to deal with it. Pitt tried to settle it, but failed; and his successors meddled with it only to increase its complications. This question, we need scarcely say, was the proper method of dealing with Irish discontent. The disease was chronic, and so people had become accustomed to it, although occasionally it assumed a malignant form. Now it was traced to the rapacity of landlords; then to a famine; then to injustice to the Catholics; and at last, by Mr. Gladstone, to the endowment of the Protestant Church. Not that Mr. Gladstone was the first to suggest that the perpetual "Irish difficulty" was to be solved by abolishing the Irish Church; but it was a great discovery so far as he was concerned, for he had been an ardent, almost a bigoted, advocate of the indissoluble union of Church and State. He had maintained this position for many years, and seemed as little likely to part with it as with a member of his body,—with a leg or an arm. Even when he changed his opinions, he professed to be still at heart with the Church party. "There are many," he said, "who thought it wrong to lay hands upon the national church of a country." He sympathized with the feeling; but he thought it his duty to

overcome and repress it.* He arrived in the spring of 1868 at the conclusion that the existence of the Protestant Church in Ireland was a perpetual offence to the Irish people. He was convinced that if it were abolished there would be no further trouble with Ireland; the Irish would become devoted adherents of the English government; we should hear no more of landlords shot on their own doorsteps, of houses burned and shops pillaged. The remedy was no doubt a sudden one, and came from an unexpected quarter. Mr. Gladstone had frequently opposed motions which had for their object the disendowment of the Irish Church. The Liberal party had been thirty years in power, and yet had done nothing to alleviate the sorrows of Ireland, except occasionally to suspend the *Habeas Corpus* Act and hang a "rebel." Mr. Gladstone had been a party to such measures more than once; but he had never before introduced a scheme for the pacification of the country. In 1868 his heart all at once yearned over the Irish people. It was necessary to do something for them; and that something was not to endeavor to restore the manufactures of the country, or to carry out local reforms, or to improve the standard of education, but to strike a blow at a class in Ireland which had always stood faithful among the faithless, which had suffered much for its religion, and made enormous sacrifices for the Crown,—the Irish Protestants. "I have waited," said Mr. Gladstone in introducing his preliminary resolutions, "until the hour had come when the call of duty summoned." When a minister out of office declares that a measure which will probably bring him into office is clearly in the line of his duty, but that he has only just discovered it, we need not be surprised that his own friends have some difficulty in keeping their countenances.

Mr. Disraeli and his party opposed this measure to the last. They maintained that the country should be ap-

* Debate in House of Commons, March 31, 1868.

pealed to before the spoliation of the Irish Church was committed. The general election took place in the autumn of 1868, and for once an issue was put before the people upon which Dissenters and Roman Catholics were of one mind, and could act together. It was a strange coalition, and one like it may never be seen again until Mr. Gladstone or somebody else proposes to abolish the English Church. The Liberals, assisted by their queer allies, gained a victory. Mr. Disraeli, without waiting for the meeting of the new Parliament, promptly resigned, and Mr. Gladstone became Premier. Mr. Disraeli might have continued in office, and caused great embarrassment and loss of time. It was then the early part of December: Parliament did not meet till February. In two months great changes sometimes occur. It can scarcely be doubted that a man of Mr. Gladstone's temperament would have clung to office, and taken all the chances. But Mr. Disraeli considered the interests of his country rather than the promptings of ambition. "We are bound to say," wrote one of his bitterest enemies at the time, "that in all the incidents of his resignation, Mr. Disraeli has exhibited a spirit of straightforwardness, and consideration for his foes, for which we have hitherto scarcely given him sufficient credit." Mr. Disraeli not only resigned, but recommended the Queen to send for his rival. Small malice has never been among his failings.

And thus Ireland was "appeased." The Protestant Church was dismembered. Yet somehow Irish discontent has not yet become a mere tradition of the past. The Irish people are not quite content to till their own soil and remain on the land of their fathers. Agrarian disturbances are by no means unknown. But it is no longer the Irish Church which can be used as a scape-goat. The demands of the Irish party now take a different form. There must be Home Rule. The land question must be dealt with, not as Mr. Glad-

stone dealt with it, but on the principle he adopted in the disendowment of the Irish Church. The landlords must be weeded out. Mr. Gladstone does not seem to be quite ready to respond to these demands. The hour has not yet struck, nor the call of duty summoned. But the Irish party becomes stronger and stronger. It compels the older parties to bid alternately for its support. The Catholic priests announce what policy they wish to have carried out, and the Irish members obey. Their votes may easily turn the scale on a division. As for Protestant Ireland, its condition will some day form the theme of a melancholy page in history, but there are few who pay any heed to it now. Recent legislation has proceeded upon the theory that it is only the Catholic Irishmen who have any wrongs to be redressed. In many respects the United States present a favorable point from which Irish politics may be studied. Irish opinion finds at least as many opportunities of expressing itself as it can possibly find in Dublin. And what we see is that what the people really want is "Ireland for the Irish." They demand that England should relinquish the country altogether. That is the obvious meaning of Fenianism and "Home Rule."

We would gladly have spoken of Mr. Disraeli's contributions to literature, but that is a subject which demands more space than we have at command. It may, however, be safely predicted that these works will always find numerous readers. They do not belong to the fashionable school of fiction, although it must be remembered that his latest book of this kind had a larger sale than any other novel which has seen the light for years past. It may also be said that the plots of these novels do not appeal strictly to a modern taste, since marriage vows are not broken in them, young girls are not depicted as monsters of vice, and the unrestrained profligacy of both sexes is not held up to the reader as the summit of human felicity. Neverthe-

less, they will be found capable of affording no slight amusement, and even instruction, to the younger generation. Coningsby and Sybil are the best political novels ever written. No student of the recent history of England, especially of the decade which followed the passage of the Reform Bill in 1832, can afford to leave these books unread. Most of Mr. Disraeli's novels would be of value if only for the series of pictures of men and events which are contained in them. His portraits are often bitten in with powerful acids. John Wilson Croker, then the editor of the *Quarterly Review*, is one of the figures thus preserved. He appears in Coningsby under the name of Rigby:—

"What was the secret of the influence of this man, confided in by everybody, trusted by none? His counsels were not deep, his expedients were not felicitous; he had no feeling, and he could create no sympathy. It is, that in most of the transactions of life there is some portion which no one cares to accomplish, and which everybody wishes to be achieved. This was always the portion of Mr. Rigby. In the eye of the world he had constantly the appearance of being mixed up with high dealings, and negotiations and arrangements of fine management, whereas in truth, notwithstanding his splendid livery and the airs he gave himself in the servants' hall, his real business in life had ever been—to do the dirty work."

Again it is said of him that he was "a man who neither felt nor thought, but who possessed, in a very remarkable degree, a restless instinct for adroit baseness." Alison's history of Europe was described as "Mr. Wordy's history of the late war, in twenty volumes,—a capital work, which proves that Providence was on the side of the Tories." Of a certain Lady Gaverstock it is said that she was herself pure as snow, "but her mother having been divorced, she ever fancied she was paying a kind of homage to her parent by visiting those who might some day be in the same predicament." "In England," he says in Coningsby, "we

too often alternate between a supercilious neglect of genius and a rhapsodical pursuit of quacks. In England, when a new character appears in our circles, the first question always is, 'Who is he?' In France it is, 'What is he?' In England, 'How much a year?' In France, 'What has he done?'" Some of the keenest epigrams at the expense of English "society" are scattered throughout these volumes; yet there have been dull persons who, after reading them, arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Disraeli is a great worshipper of rank and wealth. They thought Lothair was a sort of poem in praise of the British aristocracy. No author can be quite sure that his book will not be read upside down.

That Mr. Disraeli will shortly return to power seems, as we have already said, highly probable. English politics are at this moment in an unsettled, almost a chaotic state. It is not necessary to discuss the foreign policy of the country, for it no longer has a foreign policy. After the fate which befell the Black Sea Treaty, it is impossible to say what may not happen. But the domestic questions of the day are so grave and menacing that it would be strange if they did not occasion anxiety to the governing men of England. Her commerce is not prospering. The cancer of pauperism has not yet been reached by any remedial measures. Every year increasing numbers of the best class of mechanics seek homes in distant lands. In such a condition of society the trade of the "agitator" thrives, and popular discontent assumes a more threatening form. A heavy responsibility will rest upon the next ministry which governs England, no matter who may be at its head. Mr. Disraeli has recently declared that before he announces a "policy," it will be necessary for him to ascertain what materials the Public Departments contain for the formation of a policy. Perhaps he has had enough of unravelling the webs with which

Whig ministries have enveloped themselves in the last months of their power. Unless he can secure the support of an efficient working majority, it is far wiser on his part to remain the leader of "her Majesty's Opposition." In that capacity he discharges an important function with signal ability and success. He has had no fair chance of showing what he could do with power; to him has fallen the shadow, while the substance has been elsewhere. The times, however, seem to be changing. Within the past few months, seats have been lost to the government which have always been deemed secure. The people seem inclined to distrust the specifics which Mr. Gladstone has prepared for them. The Liberal party is demoral-

ized, and it would probably be benefited by passing through a season of reverses. Conservatism in these days is sufficiently progressive even for Mr. Bright, although ultra-Liberalism does not go far enough for the school of which Mr. Bright was the founder. Should Mr. Disraeli be placed in power with a majority, there would at least be a strong man at the head of the government. Notwithstanding the prejudice and misrepresentation of which he is constantly the subject, no fair observer of his career can doubt that his sound discernment, his ripe experience, and his intimate familiarity with public affairs would enable him to render great and memorable services to his country.

L. J. Jennings.

L'ENVOI.

WRITTEN ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A REPRINT OF SOME EARLY POEMS.

THIS is my Youth, — its hopes and dreams.
 How strange and shadowy it all seems,
 After these many years!
 Turning the pages idly, so,
 I look with smiles upon the woe,
 Upon the joy with tears!

Go, little Book. The old and wise
 Will greet thee with suspicious eyes,
 With stare, or furtive frown;
 But here and there some golden maid
 May like thee . . . thou'lt not be afraid
 Of young eyes, blue or brown.

To such a one, perchance thou'lt sing
 As clearly as a bird in spring
 Hailing the apple-blossom;
 And she will let thee make thy nest,
 Perhaps, within her snowy breast.
 Go; rest thou in her bosom.

T. B. Aldrich.

ON THE RIDGE.

I.

TO all dwellers in Western New York the "Ridge Road" was long a household word.

This Ridge, along which runs a road much travelled before the days of railways, starts from near Rochester, and preserving through its course a distance of from five to seven miles from Lake Ontario, runs westward to Lewiston through what is now a beautiful and fertile country.

At the time of which I write, however, the Ridge ran for miles through dense woods and deep swamps.

There are many now living, who can remember when log-cabins stood where are now fine houses of brick and stone; when ragged hemlocks occupied the ground now shaded by flourishing orchards; and when wolves made their lair in the swamps which now, drained and reclaimed, furnish pasture for flocks and herds.

In the wettest seasons, when the great teams that carried the goods of the country traders stood hopelessly mired in the cross-roads, the Ridge furnished a high and dry pathway for commerce and travel.

This ready-made road attracted the settlers, who in the early days of Western New York poured in from New England and the eastern part of the State, and up they came in great white-covered wagons, to conquer the earth and possess it, and fight a harder battle than now falls to the lot of any Western settler, unless he goes far enough west to meet the Apaches and Camanches, and fall a victim at once to barbarism and philanthropy.

Among the early settlers along the Ridge was Alvin Litchfield, who came with his family from one of the hardest, rockiest, coldest townships in Massachusetts, and settled on a quarter section some eight or ten miles

west of the little village of Gaines, in Orleans County. At that time the great mail-coaches which soon after came thundering along the Ridge Road had not begun to run, and much of the travel and commerce went by private conveyance, on horseback, or in huge wagons drawn often by four and sometimes by six horses.

For the refreshment of travellers, and especially of the teamsters, — always a thirsty race, — numerous taverns started up along the Ridge. Some of these places had no good name, and were the resort of such wild characters as always drift into a new country. Gambling and drinking went on fast and furiously, and there were rumors of darker crimes committed and hidden from sight; and of travellers who were seen to enter, but who never came out again.* The taverns, however, did not tempt Alvin Litchfield to stop oftener than was absolutely necessary. He was not a temperance man, for at that time there were no more temperance men in the United States than there are snakes in Ireland; but he was emphatically "a steady man," and to him who is steady, in the New England sense of that word, bar-rooms appeal in vain.

Mr. Litchfield's family consisted of his wife and four children, two boys and two girls. Ezra, the oldest son, was already twenty, and his younger brother Adam seventeen.

* It was concerning an old tavern on the Ridge that I first heard the legend of the six skeletons found under the barn floor, — a tale which caused me to regard that very prosaic highway, the Ridge, with a sort of delightful horror, like that inspired by a ghost story. But as I have since heard the same story about a tavern in the Mohawk Valley, one in Pennsylvania, another in New Jersey, and a fourth somewhere on the Hudson, I am forced to conclude that these six skeletons are rather mythical appearances, obliging enough to contribute a living, or rather dead, interest to old taverns in general, than actual facts.

The place varies in different legends; but the number of skeletons is always the same, and they are always found under the barn floor.

Both were sturdy, hardy boys, well fitted for pioneer life, and their father gave them the highest praise he could bestow on any one when he said they were good to work.

They settled on their land, and in a short time a comfortable log-house was built and a clearing made, and month by month the family gathered about them more and more of the conveniences and comforts of home.

They were not without their trials from loss, disappointment, and sickness; for fever and fever-and-ague in those days were the rule and not the exception on the Ridge; but on the whole they prospered until the second year, when a fever seized on the father of the family, and, with the help of calomel, bleeding, and refusal of cold water, the practice of the time carried off in a few days the head of the house.

The widow, according to the time and place, was considered "well off." She had the land, the house and stock, some two hundred dollars in money, and her two sons, both steady, sensible, dutiful lads, who were quite able to carry on the farm.

She herself was an eminently capable woman, and was bringing up her girls to follow in her footsteps. There was so much to mitigate a calamity which falls harder in many cases that some seemed indeed to think that Mrs. Litchfield was rather to be envied than pitied. "Widders!" said old Mrs. Platt whose worser half was a confirmed old cider-drunkard; "there 's folks that 's worse off than widders!"

II.

THREE months after his father's death Ezra Litchfield with his younger brother Adam came in from the clearing where they had been at work all day.

"I 'll go for the cows," said Ezra, as his brother turned toward the woods where the cattle were allowed to run at large. "It looks like rain, and if

you get wet, you 'll be having another chill."

Adam went into the house, glad to be saved from the task of cow-driving, and Ezra to the woods, utterly unwarned and unsuspecting of the strange fate awaiting him under the sombre arches of the forest,—a fate that was to overshadow his whole life with a cloud so singular, and so impenetrable in its very vagueness, that almost any definite calamity such as befalls men would have made his part less sad and dreary.

It was a dark evening in October. The leaves were losing the gorgeousness of fall, and were lying dull and dead under foot, except where the beeches and oaks retained their summer mantle, now sombre brown instead of velvet green, or the dark hemlocks stood moaning to themselves in the wind, or a maple yet hung out a defiant banner or two of gold and red, as if hoping against hope to brave the coming winter.

The fading sunset was being fast blotted out by dull gray clouds; the wind was rising, coming up at intervals from the lake in long, sighing gusts, and the whole aspect of Nature was as if she were tired of her summer's work, and, sickened with the result of her labors, had left matters to decay and go to seed their own way, rather than be wearied any longer with the perpetual strife of death and life in the world.

No such fanciful thoughts, however, came into Ezra's mind as he let down the bars that parted the woodlot from the cornfield, and walked on, summoning the cows with that ancient call which doubtless sounded over the Chaldean plains in the time of Abraham. There had been nothing hitherto very remarkable about Ezra Litchfield. He was a good, steady, honest, hard-working young farmer, peculiar in nothing, unless it might be in a certain strictness and fastidious conscientiousness, which seemed sometimes to produce an indecision and doubtfulness of action, rather trying to his

mother and brother, who were either stronger or weaker, as the reader may choose to think, in wanting this very thing.

"Ezra is gone a long time after the cows," said little Hitty, the youngest child, as she stood in the doorway watching for her brother; "they may have strayed."

"And if they get running they may run to the lake before they will stop," said Adam. "I wish I had gone with him. But come in and shut the door, Hitty, for it grows cold."

"We will wait for him a while longer," said the mother, "and then, if he does n't come, we will have supper."

They waited nearly an hour, but Ezra did not come, and they sat down to the table without him. The meal was finished, and the table cleared away; the twilight had ended in a slow, steady pour down of rain, and a long, rustling, sighing wind: but still Ezra did not come.

Troubled and uneasy, both for his brother and the cows, Adam took down his gun and was about to set out on a search, when the low of the cattle was heard, the bars to the barnyard were let down, and presently a slow step was heard approaching the house door.

"That don't sound like Ezra," said Rachel, the oldest daughter. "Can anything have happened?" she added, with a sudden thrill of terror at she knew not what.

The step drew nearer and nearer, it sounded on the door-stone, a hand was laid on the door, and the latch was lifted once, twice, but still the door did not open.

Adam, a bold, high-spirited youth, made no movement forward. Something seemed to hold him where he had been standing in the centre of the room with the gun in his hand. The mother and daughters, washing the dishes at the table, stopped in their labors, and all had a singular feeling that either in the body or out some new unfriendly influence waited presently to enter and take part in the family life.

Finally, the door was pushed slowly open, and Ezra crossed the threshold and stood silent, looking into the familiar room as if he saw it not, or seeing, felt in it since he had left it at noon something that changed it wholly to him.

"Where have you been, Ezra?" said his mother, who was the first to speak; "and goodness!" she cried as she caught a glimpse of his face, "what is the matter, what has happened to you?"

Indeed a change had passed over Ezra Litchfield, which it is easier for me to see mentally and understand than it is to describe intelligibly. We often say of those who have suffered calamity that they have grown older. This look had fallen upon Ezra Litchfield; he had gone out a youth of two-and-twenty, kindly, calm, rather handsome, but now on the young face was the grayness of age; the features were pinched and drawn; and with the unnamed horror and doubt in his eyes was dread expectation, as of one who having suffered one shock of earthquake waits for the next to swallow him up in some gulf of ruin.

"There is nothing the matter," he said in answer to the questions and exclamations which, now the ice was broken, were poured forth by the whole family; "the cows had strayed and I have been looking for them. Give me the milk-pail, Rachel."

"Sit down and get your supper," said Adam, taking the pail himself; "I'll milk."

"No," said Ezra with sudden decision; "do you stay here." And taking the pail from his brother and gently pushing him back as he was about to follow, he left the room, closing the door behind him.

Adam stared after him in wonder and in vexation, both with his brother and with himself, that he had yielded so easily, for in most matters Adam was apt to take the lead.

"Why, what ails him?" said Rachel, a tall, fair girl, who was generally credited or discredited with being "ner-

vous," since she was liable to fancies and impressions which did not touch others.

"Nothing, only he's tired looking after the cows, and he thinks it's too rainy for Susy Miller to come over this evening," said Hitty.

"It's something more," said Rachel. "He looks as if he had seen a ghost; and when he opened the door and came in, I felt just as if a sheet of ice were put between him and us."

"Nonsense!" said her mother, the more sharply that she herself was conscious of a sensation like that described by Rachel; "you'd better be getting your brother's supper than talking such fancies."

Rachel set out the supper for Ezra, and presently he came in with the milk. He seemed as before to hesitate at crossing the threshold, and, when he entered, stood in the cheerful, familiar brightness of the room as though he were in it but not of it. The mother bustled about to get his supper, and without a word he sat down to the table; but he hardly broke bread, and the food was taken away almost untasted. It was hardly removed when a wagon was heard to drive up to the door, and Adam and the girls exclaiming, "It's Susy Miller and Sam after all," rushed to meet the new-comers.

Ezra took one step forward, and then suddenly turning about he went up the ladder staircase which led to his own chamber and disappeared.

Susy Miller entered with her brother Sam. The girls hung about her; Adam, taking his brother's place, waited upon her; and Mrs. Litchfield gave her a welcome, but somewhat less warm than usual, for she was perplexed and troubled in mind. Why should Ezra, Susy's accepted lover, run from the girl's sight in that strange fashion? What had happened to him, and why did he not come down, and how was she to answer the questions which Susy's eyes were already asking?

"Why, where's Ezra?" said Adam.

"He went up stairs just before the wagon drove up," said his mother.

"He was here then," said Adam; and he went to the bottom of the stairs and called Ezra impatiently, but there was no answer, and he went up the ladder himself.

He found Ezra sitting on the bed, leaning forward, with his face hidden in his hands; but he lifted his head as his brother entered, and asked what was wanted with a sort of sad impatience.

"Why, Susy and Sam are down stairs," said Adam. "Ezra, what does ail you? Are you sick?"

"No," said Ezra. "There is nothing the matter. I will come down." And he descended, but his greeting to Susy was so strange and cold and unlike himself that the girl, piqued and wounded, turned from him, and talked to Adam and the sisters, now and then stealing a glance at the corner where Ezra sat, quite heedless as it seemed of anything, even of Susy herself. His eyes were fixed on the fire, not as if he saw it, but with the same look of horror and questioning doubt which his face had worn ever since he came home from the woods. And yet it seemed as if he were expecting some event to happen or some guest to arrive whose coming should be the signal for some unknown, unimaginable trouble. Now and then he would rouse himself from his abstraction and listen, looking with strange, perplexed apprehension at the door, like one who knows not in what shape calamity may come, or, knowing, meets the stroke with helpless indecision.

Seeing that he remained really quite careless of her own assumed indifference, Susy made an excuse to draw near him, and said softly, "What is the matter with you to-night? Are you angry at anything or are you sick?"

"Nothing is the matter, nothing," said Ezra, without making an effort as it seemed to respond to Susy's manner and tone; "why, what *should* be the matter here?"

"There are the common troubles of humanity here," said Susy, more gently than her careless lover deserved; "and you are not like yourself, Ezra."

"Nothing is the matter, nothing," he repeated in the same strange, absent way; and then he rose and stood looking out of the little window into the night and rain, as he had looked at the fire.

Hurt and troubled, Susy cut short her visit, feeling very angry with Ezra, until her brother Sam, during the drive home, commented sharply on his discourtesy, when she scolded Sam for saying a word against her lover; and that night she cried herself to sleep.

The brother and sister had hardly left the house when Ezra turned to go up stairs; his mother called him back.

Mrs. Litchfield had meant to question Ezra; but as she stood face to face with him and looked into his eyes, a nameless feeling held her back, as though the sheet of ice of which Rachel had spoken had indeed been interposed between her and her first-born.

"What is the matter with you, my son?" she asked at last, with an effort, "and why did you treat Susy so strangely?"

"If I'd been a girl, and any fellow had treated me so," said Adam, indignant, "I'd have known the reason why or I'd never have spoken to him again."

"Never have spoken to him again?" said Ezra, echoing his brother's words as though they had suggested a new and startling idea to his mind, — "never again?"

"You act as if you were out of your wits," said Adam.

"Hush, Adam," said his mother. — "Tell me, my son, what has happened to you."

"Nothing, nothing in the world," said Ezra wearily, and he turned away.

"But, my son," said his mother, who, in spite of herself, could insist no further, "will you not have worship before you go to bed?"

The Litchfields were a religious family, and since his father's death Ezra had led the family services; for both he and his brother were members of the church.

"Not to-night," said Ezra wearily.

"Let Adam take the book." And he went away.

Adam made the chapter a short one, and, unused to his place and office, made more than one slip; and it was not without a sort of dread that he went up to the loft which he used in common with his brother. Ezra was sitting on the bed in the same attitude as before; but as Adam entered he rose and, slowly undressing, seemed soon to fall asleep.

Adam woke in the long, dreary, lifeless hours between midnight and the dawn. Ezra was sitting up in bed, rocking himself gently to and fro, and moaning low from time to time; and as Adam turned and spoke to him, a strong shudder ran over him.

"Ezra, what is the matter?" said Adam; "if you are sick, do say so."

"No, there is nothing the matter," said Ezra in the same mechanical way.

"Look here, now, Ezra, you can't make me believe that. What made you act so to Susy? She did n't like it, I know; neither did Sam, and I don't blame them."

"No, no one could blame them," said Ezra sadly.

"Now just see here, brother," and Adam put his arm over Ezra's shoulder, "you and I have always been good friends; if you are in any trouble, I should think you might trust me; I'm sure I'd help you if I could."

"Will you do one thing for me?" said Ezra after a long silence, during which he had neither accepted nor rejected Adam's offered hand.

"What is it?" said Adam, awed and startled by something in his brother's manner.

"Will you ask the blessing for me to-morrow morning?"

"Ezra, what is it?" said Adam, turning pale in the darkness and half drawing back; "what do you mean?"

"Will you do it?"

"Yes; but why?"

"Nothing, only I wish it. As for me, Adam, I shall never break bread with blessing more."

"What have you done?" cried the younger in terror.

"Nothing, nothing. Go to sleep and leave me alone," said the other with sudden roughness; and he would not speak another word, but lay silent as a stone.

The next morning he did not come to breakfast till the rest of the family were seated, and the blessing had been asked by Adam. He went about his work as usual, but with the same strange look on his face, — a look which seemed to deepen as the days went on and the week drew near its end.

He no longer led the family worship, nor was even present when it was offered. The Sunday came; but though the Communion was held in the little log school-house which served the neighborhood for a meeting-house, Ezra did not go with his family to the sacrament, nor was he ever again seen in any worshipping congregation.

His mother tried in vain by every means in her power to win Ezra's confidence. To all expostulation, to every argument that anxious affection could suggest as a means to win him back to himself, he only opposed the same dull, passive resistance, and answered that there was nothing the matter; and Adam's impatient questions and reproaches he endured with such sad, silent patience that the boy, provoked, perplexed, and troubled as he was, came, nevertheless to pity his brother, and committed assault and battery upon a neighbor's son who hinted that the cause of Ezra's depression was remorse for some shocking and undiscovered crime. To his sisters Ezra was equally reserved, and indeed, as much as possible, avoided the society of his own family.

His mother watched him anxiously, and more than once she saw Ezra engaged, as it seemed, in earnest and agonized prayer, or with bowed head and hidden face moaning to himself; but if at such times she drew near him with words of counsel or comfort, he would only make his escape as soon

as possible, or answer in the same sad way, "There is nothing the matter, nothing."

III.

SUSY MILLER was walking along the road from the house where she had been to see a sick neighbor, a mile from her own home.

The girl's heart was full of trouble, wounded pride, and affection; for though every one knew that she and Ezra were engaged to be married in the spring, he had not been near her for a month. Lost in sad, perplexed thought, she hardly noticed that a man was coming toward her, until, looking up with a sudden start, she found herself face to face with what might almost have seemed the ghost of him with whom she had walked the same path but a few weeks before.

She had meant to pass him without a word or a look, but her heart failed her, and she turned and went back to where he stood, gazing after her it is true, but with the same preoccupied look, as though she were only a sort of second thought in his mind, second to some unnamed, unknown question to which he could find no answer.

"Ezra," said the girl, trying to speak calmly.

"Is it you, Susy?" he said, with a start, but in a dull, absent way.

"I don't wonder you don't know me," said Susy bitterly; "you need not take so much pains to keep out of my way; you may be certain that I shall never try to hold you to your promise, since you wish to break it."

A sort of shiver ran over him. It seemed as if he were trying to tear himself free from the thing that preyed on his inner life, but he only said in the same abstracted manner, "I don't want to break it." His eyes did not look into her face, but were fixed on a horseman who, at some distance, was riding fast toward them along the Ridge.

"But what am I to think, Ezra?" said Susy; "for nearly a month you have not been near me."

He did not answer, but, as the horse-

man turned into a cross-road, drew a long breath as of relief, and fixed his eyes on the ground.

"What is it that you watch for? Whom do you expect?" asked the girl, half frightened.

"Nothing, Susy; no one."

"But, Ezra," she continued, trying to speak steadily, "things cannot go on so. They tell me I should have sent you back your ring long ago, and have had more spirit than to endure such treatment. But I loved you, Ezra, and I thought you loved me."

"I do love you," he answered, with a sort of ghostly earnestness, as though, could he but have found force to protest, he would have spoken with all a lover's fervor.

"Do you know what is said of you?" asked the girl. "That you never come to family prayers or ask a blessing at the table. Why do you stay away from meeting? They whisper things, — I do not like to tell you, — but they say that this strange change in you can only come from some terrible wrong-doing on your part. I do not believe it; but say it is not so."

"It is not so," he answered, in the same mechanical fashion.

"Then tell us what has come over you, and let your friends speak for you and clear up this mystery."

"There is nothing to tell," he said; "nothing."

"Then why are you so altered?"

He made no reply, but raised his eyes to her face with a look of dumb, dull misery.

"Ezra, you owe it to your mother and the rest, if not to me, to clear away this cloud that has fallen on your name."

"I cannot. There is nothing."

"Ezra, will you not trust *me*, will you not tell *me*?" said Susy, laying her hand on his arm. "If you are in trouble, I would bear it with you."

And now it seemed as if the soul of the man was moved within him and beat its wings and struggled to find voice and cry for help, and that all that was wanting was for the mind to

make one resolute effort of decision, but that still some inner, perplexed argument was carried on, and that the force within could not resolve to throw itself on either scale.

"Tell me, Ezra," besought Susy.

And he answered once more, "There is nothing to tell."

"Then it is all over," said Susy, passionately. "I would have borne any burden for you, but I will not cast my lot with a man who shuts me out of his confidence."

"Susy," he said, finding voice a little, "as God is my judge, my hands are as clean as ever they were!"

"Then why do you absent yourself from every prayer, and sit among your own people as though you had no part with them? Adam says you never work with him now, and hardly ever speak to him. Your mother is breaking her heart about you; and you are bringing the shadow of disgrace on your dead father's good name. If you have sinned, repent, and confess, and bear yourself like a man."

But the voice of reason, duty, or affection could not penetrate into that labyrinth wherein poor Ezra had involved himself; and he only looked at her in the same dull, helpless, preoccupied way, as though he knew that their parting was inevitable, and were too much bound and constrained by some greater misery to feel the loss of his love, except as a minor trouble.

"I have gone far enough and too far," said Susy, her eyes kindling through her tears; "I will never speak to you again. There is your ring." And she dropped the thin, golden circle in his hand and turned away. She looked back once or twice, almost hoping that he would follow; but he stood where she had left him, not even glancing after her till she had reached her father's home.

IV.

Of course the mysterious change in Ezra Litchfield could not but be the subject of much talk in the little community.

The more charitable thought him crazy ; but, as in all matters of work and business, buying and selling, he showed his usual industry and good sense, this theory was dropped for the far more interesting idea that some secret crime was preying on his mind. But what was this crime? No one had been murdered, no one had been robbed, no special loss or calamity had befallen any one on that wan October evening since which Ezra Litchfield had become the strange, impenetrable creature that he was.

More than one person, devoured by curiosity, ransacked the Litchfield woods in vain to find some clew to the mystery ; and, natural causes failing to account for the thing that perplexed them, the good people had recourse to the supernatural. He had seen a ghost, which had told him that he was to die on a certain day, and that was why he had broken off with Susy Miller. He had met the Devil, — some, however, said an angel, — who had told him that he had committed the unpardonable sin and was eternally lost, and here lay the secret of his reluctance to be present at prayers and meetings.

This notion was so eminently satisfactory that it was generally adopted by the superstitious ; but others, thinking, like the man in the play, that where you knew nothing it was natural to suppose the worst, leaned to the idea of a murder committed in the recesses of the woods.

So poor Ezra walked the world under a cloud that grew deeper and darker all the time, and shut him out from the common friendship of men and the light of love, and dimmed and obscured even the sunshine of his mother's smile.

Yet, after all, sad and strange as was his destiny, there was a sort of distinction in it ; and I am not sure but the Litchfields, troubled and perplexed as they had been at first, and even Ezra himself, felt a sort of melancholy pride in the unlikeness of their misfortune to that of any one else.

"Use lessens marvel." And in a little while the family ceased to won-

der and grieve among themselves over Ezra's singular ways and unsocial habits, though he went and came and sat among them as though he were apart from the home where he had once been the centre and head.

He gradually lost the sort of expectancy and apprehension which had at first marked his manner, and ceased, as it were, to watch for the coming of some unknown cause of terror. His mother noticed, however, that not a wagon drove up to the house, not a knock was heard at the door, when Ezra was within, without a change passing over his face as though the sound might possibly be to him the forerunner of long-dreaded calamity ; he worked as diligently as ever, but he so contrived matters that he no longer, if it was possible to avoid it, shared his labors with his brother ; and on those occasions when they were obliged to be together, he never spoke, unless forced by the necessity of the case.

Adam, who had at first been greatly provoked and annoyed by his brother's behavior, grew to take it as a matter of course, and came to regard Ezra as one disordered in mind and stricken of God ; and this feeling pervaded the whole family, and perhaps gave them the only comfort possible under the circumstances.

V.

MATTERS had gone on in this strange way for two years, when Adam sought out Ezra, where he was hoeing corn, and, after an attempt at a preface, which failed entirely, said abruptly, "Ezra, there's a girl that I've liked a long time. I've spoken to her, and she likes me, and I mean to be married."

"When?" said Ezra, resting on his hoe. "Where do you mean to live?"

Adam had not heard so many words from his brother in many months, and his heart smote him for what he was going to say.

"Her father will give her a farm," he went on, without naming his bride. "I don't want to be mean and take anything from mother and the girls.

If you and mother will give me enough of what would be my share to start with, so *she* need n't do everything, I'll wait for the rest. I ain't a bit afraid but what I can get a living."

Ezra raised his eyes and looked at his brother, and a sad sense of the contrast between the happy, hopeful, sturdy young man and his own poor, mazed, burdened self, seemed to come upon him, but dimly, as though through some interposing veil.

"Have you anything to say against it, Ezra?" asked Adam.

"No, no!" said Ezra, with that futile effort to rouse himself which always seemed so painful. "But who is the girl, Adam?"

Adam flushed red.

"Ezra, I always liked her. When I was a boy, when she liked you, I never said a word, but afterwards — well — it's Susy Miller."

Ezra grew very pale, dropped his hoe, and turned to go away.

Adam held him back.

"Look here, brother," he said, kindly enough, "you know she could n't have married you as things are. You've had your chance, I've taken mine."

"Yes, yes, it's all right," said Ezra in a dreary, passionless way, "I hope you may be happy." But there were tears in his eyes.

Adam's heart melted within him.

"Ezra, I wish you *would* trust me and tell me the truth. I've never believed any harm of you. Won't you speak?"

But Ezra, though he raised his eyes for a moment to Adam's face with a look half wistful, half reproachful, made no answer but to say as usual, "There is nothing to tell." And he resumed his work.

Adam stood beside him for a minute or two, but he never raised his head, and his brother left him alone.

Adam and Susy were married; but Ezra was not at the wedding, and his absence was the less remarked as he went to no gatherings in the neighborhood, either social or religious.

Soon after, Rachel married and went

to the Genesee country, taking with her her younger sister, Hitty, who at sixteen married a young clergyman at Genesee, and Ezra was left alone with his mother. He failed in no duty; he had never, since the blow first fell, changed in the scrupulous exactness with which he had been wont to do all that his hand found to do; but he grew more and more silent and reserved.

He was generous and open-handed by nature, and he did not change his usual charitable practice. He gave liberally to all who needed help; but though the sick and the poor had their wants supplied from Ezra's stores, he never, if he could possibly help it, crossed a neighbor's threshold. To all outer interests, whether religious or political, he seemed to be dead; and in the fiercest strife between Federalist and Democrat, he cared to take neither side.

He led a blameless life, which still further increased the mystery, but did not change the sort of doubtful dread which people were apt to feel in his presence. The curse which had fallen upon him had not carried with it the blight of poverty, for all things prospered with him, and he was able to buy from Adam and his sisters their share of the home farm.

Mrs. Litchfield went often to see Susy and Adam, who were prosperous and happy in each other; but Ezra never entered his brother's house, nor did Susy come to her mother-in-law's until Mrs. Litchfield was taken ill, and lay, as was thought, on her death-bed.

Ezra was sitting in the kitchen, his face hidden in his hands. The door was open into the room where his mother lay, and two or three kindly neighbors moved to and fro, speaking to each other in hushed voices.

Presently Susy came out of the sick-room, her eyes streaming with tears. She went timidly to Ezra and laid her hand on his shoulder. He started at the touch.

"Ezra," said she, "mother wants to see you. It can't last much longer."

Ezra rose and went into the next

room. Mrs. Litchfield was lying back on her pillows, with death in her face. Adam stood at the head of the bed.

"Come here, Ezra" said the dying woman; "and you, Adam, go out and shut the door."

Adam kissed his mother, and obeyed without a word.

A hush fell upon those without. Susy hid her face on Adam's breast, and they waited in strained and breathless silence for they hardly knew what, unless it were the possible solution of the long mystery.

A low murmur was heard for a few minutes, and then the dying woman's voice cried loudly, wildly, "Open the door! For God's sake, open the door!"

Adam flung it wide, and hurried in, followed by all.

Ezra sat by the bed, his face hidden by one hand, the other clasped tight in his mother's fingers. With a will that seemed conquering death itself, the dying woman rose from her pillow.

"My son," she cried in a high, clear voice;—"my son Ezra is—"

The tongue refused its office, the death gasp was in her throat, and she fell back dead, the word, whether of condemnation or acquittal, unspoken.

VI.

THE incidents of his mother's death only deepened the strangeness that hung round Ezra Litchfield's life. Many were the conjectures as to what his mother had meant to say. Had he told her of some crime so horrible that the shock had hurried her into the next world before she could tell the dreadful secret; had he spoken to her of the diabolical or angelic messenger; or had she been about to clear him from all suspicion of wrong?

No one could know even whether he had told his secret in that last supreme moment; but all inclined to the idea that his burden, whatever it was, was something of a more dark and terrible nature than had yet been surmised.

Adam and his wife, however, persistently refused to believe any ill of their brother. The minister, the Rev. Mr. B——, said that as the whole tenor of Ezra Litchfield's life, both before and after this mysterious blight had fallen upon him, had been, not only blameless, but meritorious, it was impossible to believe in any crime perpetrated during those two hours in the woods, especially as no one could be pointed out as the sufferer of the imputed evil. The clergyman rather inclined to the belief that, on some subject of which he could not or dared not speak, poor Ezra was a monomaniac, and that he had all his lifetime been subject to bondage to some mere phantom of his own imagination which, if once named, would dissolve into air. With this idea Mr. B—— visited Ezra and tried in vain to win his confidence.

Ezra would only return his usual stereotyped answer, "There is nothing to tell."

"Then, my brother," said the minister, "why should you, a member of the Christian Church, stay away from all her services? Come to us next sabbath, and see whether in the worship of the congregation, the voice of prayer and praise will not cause this burden of yours to roll away, like Christian's at the sepulchre."

Ezra looked at the good man as if a sort of dumb gratitude were trying to find expression through the thick and cloudy darkness in which his soul had so long wandered; but he only said, "It is impossible."

And seeming almost as if he feared that further entreaty might prevail, he went abruptly from the room, leaving the minister to find his way to his horse alone.

VII.

THE years went on, and, as they went, isolated Ezra Litchfield more and more from his kind. Some of the old neighbors died, others moved away; a new generation sprang up, stage-coaches, miracles of progress, flew along the Ridge; woods disappeared and or-

chards flourished ; and Ezra Litchfield had prospered and his farm was one of the finest in the country.

With Adam matters had not gone so well. He and Susy had seen sickness, trouble, and loss. They had been generously assisted by their brother, but of late years he not only would not go to them, but showed such a dislike to receiving Adam's visits that the brothers seldom met unless by chance ; in such chance meetings Ezra, silent and abstracted as he was, would show a sort of dumb pleasure, as though conscious of the sunshine of kindness even while hiding himself from its rays.

The years went on and made Ezra at fifty an older man than was the Rev. Mr. B—— at seventy-five. To the latter, still doing his work in the church, came one night a summons from Ezra Litchfield, who, said the messenger, was dying.

In a little while Mr. B—— was at Ezra's door, and was admitted by Adam, who, on hearing of his brother's illness, had entered the house for the first time in many years. An old lady, a friend of old Mrs. Litchfield's, sat by the fire in the kitchen, and she rose and opened the door into the next room, where Ezra lay on the same bed on which his mother had died. Adam went in, and the minister followed.

"Ezra," said Adam, bending over his brother, "here is Mr. B——. You wanted to see him."

"Yes," said Ezra, speaking with a strong, clear voice and manner unlike any which he had used for years, "I did send for him. He has never thought hardly of me, nor have you, Adam. I have seen it and been grateful. I will tell you both my story now, and trust that you will see justice done to my memory, for I am innocent of anything worse than folly and weakness ; but one's mind clears toward death, and I see it all now."

The clergyman took his seat by the bed. Adam bent forward with breathless attention to catch the next words.

"That night I left you, to go after

the cows, Adam," he said, speaking clearly and plainly, "I hunted for them for some time, and went to the farther side of what is now the ten-acre lot, where the winter wheat is springing for my brother to harvest next summer. Then, as you know, it was thick woods ; and just under the great elm-tree which stands in the corner of the fence, and which I would never suffer to be cut down, I suddenly came upon three men, having between them the dead body of a young man, bleeding from two deep wounds in the breast. The robbers were so busy in plundering the dead that for a moment they did not see me, and I might have escaped, but that horror held me to the spot, uncertain what to do.

"Before I could resolve, they had seen me. I was seized and dragged into their circle, and they consulted for a minute whether they should not kill me and bury me with their victim. One, however, represented that the double murder would more than double the risk of detection.

" 'This fellow,' he said, pushing the still warm body with his foot, 'is a mere unknown traveller, for whom no one here will care to make search ; but the other must be well known in the neighborhood, and there would be a hue and cry raised which might cause us trouble.'

"His advice prevailed, and they forced me to take an oath — so solemn and dreadful that even now I tremble in breaking it — that I would never betray them, nor show any one where the murdered man lay hid, adding threats of terrible vengeance if I should violate my pledge. Love of life was strong, and I took the oath rather than death at their hands ; and yet, would to God that I had chosen death ! They forced me to help them in burying the poor youth, and replaced over his grave the brushwood they had removed, the better to hide all traces of their labor ; then they disappeared.

"Who were the murderers or the murdered I never knew.

"I can say, as God is my judge,

that it was not the fear of their vengeance that made me hold my tongue ; but I cannot describe to you the anguish of irresolution, the doubts, which fell upon me. The dead seemed to cry to me from his grave to bring his slayers to justice, to give his bones Christian burial, and to search out those who somewhere doubtless looked for his return. On the other hand, the laws of God and man seemed to call on me to keep my oath. Turn which way I would, it seemed equally a sin to be silent or to speak ; and I could only weigh and balance the question in my mind, until it absorbed my whole being, going over and over it in one long, never-ceasing argument which I could never decide. At first I constantly expected inquiries to be made for the missing man, but none ever came ; nor, though I kept watch of the newspapers, did I hear of the loss of any one to whom the appearance of the murdered man could correspond. Again and again did I resolve to speak, but I never could bring my lips to frame the words ; and yet I felt that, while I was silent, I was persisting in a wilful sin, and this persistence seemed to shut upon me the gates of mercy and prayer."

"Ah, my brother," said the clergyman pityingly, "why did you not pray for direction?"

"I did, time and again ; but then, you see, I never could make up my mind whether the impulse I felt urging me to tell the whole was an answer to my prayer, or only the dictate of my own will ; and I dared not follow it, lest I should be numbered among those who forswear themselves."

"But, Ezra," said Adam, drawing a long breath, "if you made up your mind it was right to keep still, — I don't say it was, but if you thought so, — could n't you just keep still and let it go, and be like other folks?"

"I could *not* make up my mind that I was right. I often feared that I was living in deadly sin, and every day's silence was a link added to my chain ;

but I feared to commit a greater sin by speaking."

"Well, then, why did n't you commit it and done with it, and not worry your life out so?" said Adam, with a sort of compassionate impatience of the irresolution he could not understand. "But, Ezra, you must have suffered awfully."

"Suffered!" he said, with a sort of moaning cry. "O God, I *have* suffered ! But, Adam, will you clear my memory when I am gone?"

"By George, yes!" said Adam, with emphasis. "And come, Ezra, now the thing is off your mind, can't you make an effort and get well?"

"Adam, I am too tired, too worn out, to wish to live longer. For years my life has been one agony of indecision, and I want nothing and ask nothing but a grave where I may rest."

"And was this what you told mother?"

"Yes ; and had her life been prolonged but a minute, the terrible burden of decision would have been taken off my hands. Give my love to Susy. I felt a little hard toward you and her at first, but it is over, it is over."

"O Ezra, it does seem as if you might get well ! You've got most half your life before you yet."

"No, Adam ; it is better as it is. Were the body to recover, I feel that the old disease would fall upon my mind, and I should but involve myself in fresh perplexity as to whether I had done right even now in breaking my compelled oath. Will you see that those bones are moved to the graveyard, and a stone put over them? I have never been near the place if I could help it, but doubtless the remains of the stranger are still there. Will you care for them?"

"I will, I will indeed," said Adam with a sob.

Ezra held out his hand to his brother with a bright smile that transfigured his face, as the cloud which had so long shadowed his mind melted away in the light of eternity.

Clara F. Guernsey.

JOHN UNDERHILL.

A SCORE of years had come and gone
Since the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth stone,
When Captain Underhill, bearing scars
From Indian ambush and Flemish wars,
Left three-hilled Boston and wandered down,
East by north, to Cocheco town.

With Vane the younger, in counsel sweet
He had sat at Anna Hutchinson's feet,
And, when the bolt of banishment fell
On the head of his saintly oracle,
He had shared her ill as her good report,
And braved the wrath of the General Court.

He shook from his feet as he rode away
The dust of the Massachusetts Bay.
The world might bless and the world might ban,
What did it matter the perfect man,
To whom the freedom of earth was given,
Proof against sin, and sure of heaven?

He cheered his heart as he rode along
With screed of Scripture and holy song,
Or thought how he rode with his lances free
By the Lower Rhine and the Zuyder Zee,
Till his wood-path grew to a trodden road,
And Hilton Point in the distance showed.

He saw the church with the block-house nigh,
The two fair rivers, the flakes thereby,
And, tacking to windward, low and crank,
The little shallop from Strawberry Bank;
And he rose in his stirrups and looked abroad
Over land and water, and praised the Lord.

Goodly and stately and grave to see
Into the clearing's space rode he,
With the sun on the hilt of his sword in sheath,
And his silver buckles and spurs beneath,
And the settlers welcomed him, one and all,
From swift Quampeagan to Gonic Fall.

And he said to the elders: "Lo, I come
As the way seemed open to seek a home.
Somewhat the Lord hath wrought by my hands
In the Narragansett and Netherlands,
And if here ye have work for a Christian man
I will tarry, and serve ye as best I can.

"I boast not of gifts, but fain would own
The wonderful favor God hath shown,
The special mercy vouchsafed one day
On the shore of Narragansett Bay,
As I sat, with my pipe, from the camp aside
And mused like Isaac at eventide.

"A sudden sweetness of peace I found,
A garment of gladness wrapped me round;
I felt from the law of works released,
The strife of the flesh and spirit ceased,
My faith to a full assurance grew
And all I had hoped for myself I knew.

"Now, as God appointeth, I keep my way,
I shall not stumble, I shall not stray;
He hath taken away my fig-leaf dress,
I wear the robe of his righteousness;
And the shafts of Satan no more avail
Than Pequot arrows on Christian mail."

"Tarry with us," the settlers cried,
"Thou man of God, as our ruler and guide."
And Captain Underhill bowed his head.
"The will of the Lord be done!" he said.
And the morrow beheld him sitting down
In the ruler's seat in Coheco town.

And he judged therein as a just man should;
His words were wise and his rule was good;
He coveted not his neighbor's land,
From the holding of bribes he shook his hand;
And through the camps of the heathen ran
A wholesome fear of the valiant man.

But the heart is deceitful, the good Book saith,
And life hath ever a savor of death.
Through hymns of triumph the tempter calls,
And whoso thinketh he standeth falls.
Alas! ere their round the seasons ran,
There was grief in the soul of the saintly man.

The tempter's arrows that rarely fail
Had found the joints of his spiritual mail;
And men took note of his gloomy air,
The shame in his eye, the halt in his prayer,
The signs of a battle lost within,
The pain of a soul in the coils of sin.

Then a whisper of scandal linked his name
With broken vows and a life of blame;
And the people looked askance on him
As he walked among them sullen and grim,

Ill at ease, and bitter of word,
And prompt of quarrel with hand or sword.

None knew how, with prayer and fasting still,
He strove in the bonds of his evil will;
But he shook himself like Samson at length,
And girded anew his loins of strength,
And bade the crier go up and down
And call together the wondering town.

Jeer and murmur and shaking of head
Ceased as he rose in his place and said:
"Men, brethren, and fathers, well ye know
How I came among you a year ago,
Strong in the faith that my soul was freed
From sin of feeling, or thought, or deed.

"I have sinned, I own it with grief and shame,
But not with a lie on my lips I came.
In my blindness I verily thought my heart
Swept and garnished in every part.
He chargeth His angels with folly; He sees
The heavens unclean. Was I more than these?

"I urge no plea. At your feet I lay
The trust you gave me, and go my way.
Hate me or pity me, as you will,
The Lord will have mercy on sinners still;
And I, who am chiefest, say to all,
Watch and pray, lest ye also fall."

No voice made answer, but, from the crowd,
The sound of a woman sobbing loud
Smote his heart with a bitter pain,
As into the forest he rode again,
And the veil of its oaken leaves shut down
On his latest glimpse of Cocheco town.

Crystal-clear on the man of sin
The streams flashed up, and the sky shone in;
On his cheek of fever the cool wind blew,
The leaves dropped on him their tears of dew,
And angels of God, in the pure, sweet guise
Of flowers, looked on him with sad surprise.

Was his ear at fault that brook and breeze
Sang in their saddest of minor keys?
What was it the mournful wood-thrush said?
What whispered the pine-trees overhead?
Did he hear the Voice on his lonely way
That Adam heard in the cool of day?

Into the desert alone rode he,
 Alone with the Infinite Purity ;
 And, bowing his soul to its tender rebuke,
 As Peter did to the Master's look,
 He measured his path with prayers of pain
 For peace with God and nature again.

And in after years to Coheco came
 The bruit of a once familiar name ;
 How among the Dutch of New Netherlands,
 From wild Danskamer to Haarlem sands,
 A penitent soldier preached the Word,
 And smote the heathen with Gideon's sword !

J. G. Whittier.

ROMAN NEIGHBORHOODS.

I MADE a note after my first stroll at Albano to the effect that I had been talking of the picturesque all my life, but that now for a change I beheld it. I had been looking all winter across the Campagna at the free-flowing outline of the Alban Mount, with its half-dozen towns shining on its purple side, like vague sun-spots in the shadow of a cloud, and thinking it simply an agreeable incident in the varied background of Rome. But now that during the last few days I have been treating it as a foreground, and suffering St. Peter's to play the part of a small mountain on the horizon, with the Campagna swimming mistily in a thousand ambiguous lights and shadows in the interval, I find as good entertainment as any in the Roman streets. The walk I speak of was just out of the village, to the south, toward the neighboring town of Ariccia,—neighboring these twenty years, since the Pope (the late Pope, I was on the point of calling him) threw his superb viaduct across the valley gorge which divides it from Albano. At the risk of being thought fantastic, I confess that the Pope's having built the viaduct—in this very recent antiquity—made me linger there in a pensive posture and marvel at the march of history and at Pius the

Ninth's beginning already to profit by the sentimental allowances we make to vanished powers. An ardent *Nero* then would have had his own way with me, and obtained an easy admission that the Pope was indeed a father to his people. Far down into the charming valley which slopes out the ancestral woods of the Chigis into the level Campagna winds the steep, stone-paved road, at the bottom of which, in the good old days, tourists in no great hurry saw the mules and oxen tackled to their carriage for the opposite ascent. And, indeed, even an impatient tourist might have been content to lounge back in his jolting chaise and look out at the mouldy foundations of the little city, plunging into the verdurous flank of the gorge. If I were asked what is the most delectable piece of oddity hereabouts, I should certainly say the way in which the crumbling black houses of these ponderous villages plant their weary feet on the flowery edges of all the steepest chasms. Before you enter one of them you invariably find yourself lingering outside of its pretentious old gateway, to see it clutched and stitched, as it were, to the stony hillside, by this rank embroidery of wild weeds and flowers. Just at this moment nothing

is prettier than the contrast between their dusky ruggedness and this tender fringe of yellow and pink and violet. All this you may observe from the viaduct at Ariccia ; but you must wander below to feel the full force of the eloquence of our imaginary *papalino*. The pillars and arches of pale gray *peperino* rise in huge tiers, with a magnificent spring and solidity. The older Romans built no better ; and the work has a deceptive air of being one of their sturdy bequests, which helps one to drop a sigh over Italy's long, long yesterday. In Ariccia I found a little square with a couple of mossy fountains, occupied on one side by a vast, dusky-faced Palazzo Chigi, and on the other by a goodly church with an imposing dome. The dome, within, covers the whole edifice, and is adorned with some extremely elegant stucco-work of the seventeenth century. It gave a great value to this fine old decoration, that preparations were going forward for a local festival, and that the village carpenter was hanging certain mouldy strips of crimson damask against the piers of the vaults. The damask might have been of the seventeenth century, too, and a group of peasant-women were seeing it unfurled with evident awe. I regarded it myself with interest : it seemed to me to be the tattered remnant of an old fashion. I thought again of the poor, disinherited Pope, and wondered whether, when that venerable frippery will no longer bear the carpenter's nails, any more will be provided. It was hard to fancy anything but shreds and patches in that musty tabernacle. Wherever you go in Italy, you receive some such intimation as this of the shrunken proportions of Catholicism, and every church I have glanced into on my walks hereabouts has given me an almost compassionate sense of it. One finds one's self at last (without fatuity, I hope) pitying the loneliness of the remaining faithful. The churches seem to have been made so for the world, in its social sense, and the world seems so irrevocably away

from them. They are in size out of all modern proportion to the local needs, and the only thing that seems really to occupy their melancholy vacancy is the smell of stale incense. There are pictures on all the altars by respectable third-rate painters ; pictures which I suppose once were ordered and paid for and criticised by worshippers who united taste with piety. At Genzano, beyond Ariccia, rises on the gray village street a pompous Renaissance temple, whose imposing nave and aisles would contain the population of a metropolis. But where is the *taste* of Ariccia and Genzano ? Where are the choice spirits for whom Antonio Raggi modelled the garlands of his dome, and a hundred clever craftsmen imitated Guido and Caravaggio ? Here and there, from the pavement, as you pass, a dusky crone interlards her devotions with more profane importunities ; or a grizzled peasant on rusty-jointed knees, tilted forward with his elbows on a bench, reveals the dimensions of the patch in his blue breeches. But where is the connecting link between Guidos and Caravaggios and those poor souls for whom an undoubted original is only a something behind a row of candlesticks, of no very clear meaning save that you must bow to it ? You find a vague memory of it at best in the useless grandeurs about you, and you seem to be looking at a structure of which the stubborn earth-scented foundations alone remain with the carved and painted shell that bends above them, while the central substance has utterly crumbled away.

I shall seem to have adopted a more meditative pace than befits a brisk constitutional, if I say that I also fell a thinking before the shabby façade of the old Chigi Palace. But it seemed somehow, in its gray forlornness, to respond to the sadly superannuated expression of the opposite church ; and indeed, under any circumstances, what contemplative mind can forbear to do a little romancing in the shadow of a provincial *palazzo* ? On the face of

the matter, I know, there is often no very salient peg to hang a romance on. A sort of dusky blankness invests the establishment, which has often a rather imbecile old age. But a hundred brooding secrets lurk in this inexpressive mask, and the Chigi Palace seemed to me in the suggestive twilight a very pretty specimen of a haunted house. Its basement walls sloped outward like the beginning of a pyramid, and its lower windows were covered with massive iron cages. Within the doorway, across the court, I saw the pale glimmer of flowers on a terrace, and on the roof I beheld a great covered *loggia*, or belvedere, with a dozen window-panes missing, or mended with paper. Nothing gives one a stronger impression of old manners than an ancestral palace towering in this haughty fashion over a shabby little town; you hardly stretch a point when you call it an impression of feudalism. The scene may pass for feudal to American eyes, for which a hundred windows on a façade means nothing more exclusive than a hotel kept (at the worst) on the European plan. The mouldy gray houses on the steep, crooked street, with their black, cavernous archways filled with evil smells, with the braying of asses, and with human intonations hardly more musical, the haggard and tattered peasantry staring at you with hunger-heavy eyes, the brutish-looking monks (there are still enough to be effective), the soldiers, the mounted policemen, the dirt, the dreariness, the misery, and the dark, overgrown palace frowning over it all from barred window and guarded gateway, — what more than all this do we dimly descry in a mental image of the dark ages? With the strongest desire to content himself with the picturesqueness of things, the tourist can hardly help wondering whether the picture is not half spoiled for pleasure by all that it suggests of the hardness of human life. At Genzano, out of the very midst of the village squalor, rises the Palazzo Cesarini, separated from its gardens by a dirty lane. Between

peasant and prince the contact is unbroken, and one would say that Italian good-nature must be sorely taxed by their mutual allowances; that the prince in especial must be trained not to take things too hard. There are no comfortable townsfolk about him to remind him of the blessings of a happy mediocrity of fortune. When he looks out of his window he sees a battered old peasant against a sunny wall, sawing off his dinner from a hunch of black bread.

I confess, however, that "feudal" as it amused me to find the little *piazza* of Ariccia, it displayed no especial symptoms of a *jacquerie*. On the contrary, the afternoon being cool, many of the villagers were contentedly muffled in those ancient cloaks, lined with green baize, which, when tossed over the shoulder and surmounted with a peaked hat, form one of the few lingering remnants of "costume" in Italy; others were tossing wooden balls, light-heartedly enough, on the grass outside the town. The egress, on this side, is under a great stone archway, thrown out from the palace and surmounted with the family arms. Nothing could better confirm your fancy that the townsfolk are groaning serfs. The road leads away through the woods, like many of the roads hereabouts, among trees less remarkable for their size than for their picturesque contortions and posturings. The woods, at the moment at which I write, are full of the raw green light of early spring, and I find it vastly becoming to the various complexions of the wild flowers which cover the waysides. I have never seen these untended *parterres* in such lovely exuberance; the sturdiest pedestrian becomes a lingering idler if he allows them to catch his eye. The pale purple cyclamen, with its hood thrown back, stands up in masses as dense as tulip-beds; and here and there, in the duskier places, great sheets of forget-me-not seem to exhale a faint blue mist. These are the commonest plants; there are dozens more I know no name for, — a rich profusion,

in especial, of a beautiful, fine-petalled flower with its white texture pencilled with hair-strokes which certain fair copyists I know of would have to hold their breath to imitate. An Italian oak has neither the girth nor the height of its Anglo-Saxon brothers, but it contrives, in proportion, to be perhaps even more effective. It crooks its back and twists its arms and clinches its hundred fists with the most fantastic extravagance, and wrinkles its bark into strange rugosities from which its first scattered sprouts of yellow green seem to break out like a morbid fungus. But the tree which has the greatest charm to Northern eyes is the cold, gray-green ilex, whose clear, crepuscular shade is a delicious provision against a Southern sun. The ilex has even less color than the cypress, but it is much less funereal, and a landscape full of ilexes may still be said to smile — soberly. It abounds in old Italian gardens, where the boughs are trimmed and interlocked into vaulted corridors, in which, from point to point, as in the niches of some dimly frescoed hall, you encounter mildewed busts, staring at you with a solemnity which the even, gray light makes strangely intense. A humbler relative of the ilex, though it does better things than help broken-nosed emperors to look dignified, is the olive, which covers many of the neighboring hillsides with its little smoky puffs of foliage. A piece of picturesqueness I never weary of is the sight of the long blue stretch of the Campagna, making a high horizon, and resting on this vaporous base of olive-tops. A tourist intent upon a metaphor might liken it to the ocean seen above the smoke of watch-fires kindled on the strand.

To do perfect justice to the wood-walk away from Ariccia, I ought to touch upon the birds that were singing vespers as I passed. But the reader would find my rhapsody as poor entertainment as the programme of a concert he had been unable to attend. I have no more learning about bird-mu-

sic than would help me to guess that a dull, dissyllabic refrain in the heart of the wood came from the cuckoo; and when at moments I heard a twitter of fuller tone, with a more suggestive modulation, I could only *hope* it was the nightingale. I have listened for the nightingale more than once, in places so charming that his song would have seemed but the articulate expression of their beauty; but I have never heard anything but a provoking snatch or two,—a prelude that came to nothing. But in spite of a natural grudge, I generously believe him a great artist, or at least a great genius,—a creature who despises any prompting short of absolute inspiration. For the rich, the multitudinous melody around me seemed but the offering to my ear of the prodigal spirit of picturesqueness. The wind was ringing with sound, because it was twilight, spring, and Italy. It was also because of these good things and various others beside, that I relished so keenly my visit to the Capuchin convent, upon which I emerged after half an hour in the wood. It stands above the town, on the slope of the Alban Mount, and its wild garden climbs away behind it and extends its melancholy influence. Before it is a stiff little avenue of trimmed ilexes which conducts you to a grotesque little shrine beneath the staircase ascending to the church. Just here, if you are apt to grow timorous at twilight, you may take a very pretty fright; for as you draw near you behold, behind the grating of the shrine, the startling semblance of a gaunt and livid monk. A sickly lamp-light plays down upon his face, and he stares at you from cavernous eyes with a dreadful air of death in life. Horror of horrors, you murmur; is this a Capuchin penance? You discover of course in a moment that it is only a Capuchin joke, that the monk is a pious dummy, and his spectral visage a matter of the paint-brush. You resent his intrusion on the surrounding loveliness; and as you proceed to demand entertainment at their convent, you declare that the

Capuchins are very vulgar fellows. This declaration, as I made it, was supported by the conduct of the simple brother who opened the door of the cloister in obedience to my knock, and, on learning my errand, demurred about admitting me at so late an hour. If I would return on the morrow morning, he would be most happy. He broke into a blank grin when I assured him that this was the very hour of my desire, and that the garish morning light would do no justice to the view. These were mysteries beyond his ken, and it was only his good-nature (of which he had plenty), and not his imagination, that was moved. So that when, passing through the narrow cloister and out upon the grassy terrace, I saw another cowed brother standing with folded hands profiled against the sky, in admirable harmony with the scene, I ventured to doubt that he knew he was picturesque amid picturesqueness. This, however, was surely too much to ask of him, and it was cause enough for gratitude that, though he was there before me, he was not a fellow-tourist with an opera-glass slung over his shoulder. There was reason in my fancy for seeing the convent in the expiring light, for the scene was supremely enchanting. Directly below the terrace lay the deep-set circle of the Alban Lake, shining softly through the light mists of evening. This beautiful pool — it is hardly more — occupies the crater of a prehistoric volcano, — a perfect cup, moulded and smelted by furnace-fires. The rim of the cup rises high and densely wooded around the placid, stone-blue water, with a sort of natural artificiality. The sweep and contour of the long circle are admirable; never was a lake so charmingly lodged. It is said to be of extraordinary depth; and though stone-blue water seems at first a very innocent substitute for boiling lava, it has a sinister look which betrays its dangerous antecedents. The winds never reach it, and its surface is never ruffled; but its deep-bosomed placidity seems to cover guilty secrets, and you fancy it in com-

munication with the capricious and treacherous forces of nature. Its very color has a kind of joyless beauty, — a blue as cold and opaque as a solidified sheet of lava streaked and wrinkled by a mysterious motion of its own; it seemed the very type of a legendary pool, and I could easily have believed that I had only to sit long enough into the evening to see the ghosts of classic nymphs and naiads cleave its sullen flood and beckon to me with irresistible arms. Is it because its shores are haunted with these vague Pagan influences, that two convents have risen there to purge the atmosphere? From the Capuchin terrace you look across at the gray Franciscan monastery of Palazzuola, which is not less picturesque certainly than the most obstinate myth it may have exorcised. The Capuchin garden is a wild tangle of great trees and shrubs and clinging, trembling vines which, in these hard days, are left to take care of themselves; a weedy garden if there ever was one, but none the less charming for that, in the deepening dusk, with its steep, grassy vistas struggling away into impenetrable shadow. I braved the shadow for the sake of climbing upon certain little flat-roofed, crumbling pavilions, which rise from the corners of the farther wall, and give you a wider and lovelier view of the lake and hills and sky.

I have perhaps justified to the reader the declaration with which I started, and helped him to fancy — and possibly to remember — that one's walks at Albano are entertaining. They may be various, too, and have little in common but the merit of keeping in the shade. "Galleries" the roads are prettily called, and with a great deal of justice; for they are vaulted and draped overhead and hung with an immense succession of pictures. As you follow the long road from Genzano to Frascati, you have perpetual views of the Campagna, framed by clusters of trees, and its vast, iridescent expanse completes the charm and comfort of your verdurous

dusk. I compared it just now to the sea, and with a good deal of truth, for it has the same fantastic lights and shades, the same confusion of glitter and gloom. But I have seen it at moments — chiefly in the misty twilight — when it seemed less like the positive ocean than like something more portentous, — the land in a state of dissolution. I could fancy that the fields were dimly surging and tossing, and melting away into quicksands, and that the last “effect” was being presented to the eyes of imaginative tourists. A view, however, which has the merit of being really as interesting as it seems, is that of the Lake of Nemi, which the enterprising traveller hastens to compare with its sister sheet of Albano. Comparison in this case is particularly odious; for in order to prefer one lake to the other, you have to discover faults where there are none. Nemi is a smaller circle, but she lies in a deeper cup; and if she has no gray Franciscan convent to guard her woody shores, she has, in quite the same position, the little, high-perched, black town to which she gives her name, and which looks across at Genzano on the opposite shore, as Palazzuola contemplates Castel Gandolfo. The walk from Ariccia to Genzano is charming, most of all when it reaches a certain grassy *piazza* from which three public avenues stretch away under a double row of stunted and twisted elms. The Duke Cesarini has a villa at Genzano, — I mentioned it just now, — whose gardens overhang the lake; but he has also a porter, in a faded, rakish-looking livery, who shakes his head at your proffered franc, unless you can reinforce it with a permit countersigned at Rome. For this annoying complication of dignities he is justly to be denounced; but I forgive him for the sake of that ancestor who in the seventeenth century planted this shady walk. Never was a prettier approach to a town than by these low-roofed, light-checked corridors. Their only defect is that they prepare you for a town with a little

more rustic coquetry than Genzano possesses. It seemed to me to have more than the usual portion of mouldering disrepair; to look dismally as if its best families had all fallen into penury together and lost the means of keeping anything better than donkeys in their great, dark, vaulted basements, and mending their broken window-panes. It was *apropos* of this drear Genzano that I had a difference of opinion with a friend, who maintained that there was nothing in the same line so pretty in Europe as a pretty New England village. The proposition, to a sentimental tourist, seemed at first unacceptable; but calmly considered, it has a measure of truth. I am not fond of white clapboards, certainly; I vastly prefer the dusky tones of ancient stucco and peperino; but I confess I am sensible of the charms of a vine-shaded porch, of tulips and dahlias glowing in the shade of high-arching elms, of heavy-scented lilacs bending over a white paling to brush your cheek.

“I prefer Siena to Lowell,” said my friend; “but I prefer Northampton to Genzano.” In fact, an Italian village is simply a miniature Italian city, and its various parts imply a town of fifty times the size. At Genzano there are neither dahlias nor lilacs, and no odors but foul ones. Flowers and perfumes are all confined to the high-walled precincts of Duke Cesarini, to which you must obtain admission twenty miles away. The houses, on the other hand, would generally lodge a New England cottage, porch and garden and high-arching elms included, in one of their cavernous basements. These vast gray dwellings are all of a fashion, denoting more generous social needs than any they serve nowadays. They seem to speak of better days, and of a fabulous time, when Italy was not shabby. For what follies are they doing penance? Through what melancholy stages have their fortunes ebbed? You ask these questions as you choose the shady side of the long blank street, and watch the hot sun glaring upon the dust-colored walls,

and pause before the fetid gloom of open doors.

I should like to spare a word for mouldy little Nemi, perched upon a cliff high above the lake, on the opposite side; but after all, when I had climbed up into it from the water-side, and passed beneath a great arch which, I suppose, once topped a gateway, and counted its twenty or thirty apparent inhabitants peeping at me from black doorways, and looked at the old round tower at whose base the village clusters, and declared that it was all queer, queer, extremely queer, I had said all that is worth saying about it. Nemi has a much better appreciation of its lovely position than Genzano, where your only view of the lake is from a dunghill behind one of the houses. At the foot of the round tower is an overhanging terrace, from which you may feast your eyes on the only freshness they find in these dusky human hives,—the blooming *seam*, as one may call it, of strong wild-flowers which binds the crumbling walls to the face of the cliff. Of Rocca di Papa I must say as little. It kept generally what I had fancied the picturesque promise of its name; but the only object I made a note of as I passed through it on my way to Monte Cavo, which rises directly above it, was a little black house with a tablet in its face setting forth that Massimo d'Azeglio had dwelt there. The story of his sojourn is not the least entertaining episode in his delightful Memoirs. From the summit of Monte Cavo is a prodigious view, which you may enjoy with whatever good-nature is left you by the reflection that the modern Passionist convent which occupies this admirable site was erected by the Cardinal of York (grandson of James II.) on the demolished ruins of an immemorial temple of Jupiter: the last foolish act of a foolish race. For me, I confess, this fully spoiled the convent, and the convent all but spoiled the view; for I kept thinking how fine it would have been to emerge upon the old pillars and sculptures from the lava pavement

of the Via Triumphalis, which wanders grass-grown and untrodden through the woods. A convent, however, which nothing spoils is that of Palazzuola, to which I paid my respects on this same occasion. It rises on a lower spur of Monte Cavo, on the edge of the Alban Lake, and though it occupies a classic site,—that of early Alba Longa,—it displaced nothing more precious than memories and legends so dim that the antiquarians are still quarelling about them. It has a meagre little church and the usual impossible Perugino with a couple of tinsel crowns for the Madonna and the Infant inserted into the canvas; and it has also a musty old room hung about with faded portraits and charts and queer ecclesiastical knick-knacks, which borrowed a mysterious interest from the sudden assurance of the simple Franciscan brother who accompanied me, that it was the room of the Son of the King of Portugal! But my peculiar pleasure was the little, thick-shaded garden which adjoins the convent and commands from its massive artificial foundations an enchanting view of the lake. Part of it is laid out in cabbages and lettuce, over which a rubicund brother, with his frock tucked up, was bending with a solicitude which he interrupted to remove his skull-cap and greet me with the unsophisticated, sweet-humored smile which every now and then in Italy does so much to make you forget the uncleanness of monachism. The rest is occupied by cypresses and other funereal umbrage, making a dank circle round an old cracked fountain, black with water-moss. The parapet of the terrace is furnished with good stone seats, where you may lean on your elbows and gaze away a sunny half-hour and, feeling the general charm of the scene, declare that the best mission of Italy in the world has been to produce this sort of thing. If I wished a single word for the whole place and its suggestions, I should talk of their exquisite *mildness*. Mild it all seemed to me as a dream, as resignation, as one's thoughts of

another life. I could have fancied that my lingering there was not an experience of the irritable flesh, but a deep revery on a summer's day, over a passage in a picturesque poem.

From Albano you may take your way through several ancient little cities to Frascati, a rival centre of *villeggiatura*, the road following the hillside for a long morning's walk and passing through alternations of denser and clearer shade, — the dark, vaulted alleys of ilex and the brilliant corridors of fresh-sprouting oak. The Campagna lies beneath you continually, with the sea beyond Ostia receiving the silver arrows of the sun upon its chased and burnished shield, and mighty Rome, to the north, lying at no great length in the idle immensity around it. The highway passes below Castel Gandolfo, which stands perched on an eminence behind a couple of gateways surmounted with the Papal tiara and twisted cordon; and I confess that I have more than once chosen the roundabout road for the sake of passing beneath these pompous insignia. Castel Gandolfo is indeed an ecclesiastical village and under the peculiar protection of the Popes, whose huge summer-palace rises in the midst of it like a sort of rural Vatican. In speaking of the road to Frascati, I necessarily revert to my first impressions, gathered on the occasion of the feast of the Annunziata, which falls on the 25th of March, and is celebrated by a peasants' fair. As Murray strongly recommends you to visit this spectacle, at which you are promised a brilliant exhibition of all the costumes of modern Latium, I took an early train to Frascati and measured, in company with a prodigious stream of humble pedestrians, the half-hour's interval to Grotta Ferrata, where the fair is held. The road winds along the hillside, among the silver-sprinkled olives, and through a charming wood where the ivy seemed tacked upon the oaks by women's fingers and the birds were singing to the late anemones. It was covered with a very jolly crowd of vulgar pleasure-

takers, and the only creatures who were not in a state of manifest hilarity were the pitiful little overladen, over-beaten donkeys (who surely deserve a chapter to themselves in any description of these neighborhoods), and the horrible beggars who were thrusting their sores and stumps at you from under every tree. Every one was shouting, singing, scrambling, making light of dust and distance, and filling the air with that childlike jollity which the blessed Italian temperament never goes roundabout to conceal. There is no crowd, surely, at once so jovial and so gentle as an Italian crowd, and I doubt if in any other country the tightly packed third-class car in which I went out from Rome would have introduced me to so much smiling and so little swearing. Grotta Ferrata is a very dirty little village, with a number of raw new houses baking on the hot hillside, and nothing to charm the tourist but its situation and its old fortified abbey. After pushing about among the shabby little booths and declining a number of fabulous bargains in tinware, shoes, and pork, I was glad to retire to a comparatively uninhabited corner of the abbey and divert myself with the view. This gray ecclesiastical citadel is a very picturesque affair, hanging over the hillside on plunging foundations which bury themselves among the olive-trees. It has massive round towers at the corners, and a grass-grown moat, enclosing a church and monastery. The outer court, within the abbatial gateway, now serves as the public square of the village, and in fair time, of course, witnessed the best of the fun. The best of the fun was to be found in certain great vaults and cellars of the abbey, where wine was being freely dispensed from gigantic hogsheads. At the exit of these trickling grottos, shady trellises of bamboo and gathered twigs had been improvised, under which a prodigious guzzling went forward. All this was very curious, and I was roughly reminded of the wedding-feast of Camacho. The banquet was far less substantial,

of course, but it had an air of Old World revelry which could not fail to suggest romantic analogies to an ascetic American. There was a feast of reason close at hand, however, and I was careful to visit the famous frescos of Domenichino in the adjoining church. It sounds rather brutal perhaps to say that, when I came back into the clamorous little piazza, I found the peasants swilling down their sour wine more picturesque than the masterpieces (Murray calls them so) of the famous Bolognese. It amounts, after all, to saying that I prefer Teniers to Domenichino, which I am willing to let pass for the truth. The scene under the rickety trellises was the more suggestive of Teniers that there were no costumes to make it too Italian. Murray's attractive statement on this point was, like many of his statements, much truer twenty years ago than to-day. Costume is gone or fast going; I saw among the women not a single crimson bodice and not a couple of classic head-cloths. The poorer sort are dressed in vulgar rags of no fashion and color, and the smarter ones adorned with calico gowns and printed shawls of the vilest modern fabric, with their dusky tresses garnished with nothing more pictorial than lustrous pomatum. The men are still in jackets and breeches, and, with their slouched and pointed hats and open-breasted shirts and rattling leather leggings, may remind one sufficiently of the Italian peasant as he figured in the woodcuts familiar to our infancy. After coming out of the church I found a delightful nook, — a queer little terrace before a more retired and tranquil drinking-shop, — where I called for a bottle of wine to help me to guess why I liked Domenichino no better.

This little terrace was a capricious excrescence at the end of the *piazza*, which was itself simply a great terrace; and one reached it, picturesquely, by ascending a short inclined plane of grass-grown cobble-stones and passing across a little dusky kitchen, through whose narrow windows the light of the mighty

landscape beyond was twinkling on old earthen pots. The terrace was oblong, and so narrow that it held but a single small table, placed lengthwise; but nothing could be pleasanter than to place one's bottle on the polished parapet. Here, by the time you had emptied it, you seemed to be swinging forward into immensity, — hanging poised above the Campagna. A beautiful gorge with a twinkling stream wandered down the hill far below you, beyond which Marino and Castel Gandolfo peeped above the trees. In front you could count the towers of Rome and the tombs of the Appian Way. I don't know that I came to any very distinct conclusion about Domenichino; but it was perhaps because the view was perfection, that he seemed to me more than ever to be mediocrity. And yet I don't think it was my bottle of wine, either, that made me feel half sentimental about him; it was the sense of there being something cruelly feeble in his tenure of fame, something derisive in his exaggerated honors. It is surely an unkind stroke of fate for him to have Murray assuring ten thousand Britons every winter in the most emphatic manner that his Communion of St. Jerome is the "second finest picture in the world." If this were so, I should certainly, here in Rome, where such institutions are convenient, retire into the very nearest convent; with such a world I should have a standing quarrel. And yet Domenichino is an interesting painter, and I would take a moderate walk, in most moods, to see one of his pictures. He is so supremely good an example of effort detached from inspiration, and school-merit divorced from spontaneity that one of his fine, frigid performances ought to hang in a conspicuous place in every academy of design. Few pictures contain more urgent lessons or point a more precious moral; and I would have the head master in the drawing-school take each ingenuous pupil by the hand and lead him up to the Triumph of David or the Chase of Diana or the red-nosed Persian Sibyl, and make him some such

little speech as this: "This great picture, my son, was hung here to show you how you must *never* paint; to give you a perfect specimen of what in its boundless generosity the providence of nature created for our fuller knowledge, — an artist whose development was a negation. The great thing in art is charm, and the great thing in charm is spontaneity. Domenichino had great talent, and here and there he is an excellent model; he was devoted, conscientious, observant, industrious, but now that we've seen pretty well what can simply be *learned* do its best, these things help him little with us, because his imagination was cold. It loved nothing, it lost itself in nothing, its efforts never gave it the heart-ache. It went about trying this and that, concocting cold pictures after cold receipts, dealing in the second-hand and the ready-made, and putting into its performances a little of everything but itself. When you see so many things in a picture, you might fancy that among them all charm might be born, but they are really but the hundred mouths through which you may hear the picture murmur, 'I'm dead!' It's in the simplest thing it has that a picture lives, — in its temper! Look at all the great talents, at Domenichino as well as at Titian; but think less of dogma than of plain nature, and I can almost promise you that yours will remain true." This is very little to what the æsthetic sage I have imagined *might* say; and after all we are all unwilling to let our last verdict be an unkind one upon any great bequest of human effort. The faded frescos in the chapel at Grotta Ferrata leave one a memory the more of what man has done for man, and mingle harmoniously enough with one's multifold impressions of Italy. It was, perhaps, an ungracious thing to be critical, among all the appealing old Italianisms round me, and to treat poor exploded Domenichino more harshly than, when I walked back to Frascati, I treated the charming old water-works

of the Villa Aldobrandini. I should like to confound these various products of antiquated art in a genial absolution; and I should like especially to tell how fine it was to watch this prodigious fountain come tumbling down its channel of mouldy rock-work, through its magnificent vista of ilex, to the fantastic old hemicycle where a dozen tritons and naiads sit posturing to receive it. The sky above the ilexes was incredibly blue, and the ilexes themselves incredibly black; and to see the young white moon peeping above the trees, you could easily have fancied it was midnight. I should like, furthermore, to expatiate on the Villa Mondragone, the most grandly impressive of Italian villas. The great Casino is as big as the Vatican, which it strikingly resembles, and it stands perched on a terrace as vast as the parvise of St. Peter's, looking straight away over black cypress-tops into the shining vastness of the Campagna. Everything, somehow, seemed immense and solemn; there was nothing small, but certain little nestling blue shadows on the Sabine Mountains, to which the terrace seems to carry you wonderfully near. The place has been for some time lost to private uses, for it figures fantastically in a novel of Madame Sand (*La Daniella*), and now — in quite another way — as a Jesuit college for boys. The afternoon was perfect, and, as it waned, it filled the dark alleys with a wonderful golden haze. Into this came leaping and shouting a herd of little collegians, with a couple of long-skirted Jesuits striding at their heels. We all know the monstrous practices of these people; yet as I watched the group I verily believe I declared that if I had a little son he should go to Mondragone and receive their crooked teachings, for the sake of the other memories, — the avenues of cypress and ilex, the view of the Campagna, the atmosphere of antiquity. But, doubtless, when a sense of the picturesque has brought one to this, it is time one should pause.

Henry James Jr.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

PART VI.

XV.

THE RETURN.

HE who has seen the bird of passage only in a comparatively southern latitude can form no idea of the wildness of rapture with which it hails its return to that far land where the blooming meadow and the eternal glacier lie basking together in the wealth of the summer day, and where the forest breathes its fairy life under the burning dream of the midnight sun. To the minds of many the name of Norway suggests a picture of winter-clothed pines and far-reaching snow-fields, with little or no relief from the influences of the gentler seasons; and still, strange as the assertion may sound, Norway is peculiarly the "Land of Summer." There is no doubt that the birds at least think so, and their testimony is likely to be trustworthy. And he who stands in the glory of the morning in the heart of one of the blooming fjord valleys, hears the thousand-voiced chorus of the valley's winged songsters welling down over him from the birch glen overhead, sees the swift, endless color-play of the sun-smitten glaciers, the calm, lucid depth of the air-clear fjord, and the trembling frailty of the birch-bough under the sturdy strength of the fir,—ah! he whose gaze has but once dwelt upon all this will need no other persuasion than that of his own eye to unite in the song of the thrush and the cuckoo and the fieldfare about the peerless beauty of Norway's summer. It is not heat that makes summer; its life is of a far subtler and more ethereal essence. Who knows but the glacier itself may do its share toward intensifying this life, or at least our own perception of it? For the white, snow-peaked background, with its remote breath of winter, grazing the horizon of the mind,

sets summer off into stronger and bolder relief. And if the bird feels and rejoices in this, how much more should the artist!

It was just on one of these wondrous summer mornings that Gunnar, after more than three years' absence, saw his native valley again. He and his friend Vogt had arrived the evening before at a little fishing-place on the other side of the fjord, and had immediately engaged a couple of boatmen to carry them over. Already the sun stood high; it was about five o'clock. The boat shot in through the fjord, gliding swiftly over the glittering bays, in which rushing mountain streams mingled their noisy life with the great stillness, and forest-clothed rocks and headlands stood peering forth through morning mist, which still hung in a kind of musing uncertainty along the shore, while the fjord lay wondering at the endless caprices of glaciers and sunshine. A few stray sea-gulls kept sailing in widening circles round some favorite fishing-haunt, calmly judging of the prospects of the day, and now and then with slow deliberation grazing the surface of the water as if to convince themselves that it was not ether, but the veritable element of the cod and herring. Silent families of loons and eider-ducks rocked on the motionless deep, but vanished quick as thought when the boat approached.

They were already in sight of the Henjum shore, when the scream of a gull awaked Gunnar from the delightful revery in which he had been indulging. He had been sitting so long, looking down into the fjord, that for a moment he was quite confused, and hardly knew whether to seek the real heavens above or below. Now he stood erect in the stern, and with a bosom swelling with hope and joy saw the dear scenes of his childhood emer-

ging from the fog and the distance, and smiling to him in the full light of morning. There was no denying that he had changed considerably in the three years he had been away. The cut of the features is of course the same; the strength of contour in chin and brow are perhaps even more prominent than before; while at the same time the lines of the face seem refined and softened into a clear, manly expression. That dreamy vacancy in his eyes which had once distressed his grandmother so much is now supplanted by the fire of lofty purpose and enthusiasm; but the confident openness, which to Ragnhild's mind had been the chief characteristic of the Gunnar who went, she should not seek in vain in the Gunnar who had now come back to seek her. The city dress, which at the request of his friends he had assumed on entering the Academy, would, at least in the eyes of the parishioners, by an added dignity more than compensate for its undeniable inferiority in picturesqueness. However, the broad-brimmed Panama hat and the large traditional artist neckerchief gave him a certain air of brisk activity, which accorded well with his general bearing, even if the light summer jacket and city-cut pantaloons did not show the plastic shape of the limbs to the same advantage as the national knee-breeches of the valley.

Vogt, Gunnar's friend, was a great patriot. And as he often used to say himself, no one can be a good patriot without loving the nature of his country, or in fact all nature both in his own country and elsewhere. But as long as we are all flesh and blood, weariness has also its claim upon us, and even Vogt, in spite of his patriotism, had for once been obliged to recognize this claim. For sleep is rare on foot-journeys, and has to be taken at odd intervals, whenever an opportunity presents itself. Thus it happened that Vogt at this moment lay stretched out on a blanket in the bottom of the boat, and slept, quite regardless of his companion's rapture and the beauty of

the morning. Now the rowers drew up their dripping oars, while one of them sprang forward to ward off the shock against the pier. Gunnar seized a rope, which hung from the flag-pole, and with a leap swung himself up. Vogt, who had just been forcibly recalled to consciousness, chose the safer method of climbing the staircase. He was a tall, slender youth of twenty, with a fine open countenance bearing the marks of earnest application and hard study; he wore spectacles, and the traditional Norwegian college cap, with its Minerva cockade and the long silk tassel. His complexion was perhaps a little paler and his hair a little darker than is common among Norsemen. Gunnar had already climbed more than half-way up the slope of the Henjum fields before Vogt could find a chance to speak to him. For although the collegian strode along at his highest speed, he had not yet overtaken Gunnar, and would probably not have done so, if the artist had not at this point found something which peculiarly arrested his attention.

"Vogt," cried he to his panting friend, "there you see the twin firs."

"The — twin — firs," repeated Vogt rather hesitatingly, but then suddenly correcting himself. "O yes! I should have imagined them to look somewhat like those. What majestic crowns!"

Gunnar made no reply, but seemed to take great delight in the twin firs.

"Most extraordinary growth," suggested Vogt; "and that little bench between the two trunks, don't you think it peculiarly invites to rest? What if we accepted the invitation?"

"No, really, you would do me a favor if you would try to walk a little farther. My home is only a short distance from here."

And on they marched; but having arrived at the Henjum gate, Vogt's strength gave out so entirely that he had to sit down in the grass at the wayside and implore his fellow-traveler, in the Hulder's name, to save the last atom of breath which was still at his disposal. Gunnar had again to

check his impatience, and flung himself down at his friend's side.

"Vogt," exclaimed he suddenly, pointing across the river, "do you see that cluster of houses on the hillside yonder, right under the edge of the forest? Do you know what that place is called?"

"Perhaps I might guess," replied Vogt, with a quiet smile; "if I am not much mistaken they have hitherto borne the name of Rimul."

"How the sun glitters in the long row of windows; just as it used to do of old, when I came wandering up those hills from the river!"

"Sunshine is a good omen," answered the collegian, "especially when it proceeds — But, by your immortal Hulder!" (this had of late become Vogt's favorite oath), "who is that sunny-haired creature who is coming there? Charming! Now be on your guard, Henjumhei, for our adventures are fairly commencing."

Gunnar looked aside and immediately recognized Gudrun; she was carrying two well-filled milk-pails from the stables over toward the stabur, or storehouse, which, according to Norse custom, was built along the wayside. Vogt in an instant was on his feet and ran to meet her. She, seeing him, put her milk-pails down, shaded her eyes with her hand, and viewed him with unfeigned curiosity.

"My fairest maiden," exclaimed he, bowing in the most courteous manner, "you certainly overtax yourself in trying to carry those heavy pails. Would you not have the kindness to permit me to assist you?"

Gudrun's eyes widened not a little while she listened to this speech, and having with a second glance assured herself of the harmlessness of the man, the absurdity of his proposition struck her so forcibly that she could no longer contain herself, but burst out into a hearty laugh, which was echoed from behind the fence at the wayside. Vogt, who had imagined his deportment the very perfection of gallantry, looked utterly mystified.

"I beg your pardon," stammered he. "I meant no offence."

"Offence!" cried Gudrun, checking her laughter, "who is talking of offence? And if you are so anxious to carry those milk-pails, I am sure I shall not prevent you."

If Gudrun had been shy in her childhood, she certainly must be credited with having now overcome that trait in her character; for there was little of shyness in the way she harnessed the young man up in the yoke, hitched the milk-pails on the hooks, and marched him over to the stabur. But then she had now been taught for twenty years that she was the daughter of Atle Henjum, and need not be afraid of anybody.

Having, after some difficulties, gained the stabur and successfully landed his burden on the steps, Vogt, in the agreeable excitement of adventure, seated himself on the threshold of the door and tried to open a conversation with his fair unknown.

"I supposed all young maidens stayed on the saeter during the summer months," said he.

"O no, not all!" replied Gudrun, coming out from the stabur with a huge wooden bowl filled with milk. "Would you not like to drink a cup of milk? I don't know if you like it fresh. This has just been strained."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks, I like it just this way," cried he, delighted, putting the bowl to his mouth; "but," added he, removing it, "would n't you pledge me first? I am sure it would taste much better then." She laughed, drank, and handed him back the bowl, whereupon, having marked the place, her lips had touched, he greedily attacked it. "You have not been staying at the saeter this summer, then?" resumed he, rising to return her the empty bowl.

"Yes, indeed, I have. But my cousin Ragnhild and I take turns at it, and stay at home every other week. Her week will be out on Sunday, and then comes my turn again."

"Your cousin Ragnhild?" repeated Vogt, astonished.

"Yes; perhaps you know her?"

"I have heard of her. And then your name is probably Gudrun."

"Yes; how do you know? Who told you? Do you come from the capital? Yes, of course you do. And perhaps you have heard of a young lad from our parish, Gunnar Henjumhei by name, who has lately got to be something great. If you have, then please tell me all you know about him."

Gudrun hurried her questions out in an eager, breathless haste. The young man eyed her curiously. "You will excuse me this morning," said he, reaching her his hand, "my time is short. But you will see me again before many days, and then I shall tell you all you wish to know. I have a friend waiting for me out in the road. Farewell."

Gudrun was so astonished that she could not even find words to return his parting salutation. Half an hour later she was still standing on the spot where he had left her, wondering how all this would end; for she had no doubt that the friend on the road was Gunnar.

Never had the little cottage at Henjumhei seen a day like this. It was a feast-day, and such a feast-day as had never been before, and would not be likely ever to return. On the bench out under the drooping birches sat old Gunhild, holding the young artist's hands in hers, gazing into his face with tear-wet eyes, and assuring herself that it was just what she always had said, that the blessed child would be sure to turn out right, whatever they said of him. Opposite, on a three-legged stool, sat Thor in his new jacket, quiet as usual and of few words. Still there was none who would have questioned which was the happiest man in the valley that day, and Thor himself least of all. He had taken a holiday, and sat smoking his afternoon pipe. On the ground, a few feet distant, lay Vogt leisurely puffing away at a cigar and otherwise dividing his attention between the family and the huge

overhanging rock, at which now and then he cast fearful glances, as if he were not quite sure that it was firmly fixed. Gunnar was the one who led in the conversation; for of course he had to tell all that had happened to him, from the time he had left home, and Thor and Gunhild listened with enchantment. It did not escape his observation that, at one or two points in his narrative, his father turned his head abruptly, and suddenly found some interesting object across the river. Vogt also would throw in a remark here and there, either reminding his friend of some important circumstance which had been forgotten, or commenting upon his report whenever he put too modest an estimate upon his own merits. Thus the afternoon passed away, until about five o'clock. Then Vogt announced that he was expected at the parsonage, and Gunnar—well, Gunnar had also an errand which would admit of no postponement.

Ragnhild was at the saeter. To-day was Saturday; her week would be out to-morrow, and then Gudrun would come. There was no time to be lost. A hundred wild longings drove him onward, and springing from stone to stone he hurried up the steep mountain-path. It was the path he had climbed so often before; every old fir, every moss-grown rock, he knew. The shadows were growing longer; a lonely thrush warbled his soft melodies in the dusky crowns overhead; the river roared in the distance with a strange, sonorous solemnity, as if it were afraid to break the evening's peace; here and there the forest opened as by a sudden miracle, and through the space between the mighty trunks he could see the peaceful valley with its green fields and red-painted farm-houses stretched out in the deep below; a gauze of light, bluish smoke hung over the tops of the lower forest regions; and underneath lay the fjord, clear, calm, and ethereal, mirroring the sun-warm forms of mountains, clouds, and landscape in its lucid depth. It was indeed a sight

for a painter; and still the painter had but little time to bestow upon it at this moment. The sun already hung low over the western glaciers, and glinted through the trees, wherever the massive heads of the pines opened a passage. The day had been warm; but the air of the highlands was cool and refreshing. He had now gained the region where the heather and dwarf-birch begin to mingle with and gradually supplant the statelier growth of the forest. The slow, measured beat of the bittern's wing and the plaintive cry of the curlew were for a long while the only sounds. Having recognized the rock from which on that eventful night he had beheld the merry scenes of the St. John's hill, he could not resist the temptation to pause and recall the situation to his mind. Then a clear, ringing yodle, followed by the call of a loor, shook the evening air, while the echo answered from all the four corners of heaven. He sprang up, held his breath and listened. The loor sounded again, and the same clear, ringing voice sang out in the four tones of the yodle, as it were right above his head: —

"Come, children all,
To saeter-stall, —
Brynhilda fair
With nut-brown hair!
Come, Little Rose,
Ere day shall close;
And Birchen Bough,
My own dear cow;
And Morning Pride,
And Sunny Side; —
Come, children dear,
For night draws near.
Come, children!"

There never was another voice like that; it was Ragnhild, calling home her cattle. In the next moment the highlands resounded with the peal of bells and the noisy lowing of the cows. Peeping through the trees, he saw her standing on a bare crag not far above him. She looked taller, paler, and more slender than the last time he saw her, but more wondrously fair than even his fancy had dared to picture her. She held the loor in her hand, and stood bending forward, and half

leaning on it. Her hair hung in golden profusion down over her shoulders, and as the warm rays of the evening sun fell upon her, it shone like a halo. His first impulse was to call up to her; but just as he had opened his mouth, she yodled again, then sang out her call to the same melody, only substituting other names, and ended with a long, alluring note from the loor. Again the echo played with her voice, the cattle lowed, and the sound of the bells, the waving of the tree-tops in the underwood, and the creaking of dry branches marked the progress of the returning flocks. He bent the dense copse aside with his hands, and began to climb; he saw her glance wandering out over the valley, then farther and farther away, until it lost itself in dim immensity. There was a nameless longing in that look. To him it was a blessed assurance.

"Ragnhild!" cried he, grasping a loose tree-root and swinging himself upward. She paused, smiled, held the hand up to her ear as if to listen. There was no surprise in her smile, but quiet, confident joy. Again her eye sought the distance, as if the distance had given her answer.

"Ragnhild!" called he again, "Ragnhild!" and he was now but a few rods away. She stooped out over the brink and saw him standing on a stone below.

"Ragnhild," said he, "do you not know me?"

A slight tremor ran through her frame; she looked once more, then in her bewilderment turned and started to run. But swifter than thought he was at her side, and held her hand in his. A deep crimson gushed over her cheek, and from under the drooping eyelids a tear stole down and lighted on the blade of her silver brooch.

"Ragnhild, dearest," cried he with sudden fervor, "have I changed so much for the worse that you no longer know me?" And waiting no answer, he flung his arm round her waist and drew her closely up to him. She let her head fall on his shoulder, and gave free course to her tears.

"But Ragnhild, beloved," continued he, setting her gently down at his side in the heather, "is this the greeting you give me? Are tears the only welcome you have for me?"

"Gunnar," answered she, now raising her head, and the brightest smile of happiness beamed through the tears, "I am so very foolish. But then you looked so fine and — and — so foreign that I knew not what to say, and so I cried."

"Foreign, Ragnhild! Do I look foreign to you?"

But with the same open, trusting smile she met his anxious, searching glance, while she answered, "No, Gunnar, not foreign. But you know I cannot in a moment overcome my wonder; I can only sit and look at you. And if you knew how I have longed for this day!"

"My fairest, sweetest girl! and you have longed for me?"

He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her lips. "You shall long no more now, Ragnhild, for from this time I shall always be with you."

She glanced anxiously up into his face, as if the words suggested something which in her joy she had forgotten.

"You will always be with me, Gunnar," said she as if to convince herself, — "always?"

"Yes, beloved. And how beautiful you have grown, Ragnhild! The same as you ever were, and still not the same. How many a time I sat at my garret window in the city, late in the night, and thought of you and longed for you! And then often I would say to myself, 'I wonder how Ragnhild looks now, and I wonder what Ragnhild is doing or thinking now.'"

"O, how delightful!" cried she in happy surprise; "why, is n't it strange, Gunnar! — it is the very thing I have always been thinking, when I sat in my window in the gable, and the woods and the fjord and even the river lay hushed into a great stillness. O, how many thoughts of you and longings for you took flight then through the still-

ness! And whenever spring came, I was always so anxious to hear the cuckoo the first time in the east, for you know that means a wedding. And, do you know, always before for many springs I would be sure to hear him in the north, which means grief. But this year, when I never thought of it, he sung out in a fir right over my head, and that is the best of all. I sat as quiet as a mouse, and counted on my fingers how long he should sit, while I could repeat my wish three times. And for every time I whispered your name, he sung. Then I was no longer in doubt, for I knew you would come, Gunnar."

And now came his turn to tell the history of his pilgrimage. And he told her all, and in strong, glowing pictures, such as only love can paint and in words such as love only can utter. When he had finished, she sat still silent, gazing up into the tree-tops, and smiling to herself, as if rejoicing in the contemplation of some happy thought.

"Ragnhild," said Gunnar, "what are you thinking about?"

"Ah," answered she, "I was only wondering at your beautiful words. They flow like a poem."

"And if you could read that poem, Ragnhild," cried he, "you would know that its burden had ever been you, and would ever be you."

XVI.

A SUNDAY AT RIMUL.

No one who was in the habit of visiting Rimul could have helped noticing how clean everything looked there. Indeed, the widow of Rimul had become quite proverbial in the valley for her tidiness, and people never talked about it without a sneer; for what business had she to sweep and wash and scour more than other honest housewives in the parish? Everybody, of course, had a thorough-going house-cleaning before St. John's Day and before the three great festivals of the year, and that, most women found, was as much as they could manage; and what would

be the use, then, of wasting one's precious time by distributing through ten days what might just as well be done all at once? Thus ran the parish gossip. But the widow had her own notions on this subject, as indeed on every other, and if she chose to sweep and clean her house every Saturday, she was at all events herself the loser, if indeed there was any loss about it. She had also taken particular care duly to impress this necessity on her daughter's mind; for it had been an ancient usage in the family. "And," said she, "when God rested on the seventh day, it was after having finished the whole work of creation, even to the least blade of grass or fringe of a cloud, and not with some bit of work lying over until next Saturday."

This morning Ragnhild had come home from the saeter earlier than usual. In the large sitting-room with the many windows she found her mother seated at the table, turning over the leaves of her Bible. The floor was strewn with small tassels of juniper needles, which spread their fresh fragrance through the whole house. In the four corners of the hearth stood four young birch-trees, remnants of the St. John's Day decorations. It was not sermon-Sunday to-day, so there could be no question about going to church; but on such days it was not uncommon that some one of the neighbors would drop in during the forenoon, and chat with the widow about the state of the crops or the prospects of the fishery. Therefore, said Ingeborg, it was always well to read one's gospel and sermon early in the day, lest by delaying one should be altogether prevented from making an appropriate use of the sabbath.

Ragnhild went to the window and stood for a moment looking down the road, then hurried to the hearth, and out of the door to look for something, then forgot what she was looking for, and again returned to the window, where she began to drum on the panes for want of other occupation. An hour passed, but no neighbor made his appearance. Ragnhild grew more and

more restless. It was very nearly noon when at last steps were heard out in the hall and two men entered. The one was Thor Henjumhei, the other a young city-dressed gentleman. The widow raised her eyes, looked quietly at the men, and remained sitting.

"Good morning, Ingeborg Rimul," said Thor, approaching the table and offering his hand, "and thanks for last meeting. It is blessed haying weather we have had this week."

Ingeborg shook Thor's hand, and returned his greeting. The daughter cast a stealthy glance at the young gentleman, but quickly turned again, and stood pertinaciously drumming on the window.

"Find yourself a seat, Thor," continued the mistress of Rimul; "and the young man you bring with you, it is probably your son, — Gunnar, was n't that his name? — I can recognize him by his likeness to yourself, Thor."

"I hardly think I could have traced that likeness myself," observed Thor; "but they say strangers can see such things better."

"So they say," was the widow's reply.

The worthy houseman in the mean time had taken a seat at the window opposite the widow, and sat leaning forward with his elbows resting on his knees, and deliberately turning his cap in his hands, as if weighing well what he was about to say. The son remained standing. For a long while no one spoke.

"Ingeborg Rimul," began Thor at last, and his eye met the widow's stern glance unflinchingly, "it is about this son of mine I have come to-day to see you."

Ingeborg opened her eyes widely and gazed as if she would gaze him into atoms; but it had no effect upon Thor. He sat there calm and imperturbable.

"It may seem strange that I should come to you on such an errand as the one I have to-day," continued he, "but we have all of us to go through many strange and unexpected experi-

ences before we are done with this world. And you know yourself, Ingeborg Rimul, that he who has but an only child will do much for that child's sake. Now, what I came to propose to you is this. It hardly can be an unknown thing to you that Gunnar, my son, while he was yet a mere child, took a great fancy to your Ragnhild, and if her own word can be trusted in such a matter, she was not very old when she first discovered that he also had a place in her heart. And this is no longer a trifling, childish affair, now, Ingeborg Rimul; for when love springs up so early and grows with the years, it is hard to root it out. Three years ago I should probably have had many doubts and misgivings before venturing to speak to you of such a proposition; but the son I offer you to-day can speak for himself, and I dare say needs no apology from his father. He has learned his profession well, the newspapers say, and is well worthy of the love of any Norse maiden."

It is difficult to tell how long it was since Thor had made a speech like this; but one idea brought two others with it, and love and a slight but very pardonable feeling of paternal pride lent warmth and power to his words. He did not observe Ragnhild, who, attracted by his eloquence, had approached and now stood on tiptoe only a few steps from him, listening with open mouth and an anxious interest expressed in features and attitude; but Gunnar did see her, and found it hard to check his impatience. And her mother also saw her, and her heart grew heavy; for she felt her strength failing her.

"Thor Henjumhei," said she, with a visible effort to appear composed, "I do not doubt that your son is a worthy young man, or that he knows his profession well. And I feel as sure as you do yourself that there are maidens enough who would be more than happy to be called his wife. But just on this account I wonder that a man of your sense and judgment can come here and ask for him what you know yourself he

cannot get. For it must be well known to you, Thor, that Ragnhild's hand is no longer her own, neither have I the right to give it away."

The daughter, knowing from a former occasion her mother's mind on this subject, dared not interpose, and she turned away and wept. And Gunnar? Well, under such trying circumstances he may perhaps be forgiven for forgetting the rules of parish propriety; for when the sunshine, after a minute's absence caused by the passing of a cloud, again visited the large sitting-room, the widow of Rimul rubbed her eyes and would gladly have persuaded herself that she was not quite awake; but there was no denying that, as the sunshine stole in through the south window, it found the heiress of Rimul with her hands clasped round the houseman's son's neck, and with her sunny head closely pressed to the houseman's son's bosom.

"Thor Henjumhei," cried Ingeborg helplessly, and rising from the table, "take your son away!"

But Thor did not stir.

"Thor Henjumhei —"

Then there was a knock at the door, but no one answered; the door opened, and in came a tall, slender youth; he stooped a little, wore spectacles, and had the long-tasselled college cap in his hand.

"Mr. Vogt," said Thor, "I am afraid you have come here in an unfortunate moment."

"I am exceedingly sorry to hear that," replied Vogt, "and if my presence is inopportune —"

But the widow of Rimul, — what has happened to her, with her eyes riveted on the new-comer, and that ghastly paleness of her visage?

"O God, my God!" groaned she, sinking down into the nearest chair, "thou hast visited me hard. Thy will be done." And Ingeborg buried her face in her lap, while the tears fell fast from eyes to which they had long been strangers, — only God knows how long. There was a solemn stillness in the large sitting-room.

"Children," said the widow at length, — and as she lifted her tearful eyes Ragnhild, her daughter, and Gunnar, the houseman's son, stood before her, — "may the Lord bless you now and forever! And if I have struggled long and hard against you," added she, taking their right hands and joining them together in hers, "think not that it was because my heart was against you."

Then Thor, old Thor Henjumhei, stretched out his rough hand to the widow of Rimul, and the widow grasped it, looked into Thor's faithful eye, and shook his hand heartily.

"Ingeborg," said Thor, "God bless you for that word."

But Vogt, — how did he account for all the commotion occasioned by his arrival? There he stood in the middle of the floor, with a blank, bewildered stare, turning now to one, now to another, but unable to utter a single syllable. Vogt knew not, perhaps, that in the widow of Rimul's eyes he resembled his father as one drop of water resembles another; neither did he know what long-buried memories those well-known features called back to the widow's mind. So he remained standing as if he had dropped down from the clouds, until at last old Thor, seeing his helplessness, rose, and came to his assistance.

"Ingeborg Rimul," said Thor, taking the collegian by the hand and leading him up to the mistress of Rimul, "this is Mr. Vogt, a young collegian and the friend and benefactor of Gunnar, our son."

Then Ingeborg grasped the young man's hands, held them long in hers, and gazed earnestly into his face.

"Mr. Vogt," said she, and she paused, as if the word sounded strange on her lips, — "Mr. Vogt, your features were once familiar to us here in the valley. I bid them welcome again, and hope this will not be the last time they are seen at Rimul."

Vogt stammered something about his pleasure at being present on this happy occasion; then Gunnar and

Ragnhild came up and joined in the conversation; and, before long, the happiness they all felt loosed their tongues and made each one feel at home with the other.

Thor, in the meanwhile, had despatched a boat for his old mother, and the widow of Rimul had sent a horse and a carryall to receive her at the landing-place down by the river.

Old Gunhild soon made her appearance, whereupon followed a little scene such as only grandmothers can act, and none but a *genre*-painter can depict.

It was about this time that the pastor, who had been preaching in a neighboring parish, came riding past the Rimul buildings, and, as it occurred to him that it was a good while since he had paid the widow a visit, and that he was much in need of a glass of milk to slake his thirst, he dismounted from his horse, hitched it to a post at the wayside, and in another minute entered the well-built mansion. The Rimul yard was in its usual holiday trim, everything in its place, and the staircase and the hall fragrant with the fresh juniper. There was certainly nothing unusual in this, and still, as he stood in the hall, the pastor could not rid himself of the impression that something extraordinary had happened; but when he opened the door and found the Rimul and the Henjumhei families gathered as in council round the big table at the south window, when he saw Thor seated at the widow's side, and Gunnar whispering in Ragnhild's ear, what need had he then of any further explanation? But the pastor was too much of a diplomat to betray that he was previously informed. He had already resolved to afford every one the satisfaction of being the first to proclaim to him the happy tidings.

And no sooner had the worthy clergyman entered the room than the widow herself, with not a little pride and formality, informed him of the happy occasion of their rejoicing; told him, what he already knew, of Gunnar's wonderful proficiency in his art and

great prospects for the future, and finally requested the honor of his company as well for this evening as for the wedding, which, according to agreement, would take place a month from date. It is needless to add that the pastor's kind face then beamed even more than usual, and that he congratulated both the old folks and the young with a deep-felt earnestness which went to the heart as surely as from the heart it came. And when at the supper-table he gave the toast of the betrothal, and spoke of the sacredness of love, of the triumph of native worth over prejudice and all obstacles, and of the great and holy mission of the artist, then tears glittered in the eyes of all, their cheeks glowed, their hearts beat more quickly, and they were all happy.

But when the supper was at an end — the ale drank, the toasts finished, — when the sun grew red and weary, as evening was sinking over the valley, and the peace of evening into the hearts and minds of all, then Gunnar and Ragnhild sat together on the bridge of the barn out in the yard, and saw the gold of the sunset burning on the far steeples of the mountains.

"Do you remember, Ragnhild," said he, letting his fingers glide through her rich hair, while her head rested on his shoulder, "I think it was on this very spot, about fourteen years ago, when I first met you, and —"

"O yes," answered she, dreamily, "the time when you asked me if I were the Hulder."

"And you were my Hulder, Ragnhild," said he earnestly, and pressed her more tightly to his heart, "my fair, my good, my beautiful Hulder."

XVII.

THE OCEAN.

AUGUST has come. The fjord still lies glorying in the life of the summer, the sunshine glitters still in the clear waters, the light birch-tree stands trembling over its frail image in the cool tide, the thrush warbles in the moun-

tain glens, and the screaming hosts of sea-birds drift round the lonely crags, or stream over the heavens with the ebbing and flooding sounds of huge, airy surges.

There is life on the fjord in August, a teeming, overflowing life. All nature smiles then; but in its very smile there is consciousness of decay, — a foreboding of the coming night and of the heaven-rending November storms.

Yes, August has come, — come to the fjord and to the valley and to Gunnar and Ragnhild. She is no longer Ragnhild Rimul now, she is Ragnhild Henjumhei, the wife of Gunnar Henjumhei, the artist. And no one would have doubted that she was Gunnar's wife who had seen the two together that night, when they left their native valley; for it was much that she left behind, — mother, home, and country; but, thought she, it was more that she had gained. Now it was morning, or rather night, for the sun had not yet risen. The wheels of the steamboat lashed the water into foam, as it rushed onward and onward through gulfs and straits, onward in its way to the ocean.

At the prow of the steamboat stood Gunnar Henjumhei and his wife, she leaning on her husband's arm, and now and then glancing half timidly back at the dear old glaciers and mountain-peaks, as they faded one by one on the far horizon. His eye was turned toward the future, peering steadfastly through the light fogs of the morning.

"Gunnar," said she, and a half-sad, half-happy smile flitted over her features, "how strange to be leaving all behind me that I know, and to sail out into a great foreign world, where all is unknown to me, — except you," added she in a whisper. And as the thought grew upon her, she pressed the arm she held, and clung more closely to him.

"Ragnhild," answered he, "it is not a foreign world. But see how the great sun is rising — over the ocean."

And he pointed toward the east, where the sun rose — over the ocean.

H. H. Boyesen.

A GREAT DEED OF ARMS.

FOR twenty years, with little respite, Canada had writhed under the scourge of Iroquois war. During a great part of this dark period—about the middle of the seventeenth century—the entire French population did not exceed three thousand. What, then, saved them from destruction? In the first place, the settlements were grouped around three fortified posts, Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal, which in time of danger gave asylum to the fugitive inhabitants. Again, their assailants were continually distracted by other wars, and never, except at a few spasmodic intervals, were fully in earnest to destroy the French colony. It was indispensable to them. The four upper nations of the league soon became dependent on Canada for supplies; and all the nations alike appear, at a very early period, to have conceived the policy on which they afterwards distinctly acted, of balancing the rival settlements of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence, the one against the other. They would torture, but not kill. It was but rarely that, in fits of fury, they struck their hatchets at the brain; and thus the bleeding and gasping colony lingered on in torment.

The seneschal of New France, son of the Governor Lauzon, was surprised and killed on the Island of Orleans, along with seven companions. About the same time, the same fate befell the son of Godefroy, one of the chief inhabitants of Quebec. Outside the fortifications there was no safety for a moment. A universal terror seized the people. A comet appeared above Quebec, and they saw in it a herald of destruction. Their excited imaginations turned natural phenomena into portents and prodigies. A blazing canoe sailed across the sky; confused cries and lamentations were heard in the air; and a voice of thunder sounded from mid-heaven.* The Jesuits de-

spaired for their scattered and persecuted flocks, "Everywhere," writes their superior, "we see infants to be saved for heaven, sick and dying to be baptized, adults to be instructed, but everywhere we see the Iroquois. They haunt us like persecuting goblins. They kill our new-made Christians in our arms. If they meet us on the river, they kill us. If they find us in the huts of our Indians, they burn us and them together."* And he appeals urgently for troops to destroy them, as a holy work inspired by God, and needful for his service.

Canada was still a mission, and the influence of the Church was paramount and pervading. To the minds of the harassed and imperilled people, the war with the Iroquois was a war with the myrmidons of Satan. Of the settlers' cabins scattered along the shores above and below Quebec, many were provided with small iron cannon, made probably by blacksmiths in the colony; but they had also other protectors. In each was an image of the Virgin or some patron saint, and every morning the pious settler kneeled before the shrine to beg the protection of a celestial hand in his perilous labors of the forest or the farm.

When, in the summer of 1658, the young Vicomte d'Argenson came to assume the thankless task of governing the persecuted and poverty-stricken colony, the Iroquois war was at its height. On the day after his arrival, he was washing his hands before seating himself at dinner in the hall of the Château St. Louis, when cries of alarm were heard, and he was told that the Iroquois were close at hand. In fact, they were so near that their war-whoops and the screams of their victims could plainly be heard. Argenson left his guests, and with such a following as he could muster at the moment

* Marie de l'Incarnation, *Lettre*, September, 1661.

* *Relation*, 1660 (anonymous), 3.

hastened to the rescue; but the assailants were too nimble for him. The forests which grew at that time around Quebec favored them both in attack and in retreat. After a year or two of experience, he wrote urgently to the court for troops. He adds that, what with the demands of the harvest, and the unmilitary character of many of the settlers, the colony could not furnish more than a hundred men for offensive operations. A vigorous aggressive war, he insists, is absolutely necessary, and this not only to save the colony, but to save the only true faith; "for," to borrow his own words, "it is this colony alone which has the honor to be in the communion of the Holy Church. Everywhere else reigns the doctrine of England or Holland, to which I can give no other name, because there are as many creeds as there are subjects who embrace them. They do not care in the least whether the Iroquois and the other savages of this country have or have not a knowledge of the true God, or else they are so malicious as to inject the venom of their errors into souls incapable of distinguishing the truth of the gospel from the falsehoods of heresy; and hence it is plain that religion has its sole support in the French colony, and that, if this colony is in danger, religion is equally in danger." *

Among the most interesting memorials of the time are two letters written by François Hertel, a youth of eighteen, captured at Three Rivers and carried to the Mohawk towns in the summer of 1661. He belonged to one of the best families of Canada and was the favorite child of his mother, to whom the second of the two letters is addressed. The first is to the Jesuit Le Moyne, who had gone, in July of that year, to Onondaga to effect the release of French prisoners in accordance with the terms of a truce.† Both letters were written on birch-bark:—

* *Papiers d'Argenson; Mémoire sur le sujet de la guerre des Iroquois, 1659, (1660?) MS.*

† *Journal des Jésuites, p. 300.*

MY REVEREND FATHER:—The very day when you left Three Rivers I was captured, at about three in the afternoon, by four Iroquois of the Mohawk tribe. I would not have been taken alive, if, to my sorrow, I had not feared that I was not in a fit state to die. If you came here, my Father, I could have the happiness of confessing to you; and I do not think they would do you any harm; and I think that I could return home with you. I pray you to pity my poor mother, who is in great trouble. You know, my Father, how fond she is of me. I have heard from a Frenchman who was taken at Three Rivers on the 1st of August that she is well, and comforts herself with the hope that I shall see you. There are three of us Frenchmen alive here. I commend myself to your good prayers, and particularly to the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. I pray you, my Father, to say a mass for me. I pray you give my dutiful love to my poor mother, and console her, if it pleases you.

My Father, I beg your blessing on the hand that writes to you, which has one of the fingers burned in the bowl of an Indian pipe, to satisfy the Majesty of God which I have offended. The thumb of the other hand is cut off; but do not tell my mother of it.

My Father, I pray you to honor me with a word from your hand in reply, and tell me if you shall come here before winter.

Your most humble and most obedient servant,

FRANÇOIS HERTEL.

The following is the letter to his mother, sent probably, with the other, to the charge of Le Moyne:—

MY MOST DEAR AND HONORED MOTHER:—I know very well that my capture must have distressed you very much. I ask you to forgive my disobedience. It is my sins that have placed me where I am. I owe my life to your prayers, and those of M. de St. Quentin, and of my sisters. I hope to see you again before winter. I pray

you to tell the good brethren of Notre Dame to pray to God and the Holy Virgin for me, my dear mother, and for you and all my sisters.

Your poor

FANCHON.

This, no doubt, was the name by which she had called him familiarly when a child. And who was this "Fanchon," this devout and tender son of a fond mother? New England can answer to her cost. When, twenty-nine years later, a band of French and Indians issued from the forest and fell upon the post and settlement of Salmon Falls, it was François Hertel who led the attack; and when the retreating victors were hard pressed by an overwhelming force, it was he who, sword in hand, held the pursuers in check at the bridge of Wooster River and covered the retreat of his men. He was ennobled for his services, and died at the age of eighty, the founder of one of the most distinguished families of Canada.* To the New England of old he was the abhorred chief of Popish malignants and murdering savages. The New England of to-day will be more just to the brave defender of his country and his faith.

In May, 1660, a party of French Algonquins captured a Wolf, or Mohegan, Indian, naturalized among the Iroquois, brought him to Quebec, and burned him there with their usual atrocity of torture. A modern Catholic writer says that the Jesuits could not save him; but this is not so. Their influence over the consciences of the colonists was at that time unbounded, and their direct political power was very great. A protest on their part, and that of the newly arrived bishop, who was in their interest, could not have failed of effect. The truth was, they did not care to prevent the torture of prisoners of war, not solely out of that shameful spirit of compliance with the savage humor of the Indian allies of the colony which stains so often

the pages of French American history, but also, and perhaps chiefly, from motives purely religious. Torture, in their eyes, seems to have been a blessing in disguise. They thought it good for the soul, and in case of obduracy the surest way of salvation. "We have very rarely indeed," writes one of them, "seen the burning of an Iroquois without feeling sure that he was on the path to Paradise; and we never knew one of them to be surely on the path to Paradise without seeing him pass through this fiery punishment."† So they let the Wolf burn; but first, having instructed him after their fashion, they baptized him, and his savage soul flew to heaven out of the fire. "Is it not," pursues the same writer, "a marvel to see a wolf changed at one stroke into a lamb, and enter into the fold of Christ, which he came to ravage?"

Before he died he requited their spiritual cares with a startling secret. He told them that eight hundred Iroquois warriors were encamped below Montreal; that four hundred more, who had wintered on the Ottawa, were on the point of joining them; and that the united force would swoop upon Quebec, kill the governor, lay waste the town, and then attack Three Rivers and Montreal.‡ This time, at least, the Iroquois were in deadly earnest. Quebec was wild with terror. The Ursulines and the nuns of the Hôtel Dieu took refuge in the strong and extensive building which the Jesuits had just finished, opposite the Parish Church. Its walls and palisades made it easy of defence; and in its yards and court were lodged the terrified Hurons, as well as the fugitive inhabitants of the neighboring settlements. Others found asylum in the fort, and others in the convent of the Ursulines, which, in place of nuns, was occupied by twenty-four soldiers, who fortified it with redoubts and barricaded the doors and windows. Similar measures of defence were taken at the Hôtel Dieu, and the streets of the Lower Town

* His letters of nobility, dated 1716, will be found in Daniel's *Histoire des Grandes Familles Françaises du Canada*, p. 404.

* *Relation*, 1660, p. 31.

† Marie de l'Incarnation, *Lettre*, 25 Juin, 1660.

were strongly barricaded. Everybody was in arms, and the *Qui vive* of the sentries and patrols resounded all night.

Several days passed, and no Iroquois appeared. The refugees took heart, and began to return to their deserted farms and dwellings. Among the rest was a family consisting of an old woman, her daughter, her son-in-law, and four small children, living near St. Anne, some twenty miles below Quebec. On reaching home the old woman and the man went to their work in the fields, while the mother and children remained in the house. Here they were pounced upon and captured by eight renegade Hurons, Iroquois by adoption, who placed them in their large canoe and paddled up the river with their prize. It was Saturday, a day dedicated to the Virgin; and the captive mother prayed to her for aid, "feeling," writes a Jesuit, "a full conviction that, in passing before Quebec on a Saturday, she would be delivered by the power of this Queen of Heaven." In fact, as the marauders and their captives glided in the darkness of night by Point Levi, under the shadow of the shore, they were greeted by a volley of musketry from the bushes, and a band of French and Algonquins dashed into the water to seize them. Five of the eight were taken, and the rest shot or drowned. The governor had heard of the descent at St. Anne, and despatched a party to lie in ambush for the authors of it. The Jesuits, it is needless to say, saw a miracle in the result. The Virgin had answered the prayer of her votary. "Though it is true," observes the father who records the marvel, "that, in the volley, she received a mortal wound." The same shot struck the infant in her arms. The prisoners were taken to Quebec, where four of them were tortured with even more ferocity than had been shown in the case of the unfortunate Wolf.* Being ques-

* The torturers were Christian Algonquins, converts of the Jesuits. Chaumonot, who was present to give spiritual aid to the sufferers, describes the scene with horrible minuteness. "I could not," he

tioned, they confirmed his story, and expressed great surprise that the Iroquois had not come, adding that they must have stopped to attack Montreal or Three Rivers. Again all was terror, and again days passed and no enemy appeared. Had the dying converts, so charitably despatched to heaven through fire, sought an unhalloved consolation in scaring the abettors of this torture with a lie? Not at all. Bating a slight exaggeration, they had told the truth. Where, then, were the Iroquois? As one small point of steel disarms the lightning of its terrors, so did the heroism of a few intrepid youths divert this storm of war and save Canada from a possible ruin.

In the preceding April, before the designs of the Iroquois were known, a young officer named Daulac, commandant of the garrison of Montreal, asked leave of Maisonneuve, the governor, to lead a party of volunteers against the enemy. His plan was bold to desperation. It was known that Iroquois warriors in great numbers had wintered among the forests of the Ottawa. Daulac proposed to waylay them on their descent of the river, and fight them without regard to disparity of force. The settlers of Montreal had hitherto acted solely on the defensive, for their numbers had been too small for aggressive war. Of late their strength had been somewhat increased, and Maisonneuve, judging that a display of enterprise and boldness might act as a check on the audacity of the enemy, at length gave his consent.

Adam Daulac, Sieur des Ormeaux, was a young man of good family, who had come to the colony three years before, at the age of twenty-two. He had held some military command in France,

says, "deliver them from their torments." Perhaps not; but it is certain that the Jesuits as a body, with or without the bishop, could have prevented the atrocity, had they seen fit. They sometimes taught their converts to pray for their enemies. It would have been well had they taught them not to torture them. I can recall but one instance in which they did so. The prayers for enemies were always for a spiritual, not a temporal, good. The fathers held the body in slight account, and cared little what happened to it.

though in what rank does not appear. It was said that he had been involved in some affair which made him anxious to wipe out the memory of the past by a noteworthy exploit; and he had been busy for some time among the young men of Montreal, inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit, struck hands with him, and pledged their word. They bound themselves by oath to accept no quarter; and, having gained Maisonneuve's consent, they made their wills, confessed, and received the sacraments. As they kneeled for the last time before the altar in the chapel of the Hôtel Dieu, that sturdy little population of pious Indian-fighters gazed on them with enthusiasm, not unmixed with an envy which had in it nothing ignoble. Some of the chief men of Montreal, with the brave Charles Le Moyne at their head, begged them to wait till the spring sowing was over, that they might join them; but Daulac refused. He was jealous of the glory and the danger, and he wished to command, which he could not have done had Le Moyne been present.

The spirit of the enterprise was purely mediæval. The enthusiasm of honor, the enthusiasm of adventure, and the enthusiasm of faith were its motive forces. Daulac was a knight of the early crusades among the forests and savages of the New World. Yet the incidents of this exotic heroism are definite and clear as a tale of yesterday. The names, ages, and occupations of the seventeen young men may still be read on the ancient register of the parish of Montreal; and the notarial acts of that year, preserved in the records of the city, contain minute accounts of such property as each of them possessed. The three eldest were of twenty-eight, thirty, and thirty-one years respectively. The age of the rest varied from twenty-one to twenty-seven. They were of various callings,—soldiers, armorers, locksmiths, lime-burners, or settlers without trades. The greater number had

come to the colony with Maisonneuve, in 1653.

After a solemn farewell they embarked in several canoes well supplied with arms and ammunition. They were very indifferent canoe-men; and it is said that they lost a week in vain attempts to pass the swift current of St. Anne, at the head of the Island of Montreal. At length they were more successful, and entering the mouth of the Ottawa, crossed the Lake of Two Mountains and slowly advanced against the current.

Meanwhile, forty warriors of that remnant of the Hurons who, in spite of Iroquois persecutions, still lingered at Quebec, had set out on a war-party, led by the brave and wily Etienne Annahotaha, their most noted chief. They stopped by the way at Three Rivers, where they found a band of Christian Algonquins under a chief named Mituvemeg. Annahotaha challenged him to a trial of courage, and it was agreed that they should meet at Montreal, where they were likely to find a speedy opportunity of putting their mettle to the test. Thither, accordingly, they repaired; the Algonquin with three followers, and the Huron with thirty-nine.

It was not long before they learned the departure of Daulac and his companions. "For," observes the honest Dollier de Casson, "the principal fault of our Frenchmen is to talk too much." The wish seized them to share the adventure; and, to that end, the Huron chief asked the governor for a letter to Daulac, to serve as credentials. Maisonneuve hesitated. His faith in Huron valor was not great, and he feared the proposed alliance. Nevertheless, he at length yielded so far as to give Annahotaha a letter in which Daulac was told to accept or reject the proffered reinforcement, as he should see fit. The Hurons and Algonquins now embarked and paddled in pursuit of the seventeen Frenchmen.

They, meanwhile, had passed with difficulty the swift current at Carillon,

and about the first of May reached the foot of the more formidable rapid called the Long Sault, where a tumult of waters, foaming among ledges and boulders, barred the onward way. It was needless to go farther. The Iroquois were sure to pass the Sault, and could be fought here as well as elsewhere. Just below the rapid, where the forests sloped gently to the shore, among the bushes and stumps of the rough clearing made in constructing it, stood a palisade fort, the work of an Algonquin war-party in the past autumn. It was a mere enclosure of trunks of small trees planted in a circle, and was already ruinous. Such as it was, the Frenchmen took possession of it. Their first care, one would think, should have been to repair and strengthen it; but this they seem not to have done; possibly, in the exaltation of their minds, they scorned such precaution. They made their fires, and slung their kettles on the neighboring shore; and here they were soon joined by the Hurons and Algonquins. Daulac, it seems, made no objection to their company, and they all bivouacked together. Morning and noon and night, they prayed in three different tongues; and when, at sunset, the long reach of forests on the farther shore basked peacefully in the level rays, the rapids joined their hoarse music to the notes of their evening hymn.

In a day or two their scouts came in with tidings that two Iroquois canoes were coming down the Sault. Daulac had time to set his men in ambush among the bushes at a point where he thought the strangers likely to land. He judged aright. The canoes, bearing five Iroquois, approached, and were met by a volley fired with such precipitation that one or more of them escaped the shot, fled into the forest, and told this mischance to their main body, two hundred in number, on the river above. A fleet of canoes suddenly appeared, bounding down the rapids, filled with warriors eager for revenge. The allies had barely time to escape to their

fort, leaving their kettles still slung over the fires. The Iroquois made a hasty and desultory attack, and were quickly repulsed. On this, they opened a parley, hoping, no doubt, to gain some advantage by surprise. Failing in this, they set themselves, after their custom on such occasions, to building a rude fort of their own in the neighboring forest.

This gave the French a breathing-time, and they used it for strengthening their defences. Being provided with tools, they planted a row of stakes within their palisade, to form a double fence, and filled the intervening space with earth and stones to the height of a man, leaving some twenty loopholes, at each of which three marksmen were stationed. Their work was still unfinished when the Iroquois were upon them again. They had broken to pieces the birch canoes of the French and their allies, and, kindling the bark, rushed up to pile it blazing against the palisade; but so brisk and steady a fire met them that they recoiled and at last gave way. They came out again, and again were driven back, leaving many of their number on the ground, among them the principal chief of the Senecas. Some of the French dashed out, and, covered by the fire of their comrades, hacked off his head, and stuck it on the palisade, while the Iroquois howled in a frenzy of helpless rage. They tried another attack, and were beaten off a third time.

This dashed their spirits, and they sent a canoe to call to their aid five hundred of their warriors, who were mustered near the mouth of the Richelieu. It was these whom, but for this untoward check, they were on their way to join for a combined attack on Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal. It was maddening to see their grand project thwarted by a few French and Indians ensconced in a paltry redoubt, scarcely better than a cattle-pen; but they were forced to digest the affront as best they might.

Meanwhile, crouched behind trees

and logs, they beset the fort, harassing its defenders day and night with a sputtering fire, and a constant menace of attack. Thus five days passed. Hunger, thirst, and want of sleep wrought fatally on the strength of the French and their allies, who, pent up together in their narrow prison, fought and prayed by turns. Deprived as they were of water, they could not swallow the crushed Indian corn, or "hominy," which was their only food. Some of them, under cover of a brisk fire, ran down to the river and filled such small vessels as they had; but this pittance only tantalized their thirst. They dug a hole in the fort, and were rewarded at last by a little muddy water oozing through the clay.

Among the assailants were a number of Hurons, adopted by the Iroquois and fighting on their side. These renegades now shouted to their countrymen in the fort, telling them that a fresh army was close at hand, that they would soon be attacked by seven or eight hundred warriors, and that their only hope was in joining the Iroquois, who would receive them as friends. Annahotaha's followers, half dead with thirst and famine, listened to their seducers, took the bait, and, one, two, or three at a time, climbed the palisade, and ran over to the enemy, amid the hootings and execrations of those whom they deserted. Their chief stood firm; and when he saw his nephew, La Monche, join the other fugitives, he fired his pistol at him in a rage. The four Algonquins, who had no mercy to hope for, stood fast with the courage of despair.

On the fifth day an uproar of unearthly yells from seven hundred savage throats, mingled with a clattering din of musketry, told the Frenchmen that the expected reinforcement had come; and soon, in the forest and on the clearing, a crowd of warriors mustered for the attack. Knowing from the Huron deserters the weakness of their enemy, they had no doubt of an easy victory. They advanced cautiously, as was usual with them before

their blood was up, screeching, leaping from side to side, and firing as they came on; but the French were at their posts, and every loophole darted its tongue of fire. Besides muskets, they had heavy musketoon, of large calibre, which, scattering scraps of lead and iron among the throng of savages, often maimed several of them at one discharge. The Iroquois, astonished at the persistent vigor of the defence, fell back discomfited. The fire of the French, who were themselves completely under cover, had told upon them with deadly effect. Three days more wore away in a series of futile attacks, made with little concert or vigor; and during all this time Daulac and his men, reeling with exhaustion, fought and prayed as before, sure of a martyr's reward.

The uncertain, vacillating temper common to all Indians now began to declare itself. Some of the Iroquois were for going home. Others revolted at the thought, and declared that it would be an eternal disgrace to lose so many men at the hands of so paltry an enemy, and yet fail to take revenge. It was resolved to make a general assault, and volunteers were called for to lead the attack. After the custom on such occasions, bundles of small sticks were thrown upon the ground, and those picked them up who dared, thus accepting the gage of battle and enrolling themselves in the forlorn hope. No precaution was neglected. Large and heavy shields four or five feet high were made by lashing together three split logs with the aid of cross-bars. Covering themselves with these mantelets, the chosen band advanced, followed by the motley throng of warriors. In spite of a brisk fire, they reached the palisade, and, crouching below the range of shot, hewed furiously with their hatchets to cut their way through. The rest followed close, and swarmed like angry hornets around the little fort, hacking and tearing to get in.

Daulac had crammed a large musketoon with powder and plugged up the

muzzle. Lighting the fuse inserted in it, he tried to throw it over the barrier, to burst like a grenade among the crowd of savages without; but it struck the ragged top of one of the palisades, fell back among the Frenchmen and exploded, killing and wounding several of them, and nearly blinding others. In the confusion that followed, the Iroquois got possession of the loopholes, and, thrusting in their guns, fired on those within. In a moment more, they had torn a breach in the palisade; but, nerved with the energy of desperation, Daulac and his followers sprang to defend it. Another breach was made, and then another. Daulac was struck dead, but the survivors kept up the fight. With a sword or a hatchet in one hand and a knife in the other, they threw themselves against the throng of enemies, striking and stabbing with the fury of madmen; till the Iroquois, despairing of taking them alive, fired volley after volley and shot them down. All was over, and a burst of triumphant yells proclaimed the dear-bought victory.

Searching the pile of corpses, they found four Frenchmen still breathing.

Three had scarcely a spark of life, and, as no time was to be lost, they burned them on the spot. The fourth, less fortunate, seemed likely to survive, and they reserved him for future torments. As for the Huron deserters, their cowardice profited them little. The victors, regardless of their promises, fell upon them, burned some on the spot, and carried the rest to their villages for a similar fate. Five of them had the good fortune to escape, and it was from them, aided by admissions made long afterwards by the Iroquois themselves, that the French of Canada derived all their knowledge of this glorious disaster.

To the colony it proved a salvation. The Iroquois had had fighting enough. If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins, and one Huron, behind a picket fence, could hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such, fighting behind walls of stone? For that year they thought no more of capturing Quebec and Montreal, but went home dejected and amazed, to howl over their losses and nurse their dashed courage for a day of vengeance.

Francis Parkman.

HELEN AT THE LOOM.

HELEN, in her silent room,
Weaves upon the upright loom,
Weaves a mantle rich and dark,
Purpled over deep. But mark
How she scatters o'er the wool
Woven shapes, till it is full
Of men that struggle close, complex;
Horses clipped, with wrinkled necks
Arching high; spear, shield, and all
The panoply that doth recall
Mighty war, such war as e'en
For Helen's sake is waged, I ween.
Purple is the groundwork: good!
All the field is stained with blood,

Blood poured out for Helen's sake ;
(Thread, run on ; and, shuttle, shake !)
But the shapes of men that pass
Are as ghosts within a glass,
Woven with whiteness of the swan,
Pale, sad memories, gleaming wan
From the garment's purple fold
Where Troy's tale is twined and told.
Well may Helen, as with tender
Touch of rosy fingers slender
She doth knit the story in
Of Troy's sorrow and her sin,
Feel sharp filaments of pain
Reeled off with the well-spun skein,
And faint blood-stains on her hands
From the shifting sanguine strands.
Gently, sweetly she doth sorrow :
What has been must be to-morrow ;
Meekly to her fate she bows.
Heavenly beauties still will rouse
Strife and savagery in men :
Shall the lucid heavens, then,
Lose their high serenity,
Sorrowing over what must be ?
If she taketh to her shame,
Lo, they give her not the blame, —
Priam's wisest counsellors,
Aged men, not loving wars :
When she goes forth, clad in white, —
Day-cloud touched with first moonlight, —
With her fair hair, amber-hued
As vapor by the moon imbued
With burning brown, that round her clings,
See, she sudden silence brings
On the gloomy whisperers
Who would make the wrong all hers.

So, Helen, in thy silent room,
Labor at the storied loom ;
(Thread, run on ; and, shuttle, shake !)
Let thy tender sorrow make
Something strangely beautiful
Of this fabric, since the wool
Comes so tinted from the Fates,
Dyed with loves, hopes, fears, and hates.
Thou shalt work with subtle force
All thy deep shade of remorse
In the texture of the web,
That no stain on thee be left ; —
Ay, sweet queen, shalt fashion grief,
Grief and wrong, to sweet relief.
Speed the garment ! It may chance,
Long hereafter, meet the glance

Of Oenone ; when her lord,
Now thy Paris, shall go t'ward
Ida, at his last sad end,
Seeking her, his early friend,
Who alone can cure his ill
Of all who love him, if she will.
It were fitting she should see
In that hour thine artistry,
And her husband's speechless corse
In the garment of remorse !
But take heed that in thy work
Naught unbeautiful do lurk.
Ah, how little signifies
Unto thee what fortunes rise,
What others fall ! Thou still shalt reign,
Still shalt work the colored skein.
Though thy yearning woman's eyes
Burn with glorious agonies,
Pitying the waste and woe,
And the heroes falling low
In the war around thee, here,
Still that exquisitest tear
'Twixt thy lids shall dearer be
Than life, to friend or enemy.

There are people on the earth
Doomed with doom of their great worth.
Look on Helen not with hate,
Therefore, but compassionate.
If she suffer not too much,
Seldom does she feel the touch
Of that fresh, auroral joy
Lesser spirits may decoy
To their slight and sunny lives.
Heavy honey 't is, she hives.
To her sweet though saddening soul
All that here she doth control —
What of bitter memories,
What of coming fate's surmise,
Paris' passion, distant din
Of the war now drifting in
To her quiet — idle seems ;
Natural as lazy gleams
Of some stilly water's reach,
Seen from where broad vine-leaves pleach
A heavy arch, and, looking through,
Far away the doubtful blue
Glimmers, on a drowsy day,
Crowded with the sun's rich gray,
As she stands within her room,
Weaving, weaving at the loom.

G. P. Lathrop.

THE EXTERNALS OF WASHINGTON.

I SUPPOSE that no American, how poor and insignificant soever, can go to the city of Washington without feeling a sense of ownership in, and a desire to be proud of, the political metropolis of his country; and so many hundred thousand Americans do journey thither, that in looking at it a stranger inevitably wonders why such an overwhelming public opinion has not long since been created concerning its management as would have rendered impossible both the congressional recklessness and the private selfishness whose ravages he must now so vainly deplore on every side.

For if ever magnificent possibilities were cruelly marred, mutilated, and mangled, those of the National Capital have been, and every day are being, so treated. It has been in existence eighty years. The greatest intellect and the highest culture of three generations have represented America here. All the wealth of the nation has been at its disposal. Superb cities with their parks and beautiful suburbs have grown up all over the country to serve it as examples. And what have we? "A few things splendidly done, and everything else at sixes and sevens"; here the opulence and progress of America, and there the poverty and shiftlessness of Africa; and *just now* a lavish yearly expenditure of the local and national funds for the perpetration of stiffness instead of grace, of ugliness instead of beauty, of æsthetic failure instead of artistic success, — in fine, the most disappointing, disheartening conglomerate that ever shocked the pride or patriotism of order-loving, beauty-worshipping woman. Nothing, it seems to me, but the genuine masculine insensibility to both beauty and order could possibly have produced such a result; and one may judge here how much the palaces and public places of Europe probably owe to the

taste and aspiration of the royal ladies who inhabit and delight in them; since men are alone responsible for everything in this draggle-tail metropolis.

The city is on the eastern bank of the Potomac, and the site chosen for it has, or rather had, two leading features: one, the ridge or plateau running parallel to the river on which the Capitol stands; the other, the undulating plain between the ridge and the river, on which the city is principally built. The plan adopted by Washington for making the most of this happy combination is imperial, and is said to have been taken by Major l'Enfant, the first engineer of the city, from the stately avenues and vistas of the park at Versailles. By it the whole surface was laid out, first in unusually wide streets running parallel to the four faces of the Capitol, and therefore at right angles to each other; and then in a series of immensely broad avenues cutting the streets diagonally, like a huge diamond pattern superimposed upon a much smaller checkered one. Wherever these avenues intersect each other is a broad space, which in Paris would be called a "*Place*," and wherein, jewel-like, some noble public building or church would be set; and wherever the avenues cross the streets, little triangles are cut off the blocks, which are hardly suitable for building, but are just made for grass planted with flowers or shrubs, or a few trees, and with something beautiful — a fountain or a statue — in the middle; while the larger halves of the blocks left on the other side afford, with their obtuse angles, unparalleled opportunity for architectural effect.

The plain is only a mile or two wide, and looking from one of the western porticos of the Capitol, the city, or at least all the noteworthy part of it, lies below you, stretching northwestward

into union with Georgetown, and lining the Potomac southward until it is stopped by the so-called "Eastern Branch" of that noble stream, at which juncture the two rivers, often poetically flecked with sails, open and gleam broadly. For background to the picture, the heights of Virginia's "sacred soil" lift themselves in answer to the height on which you are standing, the great Doric portico of General Lee's confiscated mansion being visible diagonally opposite, though the hills — stripped, alas! of their forests during the war, and scantily dotted with houses — seem, not in the vigor and hopefulness of youth, but in the exhaustion and resignation of age, to stretch themselves sadly and wearily around the entire curve of the western horizon. It is a scene which nature and the great founder of the city meant to be unrivalled in loveliness, but which succeeding waves of population and of congressmen have so deluged with deformities, from those bare hills in the distance to the shameful Capitol surroundings at your feet, that to a sensitive eye, enjoyment is completely swallowed up in vexation and disgust.

For, first, it is evident that as regards the public buildings and parks of the National Capital, *grouping with a view to general effect* should have been the one thing greatly studied. Instead of which, half of the former have been stuck down, like diamonds in a dish of sand, to suit the clamor of property owners who wanted a rise in the value of their lands; while the parks have been invaded, mutilated, and treated generally with an utter disregard, not only for what is beautiful and fitting in itself, but for the actual property of the nation.

And, secondly, as to the domestic architecture, it would require the Gothic richness of Nuremberg, or the elegance, splendor, height, color, of the Grand Canal of Venice, to do justice to these wide streets and the great avenues that slash into them with such bold angles and unexpected vistas.

But since these ideals are extravagant, why should not a second edition of dignified and respectable Boston, for instance, or of lovely suburban Cambridge, half seen and half screened amid trees and vines, and with grass and flowers all about it, have grown up on the site of the National Capital? * In sad reality, behold a city of flat-roofed houses, — boxes rather, — for the most part low, bald, mean, or squalid, standing in rows, or nearly touching one another, and placed originally right upon the sidewalk, with rarely ever a yard of turf in front of them. The majority are without an ornament to cornice, door, window, or step; and if there is a garden, it is usually at the side, behind a high wall, so that it is utterly lost to every purpose of street ornamentation. So many negro-cabins are but eight feet high, and so many wooden and brick tenements are but double that, that, without exaggeration, if one third of the city of Washington were razed down to the general level of the rest, I think it would all be about twenty feet tall; and this with the streets averaging a hundred, and the avenues a hundred and fifty, feet in width!

The third above-mentioned comprises, of course, the business and fashionable quarters of the town, which, to their mutual disadvantage, very much run into each other. Upper-tendency has naturally fixed its seat in the vicinity of the White House, but it is jostled at every step by the shop and the shanty, and its architectural flights are far more modest than one is accustomed to observe in Northern cities; for as a rule, the houses, still on the box-pattern, are of plain red brick, brown paint or brown stucco making the only variation. One can hardly believe, in looking at most of them, that magnificent New York is within only eight hours' ride; while as for the French-roofed cottages in neat lawns,

* The reader will pardon my specifying these two. It is merely because I am familiar with them; there are many that rival them, and New York, of course, is far beyond.

that, with their gay slatings, bow-windows, and vine-clad porches, are now everywhere in the North, they seem absolutely unknown.

Never, surely, were greater incongruities tolerated in any civilized community! In other places, people of wealth and taste like to get as close together as possible, so as to form solid streets, or at least squares, of respectability and order. But in Washington their instinct seems to be, choosing the Presidential mansion for a centre, to back farther and farther away from it and from each other, Lafayette Square alone, that I know of, presenting an unbroken phalanx of city residences. The consequence is that the interstices have had to be filled up anyhow, and the great houses of millionnaires or of high government officials will, more likely than not, have a tumbledown tenement, a mean grocery, or a negro-shanty not a block off, and not seldom they are next-door neighbors. Even of the White House, the Treasury, and the Patent Office is this true; while the buildings that immediately surround the grounds of the magnificent Capitol itself, and which, if one stands on its terrace, *must* affront the eye, are the most disgraceful jumble of whitewashed sheds, saloons, and old boarding-houses that can be imagined. Palaces should hedge it about with awe, but stables are leering impudently in its very face!

The churches in Washington worthily match the private dwellings. There are forty of them, I believe, and among all those I have seen I have noticed only four in stone, two of which are building now. These latter promise also to be Gothic, and if they fulfil the promise they will mark a new era in Washington; most of the other forty being the brick "meetin'-us" in various combinations of vagrant architectural fancy, utterly free from all trammels of schools and traditions, unities and proprieties, whatsoever. Yet one would think that every leading denomination in the country would take care to be represented in the Na-

tional Capital by one costly and beautiful church at least.

But perhaps the most distressing, because, it is to be feared, the most hopeless, feature of the city is Pennsylvania Avenue, in one grand intersection of which on the hill with three other avenues the Capitol stands, and in a similar one, a mile and a half off, on an undulation not far from the river, the White House; so that it is the great artery of the political metropolis of our country.

Until the spring of 1872 I had never been in Washington, and never shall I forget my first walk up this national avenue of ours between the Congress and the President of that "giant Republic," a trifling fraction of whose vast wealth only would have been required to make it worthy of its high office. Knowing nothing at all about it, I had yet, in a vague way, imagined it as shaded with superb trees dating from the founding of the city, and as lined with grand government buildings, fine churches, brilliant hotels, and, at the White House end, with the aristocratic residences of the Cabinet and foreign ministers. These latter I had fancied standing each apart, amid grass and glowing flowers, and surrounded with vines, evergreens, and shrubs; and I had taken it for granted that the people promenading on this stately avenue were as distinguished or elegant in appearance as the exclusives one meets on Beacon Street or Fifth Avenue.

So much for fancy. Now for fact. Pennsylvania Avenue is a boulevard no less than one hundred and sixty feet wide. The inevitable double horse-car track defaces its centre, but the rest of it is paved with wood, so that it is smooth like a floor, but, unlike a floor, it is swept so seldom that the dust lies thickly upon it. *There is not a single church or public building upon it*; but the closely set houses along its length are of every variety of shabbiness and ugliness, and of all heights, so that their roofs are as uneven as the teeth of an old saw. In their lower stories may be found repre-

sentatives of all the avocations that wait upon the kitchen and back-stairs want of humanity, upon the sordid needs of the poor, or upon the cravings of the dissolute; for alongside the grocer and the meat-man, the plumber and the gas-fitter, the cheap jeweller and milliner, are bar-rooms—bar-rooms!—at nearly every ten steps

The part nearest the Capitol is the worst section of the whole. As you emerge upon the avenue from the little, horseshoe-shaped park at its base, you see on the left the National Botanical Garden, which is a large enclosure surrounded by a tall brick and iron fence, and planted with young trees. Its centre is necessarily filled with conservatories, which considered *as* conservatories are handsome; but Horace Walpole said truly that “it is impossible to make a green-house ornamental,” and these look peculiarly out of place. Opposite the Garden, on the right, is a row of dirty and paltry shops and drinking-places that would befit an Irish alley, the corner one being actually a *laundry* (only at this writing, May, 1873, in course of demolition), which for years flapped the wash on its roof in friendly democratic greeting to the United States flags on the Capitol two stone-throws’ off!

From the latter to the White House is a distance of fifteen streets, and at Seventh Street the avenue is intersected by another avenue, the three combining to form a large open space set off by triangles which, next to that of the Capitol itself, is, perhaps, the most effective situation for a magnificent building in all Washington. A year ago, the several hundred feet of this unique site were occupied by an old shed, covered with a roof of tarred shoddy, and as perfectly black and dilapidated with age as any smithy ever imagined. This was the Washington Market, and it had stood thus conspicuously in the very centre of Pennsylvania Avenue for two generations!

Behind it loomed up three immense brick barns,—the centre of their roofs being raised in the ungainly fashion

peculiar to grain-elevators,—which had just been built round three sides of the quadrangle of which the black shed was the fourth side. These are the new market-houses; and now the old deformity of the black shed is pulled down, and the new deformity of the brick barns is fully revealed in its place. In the remote future a fine façade, it is said, will be built on the site of the shed, which will conceal them; but of course, to put the City Market there at all was a glaring impropriety in the first place, bringing, as it does, inevitable market-carts and all unsightliness into the vicinity. That the land was a gift from the owner for the purpose was no excuse for its acceptance by the government. The Treasury or the Patent Office should have been placed there; and with land at five or ten cents a foot, as it was then, it would not have ruined the country to have bought the property, and given to the city a market site also; whereas the present disposition of it *has* ruined “the Avenue.”

A little way past the market, come, within the space of a few blocks, the leading shops of the city, which, excepting the lace shops, are ordinary in the extreme; and after these the avenue pursues its dreary and shabby way until, fronting you at Fifteenth Street, the southern portico of the Treasury Department shoulders itself into the air, and, contrary to what I trust was the intention of Washington, completely hides the White House from the avenue and from seeing or being seen by the Capitol,—an eternal dig in the ribs of posterity from the obstinate elbow of old President Jackson (who, I am told, *would* have it there) that posterity must ever resent and his contemporaries should never have permitted; for the awkwardness of the whole corner as then and there fixed to all time cannot be exaggerated.

Such, dear reader, are the dire realities of that Pennsylvania Avenue whose name, at least, is known all over the country. Half-grown or scrubby, ugly trees, or no trees at all, alter-

nately preside over the broad sidewalks, which, when Congress is in session, are alive with self-complacent negresses, with whiskey-soaked, loaferish-looking men, with loudly or tawdrily dressed women, and with dirty-faced children, whose homes are over their parents' afore-mentioned shops. Several large second-rate hotels interrupt, but, with their flat white façades, do not redeem the depressing succession. There are a few tolerable store fronts, and just *two* handsome Mansard-roofed structures approaching completion, but they are lost in the general don't-care impression. The *soil* upon everything is indescribable; and, in short, as a gentleman remarked in my hearing on first seeing it, "Pennsylvania Avenue is the New York Bowery gone to seed." — And yet there are not wanting enthusiastic sisters of the pen who describe it in their newspaper letters as a "splendid Corso," and reel you off such a set of celebrities whose imaginary habit it is to continuously succeed each other upon its pavements, as will fairly turn your head!

Up to the close of the war, Pennsylvania Avenue might have been regarded as a "specimen brick" of the whole city, so utterly devoid of taste or beauty were most of its houses. But since then a new era has dawned upon it in domestic architecture, for on some of the newer streets — K Street, for instance — the brilliant idea has been put into execution of regarding a whole block as an architectural unit, and building the centre and end houses taller and more projecting, and with somewhat more ornamentation than the others. There are not many of these blocks, but so effective are they, such is the delight in coming upon them, that in a manner they have redeemed the whole city from ugliness; and indeed it is easy to see that if the idea should be extensively carried out, Washington would come to appear externally like a city of palaces.

If we turn to the public buildings of Washington, we find (the Greek architecture being once admitted) achieve-

ments worthy in many respects of the United States, — structures of which Americans have no reason to be ashamed, whether for strength, size, or beauty. Excepting the Capitol, there is not a ray of genius in any of them, however; and owing to the utter absence of unity of plan in the decisions as to their location, they make but a fragmentary impression, and add little to the noble presence of the capital as a whole; while the mistakes and incongruities that have been perpetrated in connection with every one quite take off the edge of the satisfaction with which the educated visitor might otherwise regard them.

Not but what things were finely enough begun. Congress and the President having been placed as they were by Washington, the chance was afforded for two magnificent architectural groups: first, the Capitol, flanked by the Supreme Court, the Patent Office, or what not, might have crowned the ridge in the manner of a Greek Acropolis, while marble steps and terraces swept up to them with their own superb and dazzling effect; and, second, the White House, surrounded by whatever departments naturally cluster about it, might have risen proudly visible to the Capitol from the opposite end of the avenue. Or, better still, each might have stood in solitary state within its grounds, while the avenue between them was lined with all the other buildings, — thus producing indeed a "Corso" unsurpassed in the world.

But, as has before been mentioned, the many-pillared Treasury is half-way across the line of the avenue, and completely conceals the White House from view. Its immense side-length is plump upon the pavement of Fifteenth Street, and the steps of its northern portico are actually in a hollow instead of on the elevation that all Greek architecture requires. If placed in that spot at all, the land should have been filled up to a level with the Presidential grounds; instead of which, a sunken street was graded between them, and the bank

terraced many steps high on the White House side.

On the other hand of the latter are the old War and Navy Departments ; and as I walked by them a year ago I admired the beautiful level lawn which, shaded with fine trees, and looking as peaceful as an old-fashioned college *campus*, lay between them all. It has since been gullied through, however, to form a new street, called Executive Avenue, and along this the new State Department, which is also to include the War and Navy Departments, is going up as a pendant to the Treasury. It is to be one of Mr. Mullett's grandiose granite Mansardian structures,—“only that and nothing more”; and though one must rejoice that the tradition of the classical architecture is at last broken for the national buildings, it is a question whether the low Greek Treasury and White House will not be dreadfully dwarfed by the towering roofs of their new French neighbor. Its cost is to be *eight millions of dollars*; and if it had only been placed on the Avenue where the Market is, it would have been there an immense adornment, and would have shown itself to the most admirable advantage. Now two of its four façades will be lost, from fronting on obscure streets.

The Patent Office is an immense quadrangle built around a whole square. It is respectable from its size and solidity, and its simple but spacious porticos are effectively reached by long flights of steps. But it is on a side street naturally unimportant, and, what is stranger still, the National Post-Office of white marble occupies another square diagonally opposite. If there is anything that can redeem for these two great and important structures their fatal, their inexcusable situations, I confess I cannot see it.

More fortunate than they by far, the City Hall was very well placed at the intersection of an avenue and a street. It is on a public reservation, and might have been in the midst of beautiful grounds. But it, too, is directly on the sidewalk, Ju-

diciary Square being behind and at its sides only, and looking in a very rough and recent state. Like all the other public buildings, it is white and Greek ; and though plain and small in comparison with them, it is pleasing enough to make one regret the grimy pillars and the degraded and demoralized aspect that the colored loafers who haunt there have given it. The generous width of the intersection in front of it—perhaps two hundred feet—would have afforded a centre-piece of verdure with plenty to spare ; but the whole space is filled with the wooden block pavement, and poor Lincoln stands in the middle of it upon his bare white column, looking as ghastly and forlorn as one fancies St. Simeon Stylites himself.

The Armory, the Smithsonian Institution, the Agricultural Bureau, and the Washington Monument stand nearly in line between the Capitol and the river, in different sections of a reservation that was originally intended for the City Park, but which Congress, in the most flagrant and indefensible manner, has trifled away and “appropriated” to this, that, and the other, until now there is no semblance of a park left,—only a separately fenced-off series of “grounds,” for the most part half laid out and half kempt.

In the midst of the only one of them that has been at all improved into beauty, is the Smithsonian, built, I should say, in imitation of a feudal castle. The material is a rich red-brown stone, and it has seven or eight towers and towerlings, every one of them different, and which on a lofty height of the Rhine would look very picturesque and be suggestive of the growth and additions of different ages. In a flat park and for a scientific institution, the application seems a little forced ; but as one approaches it through the winding walks laid out, and under the trees planted, by the “lamented Downing,” it looks beautiful and gracious enough to be “its own excuse for being,” and to make one only give thanks for an escape from the everlasting Greek. From

Capitol Hill, however, the effect of its many irregular turrets is very much injured by contrast with the great white unfinished obelisk to Washington that even now looms much above them, and which, as yet neither one thing nor the other, but, with its melancholy crane on top, makes one think of a gigantic gibbet erected from which to swing off to universal scoff the dead body of that gratitude, admiration, and reverence once felt by Americans for the Father of their Country. Its completion on the bald monstrosity of its original design would be simply a national misfortune, but its size and its situation are so remarkable, since it towers up over everything even now, and forms the termination of innumerable vistas all over the city, that before pulling it down a jury of our most eminent architects and sculptors ought to sit upon it to decide whether something cannot be done with it as it stands; for a man of imagination and power might be able to strike out from it some bold and grand conception.

A Monument was a highly appropriate thing to place in the city park; but were each of the other buildings now upon it as fine in their way as the Smithsonian itself, — they are both perfectly insignificant, — this would not repay the citizens for the loss of what was intended to be their chief breathing-place and pleasure-ground, and its treatment is a rich but characteristic specimen of congressional recklessness, incapacity, and want of fixed principle. It was originally a reservation that began with the Capitol grounds, and ran straight down to the Potomac River between the two streets that front the north and south faces of the Capitol. It was a rectangle, therefore, a mile and a half long and three eighths of a mile wide, and, too stiff and cramped, perhaps, for much "park" effect, it is greatly to be regretted that, instead of the space between the two parallel streets which start from the Capitol, the area between the two diverging avenues (Pennsylvania and Maryland), which soon run far outside of the

streets, was not rather reserved for the park, for so it would have included the White House grounds, which touch the present one only at a right angle; and moreover, the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue being thus made a park boundary, the Market could not have been placed there, and the growth of the low quarter now infesting the region between the park and the avenue would have been impossible. Designed in this way, the park would have been a great isosceles triangle, a mile and three quarters long, with a base a mile wide on the Potomac, and an apex expanding round the Capitol into grounds three eighths of a mile square; and were I my Uncle Sam, I would yet beg, borrow, or buy for national purposes this area between the avenues, cost what it would; for so a fusing of the principal grounds and buildings of the National Capital into some consistent plan of beauty and fitness might yet be possible.

Such even as it was, however, if the park had simply been planted thick with trees, and left to grow up this last eighty years into a wood like the Berlin Thier-Garten, by this time it would have been a wide belt of shade and grass crossing the city and extending into the river, such as would have utterly charmed the heart of the visitor, and satisfied the needs of the population. But the most malicious ingenuity could not have devised to deface and render it more hopeless for all purposes of a park than has really been the case. First, streets were carried across it, and the divisions thus made fenced in, in forty-acre lots. Then, at an immense expense, a canal was cut through the city and carried some distance up the centre of the park, in order to connect Georgetown on the Potomac with the Navy Yard on the Eastern Branch, — with what wild idea of a gigantic commerce to be transported at any sacrifice by a short cut, who can now conceive? Of course it proved utterly useless; and after remaining a noxious sewer in the nostrils of a long-suffering neighborhood,

it has just been filled up (*after first being dredged out*) by the present Board of Public Works. Right of way having been given to a canal, of course a railroad could not be refused the same privilege; other interests were also allowed to encroach; and finally, in May, 1872, Congress actually gave away to rich railroad corporation Number Two a section of it worth half a million of dollars for a railroad *station*, with all its accompaniments! About two fifths of the very centre of the park have thus been stolen from the nation; and while one severed extremity was appropriated to the Botanic Garden at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue, the other was divided between the three or four institutions just described.

Ex uno disce omnes. Washington City is full—and it might be its peculiar charm that it is so—of open squares, circles, and triangles; but, excepting Lafayette Square and the Smithsonian and East Capitol grounds, there is hardly a creditable one among them. The two former are exquisite, and were laid out by Mr. Downing, that is, by a man who had made a life-study of what he undertook to do, which is why they are so beautiful. The latter is a stroke of luck or genius which is too much for the congressional Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds to stand, so they mean to clear the trees away, if they can, in order that the east view of the Capitol may be unobstructed.

What is it that Horace Walpole says? "The public taste is the taste of the public, and it is a prodigious quantity of no tastes, generally governed by some very bad taste." The dire angularity of the laying out of all the open places upon which the public functionaries are now busy in Washington bears out the above fully. Nay, they contrive to make even the very water itself angular; for all the fountains but two which they have put in—and they are legion—are on the principle of the squirt, instead of the jet or the cascade; so their stiffness and insignificance may be conceived!

Yet with the great Potomac rolling by, Washington might well afford to have as many and as superb fountains as old Rome herself.

And so now we come at last to the Capitol, which, with all its defects, is the greatest architectural triumph this country has produced, and which can lack a world-wide reputation only because Americans themselves have not known enough to give such to it. Like all the most famous structures, it was not built in a day, but has grown gradually into its present development; and even unfinished as it is, hugely defective as it is, and with unlimited capacity for additions and improvements, it crowns the city and the landscape with a glory unsurpassed by any secular building in existence. It is not all of white marble, dear reader, but at first you *take* it to be; and its extent, its strength, its evident costliness, together with its singular external beauty, quite inflate one with joyous patriotism and pride, and in looking at it one feels that our money-loving and money-getting Brother Jonathan has the divine spark of genius hidden somewhere within him, after all.

The first surprise and exultation over, however, a succession of mortifying discoveries dawns upon the visitor, of which the most crushing to me was, that, though splendidly situated upon the ridge commanding the city, the Capitol *faces the wrong way!* The front is to the EAST, and those magnificent porticos, with their crowds of Corinthian pillars, their sculptured pediments, bronze doors, and countless sweeping marble steps, the bronze Goddess of Liberty herself,—everything,—turns its back upon the city, the river, and the West, and the whole façade exists for the benefit of the trees that were idiotically planted in the East Capitol grounds just across the street from it, and which have now grown so great that they make a full or three-quarter view of the building impossible, and so beautiful that the threatened cutting of them down is "enough to kill one."

Washington expected and intended that his namesake city should grow up in state and splendor on the hill, instead of down in the marshy, malarial plain. But unfortunately he placed the President's house down there, and of course all society inevitably clustered about it; beside which, the original property owners held the land about the Capitol at such exorbitant rates that for years people were actually forced to purchase elsewhere.

So for a long time the hill was comparatively abandoned, while the plain was peopled. But the marvel of marvels is, why, when the Capitol Extension was planned twenty-five years ago, and men had seen plainly where, contrary to the original expectation, the city had built itself, *that* occasion was not seized for making the grand façade on the west instead of on the east front, and of placing the statue on the dome facing in the same direction; for now the Goddess of Liberty looks as if, shrugging her shoulders at the hap-hazard city behind her, — nay, at the “great sloven continent” itself, — she were gazing regretfully toward the ocean across which she had floated hither, and were vainly wishing herself safe back in the “tight little island” of respectabilities and proprieties that gave her birth.

But the truth is, that Crawford's statue, though in itself a most noble conception, is not at all the thing for that snow-white dome, which, more graceful and enchanting (if it *is* only iron) than any dome in Europe, lightly lifts itself, a bold, pure, perfect conception, into the blue dome above, and which, therefore, instead of being weighted by the very august and pensive maiden in dark brown who now presides there “in all her ponderosity,” should have been crowned by a white or gilded flying figure just poising there for a moment on one toe, and expressive, say, of “Westward the star of empire takes its way”; and *then* the strange exhilaration and satisfaction with which even now the visitor be-

holds this exquisite dome would mount into ecstasy.

In order to complete, i. e. extend, the eastern centre of the Capitol to correspond with the two newer wings, the present Capitol architect, Mr. Clark, proposes to spend two millions of dollars. But, as the reader can see from every greenback, for this generation the east front is well enough as it is. The grand façade of the Capitol, especially since the Presidential inaugurations take place from its central porch, ought to be on the west; and until that is accomplished, every other interest of the building should be put aside, excepting only such as relate to the convenience of the Congress itself. More room is even now imperatively demanded, but there is no reason why it should not be gained as well on the west as on the east, while every argument of beauty and fitness — since our whole continent lies to the westward, as well as the city itself — is in favor of spending our millions on the former.

But if the heart sinks with dismay over the mistaken frontage of the Capitol, it swells in indignation over the shabbiness, the neglect, the disgrace of its surroundings. Imagine an immense and magnificent white marble building, which cost no less than twelve millions of dollars, standing in a desert of red earth, with a small, horseshoe-shaped park hugging its western, and a small square one standing off from its eastern façade, and you have the immediate *entourage* of the Capitol of the United States; while just outside of this area, as I have before said, is a but too appropriate fringe of old boarding-houses, oyster-saloons, drinking-shops, shanties, sheds, and tenements. Not a blade of grass, not a shrub, not a fountain covers this red desert, but only two or three vagabond trees which are quite lost in the abounding desolation. Horse-cars, carriages, and carts are driving over it *ad libitum* all day long, and for years all the refuse of the Capitol restaurants was thrown upon it.

The two little parks, on the contrary,

are so thickly planted with trees as very much to hide the building. They are surrounded with the huge iron fence required by the period when elephants and megatheriums roamed at large through the streets; but Uncle Sam's money gave out before the fences were done, for that on the grand front of the east side is a common wooden picket one, and black with age at that, while those at the foot of the side-terraces are made of three rough boards nailed upon intervening posts. In the centre of the western terraces, two flights of stone steps lead down into the horse-shoe park; but at their ends, unpainted wooden stairways with hand-rails answer the same purpose, similar conveniences for the use of senators being provided also on the north side. The street or carriage-way between the eastern front and the East Capitol grounds is very badly paved and has no sidewalk, so that to look at the finest façade in the country you have to walk or stand in the middle of the horse-car track which runs through it! And so it goes. All over the national city one may read in giant characters the words, "Selfishness, Politicians, Rings, *Rings*, RINGS!" but the climax of the refrain is precisely here. Had this area of about forty acres been improved and planted as, eighty years ago, it should have been, it would now be an exquisite and historically venerable park, in which our every great statesman had perhaps left his own memento in tree or shrub, and in the midst of which the Capitol would have shone like a dream-land vision.

On the southwest side of the grounds there are no houses, but the red desert ends abruptly, and fifteen feet below it a marshy plain stretches in abject dreariness to the junction of the Eastern Branch and the Potomac. It is crossed by a railroad and seamed with a muddy creek and ditches. Negro-cabins are scattered sparsely over it, but as yet there are hardly any regular roads or streets through it; and though it is a square mile or more in extent, there is hardly a tree or a shrub to be seen,

except at the extreme point, where, at the foot of Delaware Avenue, the beautiful lawns of the Arsenal extend into the two rivers.

Dismal and discreditable as it is, however, it affords an almost providential opportunity for one of the loveliest parks imaginable. For along the top of the ridge which overlooks the city and this now wasted spot, New Jersey Avenue runs southeast from the Capitol grounds to the Eastern Branch, and Delaware Avenue, when laid out, will run southwest from the grounds across the plain to the river junction; the two thus inclosing an isosceles triangle on the south of the Capitol, with a water-base on the Eastern Branch, similar to that on the west between Pennsylvania and Maryland Avenues with a base on the Potomac, which I mentioned before as the one Congress should have appropriated in the first place. Only, the park I propose would be far more beautiful than that, because in that the lay of the land completely hides the Potomac from the spectator on the Capitol terraces, whereas by pulling down the houses on the western side of New Jersey Avenue (excepting the building rented by the Coast Survey, they are very old, of little value, and there are not many of them) one could drive along it from the Capitol down to the water, and have this exquisite prospect of the two rivers and the hills beyond and the intervening park all the way, while, returning, one would enjoy an equally unique view of the eastern and southern façades of the Capitol at the most striking angle possible, of the hill-cradled city which stretches southwestward below it, and, at the evening hour, of the gorgeous sunsets which display themselves over it. On the other side of New Jersey Avenue, on still higher ground, is yet left the old Carroll place, uplifted now like a green island above the horrible cutting of red earth which has been made all about it, and full of fine old trees. This would serve as the Belvedere of the park, and a lower ridge, which runs along the Eastern Branch at

right angles to Capitol ridge, agreeably diversifies the plain; so that in truth, rocks excepted, there seems to be every feature here, in a small compass, that could render a park beautiful and even remarkable.

Such a pleasure-ground as the above might be made, with its walks and drives and river prospects, is needed to indemnify the Washington residents, and particularly the poorer of them, for the one in the central section of the city of which Congress has so wantonly deprived them. It is needed, moreover, to rescue one of the beautiful creations of the Almighty from being everlastingly lost to the enjoyment of His children; for New Jersey Avenue and the fast-filling plain once built up, it is gone! Yet no other park in or near Washington could duplicate this exquisite river view, or give the drive along the river bank that this could do between the Navy Yard and the Arsenal, or have the glorious Capitol as the crown and apex of the whole. Can the English afford the Thames embankment for a pleasure drive, and cannot Washington, without commerce, and with a double river frontage, afford one of them for the same purpose? Surely yes.

The city of Washington is at present in the hands of a "Board of Public Works" appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate; the public grounds near the White House are in charge of General Babcock, one of the President's secretaries; the Capitol grounds are superintended by the Capitol architect, Mr. Clark; the Botanical Garden is under somebody else; and I presume that the Smithsonian, Agricultural, and City Hall grounds have each a guardian spirit in the employ of the government, whose training, like that of most of those above mentioned, has been in anything rather than in landscape architecture. Of all these functionaries, the most active and influential is believed by the Washington public to be a certain enterprising plumber whose sign is visible on Pennsylvania Avenue from far and

near, — Mr. A. R. Shepherd, vice-president of the Board of Public Works. This Board, appointed late in 1870, borrowed four millions of dollars; they taxed the people two millions, and they ran in debt two millions more; in all, eight millions. They themselves allow that up to December, 1872, they had spent thus much. Their opponents say that they had spent over double that sum; that they dare not exhibit their books; that they have so much influence in Congress that the committee which was granted at the petition of one thousand tax-payers to investigate their affairs during the session of 1871–72 either could not or would not compel them to produce them; and, in short, that in proportion to the property valuation of Washington (only about \$ 62,000,000), the peculations and corruptions of Tammany in New York are moderate when compared with those of this "ring." Their friends, on the contrary, declare that never was there an incorruptible and beneficent public body on earth subjected to such "fiendish" persecutions as this Board has been; that it has had "diabolical" difficulties, trials, and stumbling-blocks to encounter, worthy only of the invention of the "imps of darkness"; and that their especial accuser, Mr. Roosevelt, is quite as much "out" in his figures as he pretends the Board are in theirs.*

Of course, in the face of such flat contradictions on both sides, one must only use one's own eyes and ears to judge for one's self as to whether the Board of Public Works appointed by the President were indeed fit persons to take charge of a national work of such magnitude and importance.

Five years ago the National Capital was a magnificent mud-hole, among whose streets and avenues cows, pigs, and chickens wandered as freely as the inhabitants. That these nuisances have been wholly suppressed, and that the city has been thoroughly drained

* See the speeches of Mr. Chipman, the congressional delegate from the District of Columbia, in Congress last spring, in defence of the Board.

and is now smooth and dry in all its length and breadth, with the latest inventions in pavements, is due to the immense energy of the Board of Public Works. Moreover, the streets of the city were, in fact, too wide for anything but very magnificent edifices, or else dwellings relieved with grass and trees in front. But everybody, as I have said before, rich and poor alike, had built their pikestaff-plain houses directly on the sidewalk, so that the effect was lamentable in the extreme. This painful baldness has been in many instances most happily remedied by the Board, for they have advanced the sidewalks from ten to fifteen feet toward the middle of many streets, and turfed the ground next to the houses to that extent; and it is truly wonderful to see how deformity has been almost turned into beauty by this simple process. Where the houses are at all handsome, as in K Street, the effect is positively enchanting, and gives brilliant assurance of what the city as a whole may some day become, *provided* the hideous cast-iron fences with which too many house-owners have already heavily loaded this redeemed turf are positively forbidden for the future.

Thus much admitted, however, commendation — at least in my poor judgment — should end. The streets are so immensely wide that any pavement better than cobble-stone must necessarily be immensely expensive; and if anything better was decided upon, evidently it should have been the most durable thing that could be procured. Some of the streets are laid with the concrete, and a few, I believe, with the Belgian stone pavement, but as a general rule the wooden block pavement has been used all over the city. Now, the concrete pavement that the Board has put down did not in many places last one year; and as for the wooden pavement, business men say that it only pays to use it where there is travel enough to *wear* it out as fast as in the course of nature it must rot out. But there is no business in Washington;

nothing much heavier to be drawn over these miles and miles of wooden streets and avenues than the softly driven carriages of the fashionable women who spend the afternoons of the "season" in calling upon each other. Ten years from now, therefore, when in the course of nature these pavements shall have decayed, who is going to pay for new ones, after it has nearly ruined the property-owners to pay for these?

Still, the appearance of the city is so greatly improved by the smooth pavements, and it is such a comfort to bowl along in a cushioned carriage over a floor instead of jolting in it over cobblestones, that within three years Washington property has greatly risen in value, and many more persons are attracted here as winter residents than formerly. Granting, therefore, that the present paving is all for the best from every point of view, what shall we say of the *grading* of the city as carried out by this Board of Public Works? The narrow plain in which Washington lies was not wholly flat, but gently undulating. The plateau on which the Capitol stands, and which stretches back on the level two miles or more, was also gently undulating. As the streets were first laid out, they followed the lay of the land, and houses were built on them accordingly. But Congress, forty years ago, it is said, undertook to "determine the grades" of the city. The whole plateau was to be shaved off until the Capitol stood alone in its glory on its highest part; and for the plain, no mortal, sure, can guess what their idea was. At any rate, from that time to this successive "Boards" have been trying their "prentice hands" in improvement of nature's work. If the heavy loads of an immense commerce had had to be dragged up steep natural inclines, one could have pardoned the "ideal" of Congress and its agents in this matter. But with nothing heavier than a grocery cart or a carriageful of ladies to roll over it, to cut down every swell and hillock where it could be done to a perfectly flat surface is a piece of vandal-

ism possible only, as I believe, to self-taught men.

If a little learning is a dangerous thing, surely a little taste is a fatal one! For at what cost and sacrifice has not this flatness been achieved! To say nothing of natural beauty destroyed, and natural drainage unbalanced, *positive deformity* has been created. For along these gently rising streets houses, of course, had been built, whose owners were suddenly told that the sidewalk was to be torn up, and the street graded two, five, ten feet below the previous level! What then becomes of the houses? Left up in the air, people have been obliged to terrace their few yards of turf to the pavement, and to provide a long flight of stone steps to get up and down to it. Of all things in the dry American climate, dear reader, and in the Washington latitude, *terraces!* In "misty-moisty" England, terraces are appropriate and very beautiful, because they are green all the year round; the winter does not kill them, and the summer does not scorch them. But over here, even as far north as Boston, people whose houses are unhappily on a bank have to water the latter with hose nearly every evening after June to keep it from drying up. Fancy, then, what it must be to keep a terrace green in Washington! Why, even the Capitol terraces are a misfortune, for they are an eyesore seven months at least of the year. Moreover, as everybody knows, the boast of Washington is the royal breadth of its streets. But with the centre of the street turned into a canal or gully, and the houses perched on the sides clear up above the pedestrian, the effect of the space is greatly diminished, and the street looks cramped and narrow. If, then, the reader will imagine the beauty of a vista of high banks that are brown all winter and withered all summer, and which are crossed at every house by long flights of stone steps all exactly alike; if also he will figure up the added expense to every trunk, every barrel of flour, every ton of coal that is carried up these

steps, and the tax on the callers and the residents who have to climb them to reach these stilt-mounted mansions, I do not think he will sigh to live in Washington. DEVASTATION, indeed, is the only word that can express much of the work of the present *régime*; and no matter who may have the charge of the externals of Washington hereafter, it will never be the city it might have been, any more than a man who has had the bridge of his nose broken can be as handsome as nature intended.

The assessments on property-owners for these "improvements" are absolutely terrifying, and many persons of small means have been obliged to sell their little homes from inability to meet them. Nor will the authorities wait for an advantageous sale. The time allowed is peremptory, and at the end of it the property must go for what it will fetch. The consequence is that it often goes very cheap, and is then bought in by the "ring" and their friends. At least such is the common talk in Washington; and it is certain that men whose paper five years ago was not worth fifty cents on the dollar, are now living at the rate of ten or fifteen thousand a year. Nor is this all. Expensive as is their grading and paving, the Board have been by no means careful to get it right at first in every instance, so that curbstones and pavements have been taken up in many places, not once, but *three times* in succession, and the property-owner made to bear his share of the expense of the mistake. As for the wails of the women over the trees that have been destroyed in this process, every woman can imagine them! And true enough, you walk and drive over this Southern city, eighty years old, blazing hot in summer, and ask yourself, "Where are the trees?" For one sees few worth mentioning, and the Board of Public Works, it is said, is responsible for the absence of a great many.

The grading, or rather degrading, process carried out by the authorities has not been confined to streets already

in existence. Drive out into the country a mile or two and you find the prolongation of the Washington streets and avenues *cut through* all the natural swells of the ground, so that the eye cannot glance anywhere without being affronted by these unsightly red gullies, which are all the more distressing because there are so few trees in the landscape to conceal their desperate deformity. Yet—will it be believed?—so well contented was Congress with the work and with the integrity of this purely local Board of ordinary business men that, at the last session, it actually voted them four millions of dollars with which to continue their cutting and slashing. But, by the end of spring, it was said all over the city that this was used up in paying debts, and that the Board intends next year to ask boldly for ten millions more!

Now compare their rate of expenditure and its result with those of Mr. Olmstead and his associates in the Central Park of New York City. From 1856 to the Tweed epoch in 1870, as we learn from the last Central Park report, there was spent in converting that barren waste into exquisite beauty but six millions of dollars,—those elaborate bridges and everything inclusive! *—while in two years these men have squandered ten (their enemies say twenty) millions, and all they have to show for it, beside the sewers underground, is miles and miles of wooden pavement,—much of it laid with dreadful carelessness,—several dozens of meagre iron fountains, some thousands of excessively young (and therefore very cheap) saplings, and, save the turfing next to the houses, not a single object of beauty or grace added to the city upon which the eye can dwell with satisfaction,—*not one!* Yet, to show how it would *pay* Congress to give the city into the hands of true artists, the property in New York bordering the Central Park has in-

creased in value, since its purchase, fifteen hundred per cent, and that in the entire three wards within which it lies has risen six hundred per cent. The last year's *excess* of increased tax in those three wards over the interest on the cost of the land and improvements was \$2,726,595.90; and this is only the beginning, for those wards are as yet but thinly peopled.*

I have seen it stated somewhere that the Indian-extinction policy of the nation costs the government, on an average, half a million of dollars per squaw! What a shriek of horror would go up from congressmen and their constituents were they asked to appropriate as much to make myriads of white men and women happy as they have cheerfully done to murder a few wretched copper-colored ones! The women of this country can blush, if the men cannot, at the spectacle of the National Capital farmed out—under the eyes and doubtless the sneers of the representatives of foreign courts—to art tyros and ignorant jobbers, who do with it what they choose for their own glorification and emolument, and are held responsible by nobody. We may not have among us a Phidias or a Praxiteles, a Michael Angelo or a Raphael, but we certainly have in this country men of genius and lifelong culture, men at the same time of high honor and established reputation,—artists, sculptors, architects, and landscape-architects,—who could take the Capital into their hands, and in twenty-five years present it to the nation to be held in trust for the world as a thing of beauty, worthy of shining in its place in Time's coronet of famous cities.

Our artists are now everywhere pursuing the limited ends of their own fortunes. Yet nothing less than religion or patriotism ever fired the human breast to its highest achievements; and until American Art is called by the general voice to adorn the American Capital on its own re-

* Mr. Olmstead states, I believe, that, had he been allowed to hire his men in the open market, in his own way, he could have done the work even twenty per cent cheaper.

* The rise of property in Brooklyn around its magnificent park, also in charge of Mr. Olmstead, is said to be still more extraordinary.

sponsibility, and to make there its home, it will never be worthy of its native country, or rise to the stature of its sisters in other lands. This rich and extravagant Republic of forty millions of prosperous people has not a single national gallery wherein it can see even what its own eminent sons have done! What a comment on the selfish and sordid aims of those millions! Yet in Europe not only the great centres all boast their immense and priceless art-collections, but nearly every little Italian or German city, and of late even the English provincial towns, can point with pride to valuable galleries, and to memorable or beautiful buildings, which are adding richness and dignity and content incalculable to the otherwise barren sum of human life.

I trust I have convinced the reader that, from an artistic point of view, Washington at present is in a bad plight. A year's residence amid, and a year's brooding over the mismanagement that prevails there have "borne in" upon me the following propositions, which, of course, like all amateur attempts, are but a lame and impotent conclusion, and to which I only invite attention until such time as the country shall demand a dictum on the subject from a committee of acknowledged artists whose achievements proclaim them the fitting persons to pronounce it.

1. The city of Washington, having been created by and for the national government alone, private interests and wishes should in no case be allowed to stand in the way of a full regard for the national dignity and honor, and the innate fitness and propriety of things.

2. Congress should therefore buy up peremptorily at its present (not prospective) valuation the property entirely surrounding the Capitol grounds for half a block in depth, the whole of Pennsylvania Avenue between the Capitol and the White House,* and,

* The retail business now transacted there could be gradually transferred to side streets.

in case the new park south of the Capitol should be purchased, as has been above suggested, the whole of New Jersey Avenue from the Capitol grounds to the river.

3. This property should never be sold, but should be used for the government buildings to be erected in the future, or leased to persons or institutions capable of building upon it in a manner worthy of the situation.

4. A National Board of Public Works, consisting only of landscape-architects, landscape-gardeners, and engineers of acknowledged ability and reputation, should be appointed by Congress, and given charge of the entire surface of Washington City, of the District of Columbia, of the National Cemeteries, and of Mount Vernon (for even there the hand of the Vandal has been committing sacrilege of late), and thereafter not a tree should be planted, far less cut down, without their sanction and approval.

5. Whatever funds this National Board requires for the improving, restoring, or beautifying of the above areas should be granted from the national treasury, and the citizens of Washington should only be taxed to keep the improvements in repair.

6. A National Commission of our leading architects, sculptors, and painters should pronounce upon all the buildings and works of art to be henceforth erected or purchased by the nation. And no house — not so much as a negro shanty even — should in future be put up in Washington without their permission, since there may be art even in the design of a shanty.

An attempt is being made by speculators in city lots to get the Presidential Mansion removed a mile to the north of where it now stands, the White House to be retained only as the President's Office. This should be sternly frowned down by public opinion, since from its historic associations, the beauty of its situation, and every other reason, the Executive Mansion should be where it always has been. At present it is too small

and insignificant for its obvious purposes, and the White House, therefore, should be built out towards the Potomac in a quadrangle with high roofs, and when these are done the portion now existing should be altered to correspond. Then the government, having as above recommended, taken possession of Pennsylvania and New Jersey Avenues and of the streets surrounding the Capitol, the lots at the White House end should be granted by it to foreign governments whereon to build the houses of their respective legations. Spacious and suitable dwellings, to be rented by Cabinet officers, should also be built in the same vicinity, and on both Avenues and around the Capitol blocks handsome and stately without, substantial and simple within, should be built and arranged in "apartments," continental fashion, to be leased to senators and members for the longer or shorter periods of their congressional terms. This done, and the interstices filled up with the buildings of the Government Bureaus, of the future National University, of the Congressional Library, the Hall of the Supreme Court, and what not, a sort of "Grand Boulevard of the Republic" — extending from the White House on the Potomac along Pennsylvania Avenue, round the Capitol, and thence at an obtuse angle down New Jersey Avenue to the Eastern Branch — would be created which the world could not excel.

The land and improvements of the Central Park up to the present time have cost New York twelve millions of dollars. But what of that? The New-Yorkers are proud of and devoted to their Park, and are willing to lavish upon it all that it can possibly need for

its adornment, simply because they know that it repays them so bountifully for all; not merely, dear reader, in money, though we have seen that it does even that amply in the rise of the taxable property about it, but in happiness, — happiness that *beauty alone* can bring to the human heart, all unable as we are to explain it.

Out of their poverty the citizens of Washington have spent, in all, ten or fifteen millions of dollars to improve its disproportionate streets and avenues, while the government, though paying no taxes on its numerous and valuable "reservations," has, until last winter, given almost nothing at all to city improvements, but has confined itself to paying for those merely of its own buildings and grounds.

I fancy that the reader will be surprised to learn how little these latter have cost the country, and hereafter will not wonder that Washington is so beggarly as it is. Up to the year 1870 the government had spent in that city, exclusive of salaries, only forty-five millions of dollars, of which twenty millions went "for such general purposes as are not peculiarly a part of the Capital of the nation, such as the Navy Yard, Arsenal, Insane Hospital, bridges, canals, fuel, gas, water, fences, etc., etc., etc."* For the public buildings, grounds, pictures, and statues in Washington the nation has been assessed during four fifths of a century but twenty-five millions of dollars, i. e. just twice the cost of the Central Park. Or (to put it *à la* General Butler), from 1792 to 1870 every individual in it has contributed to the state and dignity of the Federal Government but *one and a half cents* apiece annually.

* See Report 52, 41st Congress, 3d Session.

Zina Fay Peirce.

THE PHANTOM CHAPEL.

I.

THE night-breeze puffed our sail, as through
The shadowy strait we steered; and soon
Along the flashing lake we flew,
Upon the white wake of the moon.

Betwixt the islands and the shore,
From cape to cape, we still pursued
Her sparkling keel, which sped before,
Like hopes that, laughing, still elude.

The mild night's universal smile
Touched sheltered cove and glistening leaf;
Each shadow-girt and wooded isle
Shook in the wind its silvered sheaf.

By day a flower, by night a bud,
Her pure soul rocked in dreamy calms,
The lily slept upon the flood
Her nun-like sleep, with folded palms.

From cove to cove, from cape to cape,
We chased the hurrying moon, — when, lo!
In yonder glen, what gleaming shape
Behind the trees uprises slow?

Between the upland and the wood,
Half hid by elms that fringed the shore,
The semblance of a chapel stood
Where never chapel stood before.

All still and fair, in misty air,
The lovely miracle upsprings,
As if some great white angel there,
Just lighted, stooped with half-shut wings.

Locked in the lonely vale, aloof
From men, the Gothic wonder rose:
On pallid pinnacle and roof
The quiet moonlight shed its snows.

From the dim pile, across the gray,
Uncertain landscape, faintly came,
Through pictured panes, a stained ray,
Red from some martyr's shirt of flame.

And, listening ever, we could trace
The strains of a mysterious hymn,

Divinely cadenced, like the praise
Of far-off quiring seraphim.

The winds were hushed: a holy calm
Filled all the night: it seemed as if
The spirit of that solemn psalm
Had charmed the waves that rocked our skiff.

The winds were hushed, our hearts were bowed
In silent awe, when on the night
Rose dark and slow a wingéd cloud,
And swept the marvel from our sight.

But, homeward voyaging, we seemed
Like souls that leave a land enchanted,
And all night long in memory gleamed
That moonlit valley wonder-haunted.

II.

Upon the morrow, to explore
At dawn the mystery of the night,
We pushed once more our boat from shore,
Through whispering flags and lilies white.

Along the widening strait we steered,
Past windy cape and sheltered cove:
The cape we cleared, the vale we neared,
There sloped the upland, flushed the grove;

And, where the church had stood, behold!
The latticed wing and pointed gable
And well-sweep of a farm-house old,
Turret and vane on barn and stable!

There at their work the housemaids sung
The songs that had entranced the night;
The farm-boy's magic lantern hung,
A pumpkin, in the morning-light!

Thereat we murmured: "Wherefore pray
For perfect knowledge? Better far
Than the sure insight of the day
The moonlight's soft illusions are.

"The moon is full of fairy dreams:
She pours them from her pensive horn,
And buildeth with her silver beams
Fabrics too frail to meet the morn.

"So fade the airy hopes of youth,
And Love's young promise disappears
Before the morning gray of Truth,
The unsparing light of later years.

“So perish manhood’s pillared schemes;
And in the dawning of that day
That wakes us from this world of dreams,
Even church and faith may fade away.”

But one said, “Nay, though we may miss
The cherished, changeful veil of things,
Within illusion’s chrysalis
The shrouded Truth hides shining wings.

“Though we may miss the pearl and gold,
And heaven be other than we deem,
Doubt not the future will unfold
To something better than our dream.

“Last evening’s bud laughs on the flood,
A perfect flower of purest white;
And life is but a folded bud
That still awaits the Morning Light.”

Even while we spoke, a sweeter charm
Than ever night and moonlight knew
Breathed over all the breezy farm,
And lurked in shade and shone in dew.

Freshness of life and pure delight
In earth and air, in sight and sound,
Displaced the fancies of the night,
And better than we sought we found.

The farm-house, fairer in the glance
Of dawn than in its moonlight vest,
Lay clasped in airs of sweet romance
And tender human interest.

Along the dazzling waves the glory
Of the full summer morning blazed;
From the sun-fronting promontory
The crescent-crownéd cattle gazed.

The wild crows cawed; on great slow wings
Up soared the heron from the brake;
The pickerel leaped in rippling rings;
The supple swallow skimmed the lake.

O’er all, its roof the blue above,
Its floor the common daily sod,
Walled round with light, upheld by Love,
Arose the living Church of God.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE DEATH OF DOMINIE QUITMAN.

MADAM'S bedroom at Linlithtown was a wide, square, shady room, with old-fashioned curtains of white dimity with knotted fringes, canopies of white dimity above the two narrow French beds, and spindle-legged chairs and sofas in white and gold, with dimity coverings. Everything was cool, quiet, and white, except a tall, old-fashioned escritoire of dark wood, clamped with brass. The days on which Madam looked over this escritoire were marked with a white stone in my calendar, for it contained certain cases of fine, old-fashioned jewels, and piles of letters, which, if yellow and musty, I soon found contained stories not to be despised. Two of these letters I was permitted to copy, and give them below.

BELLEVUE, MANOR OF BESTON,
January the 23rd, 17—.

HONOURED SIR AND DEAR BROTHER: Pray excuse my Paper not being finer, but I have none other by me, and you was pleased to bid me write. Indeed, our honoured Father also hath laid his Commands upon me; saying with a Smile, that, since I was so mighty fond of my Pen, it were well that I should put it to some good Service, which, indeed, I am not loth to do. My Father hath commanded me to give to you a full account of the last Visit of our much-revered Friend, the Dominie Quitman. I am sure my beloved Brother remembers full well the Summer Afternoon when we were all gathered in the great Hall, we Sisters indeed crimping and ironing, while our Brothers looked on after a somewhat idle Fashion, and how we then overheard our revered Friend say in Conversation with our Parents, that it was his Wish to return to the Manor House, and die there, when his Hour came. Our honoured Mother afterward told Eliza that his reason

for this was that in former Times he had greatly loved our Aunt Joanna, though, being then of poor Estate, he never told his Love, and that when he knew of her sudden Death, he was in deep Grief, and scrupled not to say that he was done with the Things of this World, as far as loving Them was concerned. Since then, he hath come into his Fortune, as you know, yet they say he hath ever held the Things of this World lightly. Our honoured Mother told us also that then, not only by Reason of his deep Pity for his Grief, but also for the Love he bore him, our dear Father prayed him to find ever a Home at the Manor House, and that he hath since come thither twice every Year, as we know; and being at the Manor House when Joanna was born, himself baptized her, giving her the name she bears, in Memory of our Aunt. Truly it seems somewhat strange to think that the excellent Dominie, with his Wig ever awry, as I know you failed not to remark, and his large snuff Box, which he handles not after the most cleanly Fashion, since his Ruffles are ever besmeared with it,—it is hard, I say, to believe that he was ever so deep in Love, and so shaken with Grief, as our Parents say. But I must not run on thus, but rather back for six Months, even to the Day of Cousin Robert's Funeral; of which Event, and of the great Perturbation into which we were thrown, by Reason of the Corpse coming unexpectedly, when a Dinner was laid in the great Drawing Room, and nothing prepared, Kitty hath doubtless told you in the Letter she writ at that Time; yet more likely not, since—having been given Charge of the Funeral Feast, our Honoured Mother and Sister Eliza both being ill—she was much grieved and mortified by the falling short of the Nutshells wherewith to burn the

Funeral Wine, insomuch that she thought of nought else, and does now empty our Plates of our Nutshells before we have well finished our Dessert, so eager is she that the Like shall not happen again.

The good Dominie, being Cousin german to Cousin Robert, on the Mother's Side, and also as Confidential Friend, walked after the bier, and went down into the Vault, and was there much moved, our honoured Father told us, by the Sight of our Aunt Joanna's Coffin, of which he had full View, while the Corpse of our Cousin Robert was being suitably disposed in its final Resting Place. The Dominie was then, and after, greatly shaken, observing to our honoured Father that he had not been able to cease gazing upon it, and had noted that her Hair, which in Life, Father says, was long and abundant, shone through the chinks of the Coffin, like pure Gold. On his Departure, some Days later, he told our Parents that he felt that his End must be near at hand, so sorrowful of Heart was he, and that we should see him soon again, which, however, we did not, for 't was only last Monday sennight that we saw him first.

'T was somewhat earlier than his usual Time for coming, as you doubtless remember, and happened in this wise. Our honoured Father being gone to Albany, on a Visit to the Patroon, we missed him much, a Snow Storm having set in, by reason of which we were unable to go abroad, and the Manor House seemed uncommon gloomy, as is, you know, ever the Case in our honoured Father's absence. Our dear Mother, seeing that we were moped, bade Jemima set the ironing Tables in the great Hall, instead of in the Linen Room, and was good enough to promise that she would herself read aloud from the Life of Sir Charles Grandison, of which, as you well know, we never tire. John and Robert also came there to play at cribbage, and the Boys being occupied with a Game of Snowballing in the Court,

we became in a Measure cheerful, seeing we were thus together. Indeed, in some little Time we became uncommon merry, since a Rivalry arose between Eliza and Kitty, concerning a new Fashion of crimping Ruffles, as to which each thought she had the Right of it, yet was unwilling to show it to the other; and Peggy, Joanna, and I, seeing that the Fashion of doing it was mighty similar, were in much mirth, at which Eliza and Kitty were displeased, and appealed to Mother to make us give over our Mockeries. Dear Mother, as you know, is ever on the side of Peace, so she begged them gently to crimp each a Ruffle for her, saying with her sweet Smile that she would then have a Daughter on each Arm. At which Eliza and Kitty smiled also, and we, being somewhat sobered, proceeded with our work, being, to tell the truth, more interested in Miss Harriette Biron than in the Peace of our Household. We had thus been quiet for a long time, listening to the sweet Tones of Mother's Voice, when Harry burst in all agog, crying to Mother, "Madam, I have news!" and all the while was soiling the Marble Pavement of the Hall with his wet Shoes.

Mother waved him off, for you know she never permits us to enter after that Fashion; but he, forgetting his Manners quite, stood his ground, saying, "Madam, I have news indeed. The Dominie is coming, he hath just entered the Park."

"Sure, child, you are mistaken," said Mother quickly. "The good Dominie would not be like to be out at this untoward season. Go now, remove your Shoes, and remember in future to enter after a more courteous Fashion."

But thereupon Robert, who had been to an upper Window, returned, saying, "Madam, he is coming, of a truth."

"I pray God that no evil has befallen your Father," said Mother hastily. And thereupon, seeing the Dominie approaching the entrance, she, to our Surprise, ran bareheaded out into the

Court, crying, "Good Dr. Quitman, sure you are come to bring me ill News of my Husband, is it not so?"

We had scarce ever seen her so moved, and felt much dismayed, and the good Dominie looked not less so. "Nay, Madam, God be praised," said he, uncovering, "I bring you no ill news, save that I myself am come to be a burden upon your hospitality."

"Sir," said Mother, courtesying, "that could so dear a Friend as you never be. You are to-day the more welcome because the House is for a Time without its Head, and therefore in a manner under a Cloud, so that so dear and honoured a Guest as you, Sir, brings Sunshine to a dark Place."

"Madam," answered the Dominie, gravely, "I fear I can bring no Pleasure to your Household save that of doing good, to which I well know," said he, bowing courteously to us all, "you have accustomed yourselves ever."

He was now come into the Hall, and being, as was his wont, relieved of his Hat and Coat by Joanna, turned to Mother, saying, "Madam, I know that the Judge, my honoured Friend, and yourself meant truly when you promised me a Place in which to Die. Therefore I have come hither, trusting to that Promise, for I shall soon depart."

"Sure, Sir, you are jesting," cried Joanna hastily; an unseemly Interruption, for which Mother afterward rebuked her.

"My good Friend," said Mother, gently, "I trust that you are mistaken, for sure, I have scarce ever seen you in better Health."

"No, Madam," said he, gravely, "I am not mistaken, for it hath pleased God to reveal to me in a Dream that I should die in this House, at Noon, to-morrow; and," he added with a faint Smile, "I have for the past Month been setting my House in order, and have now no more to do save to add a Codicil to my Will, which I can do in the Morning."

We were all dismayed, and Joanna burst into loud Weeping, upon which,

calling her to him and taking her by the Hand, he exhorted her tenderly, saying, "My good Child, you are grieved that I, an old man, am about to die; yet I am threescore, and have almost reached the Time appointed for Man to die, and now I esteem myself happy in that it hath pleased God to warn me in a Dream, which was His way with holy Men of old, and of which I am unworthy. See, too, how he hath blessed me, in appointing my last Hours among kind and tender Friends, and a Grave among mine own People, for surely ye are my People"; and then rising, and spreading forth his Hands, he exclaimed, "Peace be upon this House, and upon all who dwell therein!"

We were all grieved, and yet I was fain to smile, for Harry, plucking at my Sleeve, whispered me that he hoped the Dominie would dream nothing about him, lest he too should die. I did my best to quiet his Fears, and then, Diana being come to announce that the Dominie's Chamber was ready, we all led him thither.

He had, as ever, the North East Chamber, which, as you know, hath two Doors, the one opening upon the Landing, the other on the Corridor. As he passed the Clock on the Stairs, he said to Mother, "Good Madam Beston, I saw that Clock in my Dream, and was warned by a Voice, that when to-morrow came I should depart upon the first Stroke of the Hour of Noon."

Being come into the Chamber, and noting the huge Fire and the many Comforts dear Mother had prepared for him, "Truly, dear Madam," he said, "it is good to be here."

We now left him with old Peter for a Time; who, when questioned as to whether he had eaten any Supper, said, "No, but that he had been much in Prayer."

Dear Mother now bade Joanna carry him a Bowl of Soup, knowing well that he had a Fondness for all that came from her Hand.

Presently Joanna came forth weep-

ing; he had refused the Soup, saying his Time was too short for creature Comforts.

"Too short, indeed!" said Mother, displeased. "He hath no right to shorten it by fasting." And thereupon, bidding us follow her, she went again to his Chamber, and did very gently and wisely exhort him to eat, bidding him remember his long and cold Journey, that it was not his Right to shorten his Life by fasting, and she wound up saying tenderly, "Good Doctor, how can you edify these Children if you come to your last Hour more faint and weary than God would appoint?"

He was moved by this, and beginning to eat reluctantly, and with Distaste, yet did presently make a good Meal.

He then fell asleep in his Chair, Peter and old Diana keeping Watch. After a time, when he awakened, Peter and Diana got him to Bed, which was well warmed, and Mother presently brought him a draught of mulled Wine.

Mother, meaning to sit up all Night, had had a Fire built in the Tapestry Chamber, below the Dominie's Room, and Joanna and I begged that we might sleep there, to which, after some Entreaty, she yielded, the more as Joanna was really in much Grief. We passed a restless Night, ever and anon stealing up to the Dominie's Door, to keep Watch, and Mother, who was in and out, told us that he seemed every Hour weaker. At two o'clock Mother bade us keep in Bed and sleep, saying she feared much that the Morrow would be a sad Day for us all, and that, as it behooved us to rise early, it were well that we should have some Sleep, and that she herself would lie till Morning on a Sofa in the Dominie's Room, and would send Diana to call us, if aught went ill.

Hearing this, we gave ourselves willingly up to Slumber, more especially as we had been much disturbed. How long we had been asleep I know not; but I was wakened suddenly by the opening of a Door in the North East Wing, which, as you remember, is ever closed in winter, and of which, by

reason of its loneliness, we are in some Fear.

I lay trembling, yet not daring to speak to Joanna, and presently we heard Steps, as of a Man wearing Boots, coming down the Corridor. I was now too much afraid to cry out, and Joanna, who, by this Time was awake, lay hold of me in much Terror, but we dared not scream, the more as the Footsteps halted at our Door, and then, after a Moment, entered. The Fire was blazing, but we dared not look, when the Men, there were two, walked up to the Fire Place.

"Sure, they are Indians," whispered Joanna to me.

"They are Murderers, without doubt," whispered I in return, yet dared not look. For a few Minutes we lay thus, but becoming so sick with Fear that we could not bear it, and the Bed being near the Door, and the Curtains hiding us, of a sudden we leaped out, and ran, wild with fear, to the South Wing. The Footsteps pursued us, but sure Fear lent us Wings, for in less Time than I write these words we had burst into Giles' Room, waking him from a deep Sleep by our Cries.

"What is this?" said he, waking in some Anger. But being told, he ceased chiding, and seizing his Gun made for the Intruders.

Presently we heard a mighty laughing, and lo and behold! our two men turned out to be the tame Deer, which, escaping from the Fold that that careless lad James had left open, had gotten into the North Wing, and so into the hall.

We had some Laughter, but presently, remembering that our dear Friend lay dying up Stairs, were quieted, and said naught of our Adventure until yesterday, when with much laughter we related it.

At Dawn Mother called us, saying the Dominie was much weaker, and that she had sent Peter to summon the Doctor. He came at nine, and hearing the whole Affair of the Dream, spoke mockingly of the Dominie's illness saying it was but the idle Fancy

of a Ghost-seer, but presently, going up Stairs, and seeing the Dominie, who in truth looked ill, declared that questionless he was dying, but of what he knew not.

This spread much Sorrow through the household, and the blacks all made an excuse to pass the Dominie's Chamber, who, though being now failing, had a kind Word for them all, and a coin of Value.

At ten o'clock we were all summoned, when, though in a feeble Voice, he exhorted us of Death and Judgment and bade us Farewell, leaving his special Blessing for Joanna. The whole Household was now in Tears, yet we could not forbear smiling at Eliza and Kitty, who, though in much grief, had unlocked the Store Room, and were, with much care, collecting and setting forth the things for the Funeral Feast, being minded not to be caught napping a second Time. Mr. Ryckman, the Lawyer, who was sent for to add a Codicil to the Dominie's Will, being now come, he was conducted up Stairs, and left alone with him at his Desire, the Doctor meanwhile remaining in the Corridor. Dear Mother going in from time to time to wet his Lips with Wine, "Good Madam Beston," said he, "sure you may spare yourself this Trouble, though it is sweet to me to be ministered unto by your Hand, and that of this dear Child here" (looking at Joanna, who had crept in after Mother), "but for the Wine it avails me nothing, since, on the Stroke of twelve I must be gone, not sooner nor later."

Here the Doctor, coming in, felt of his Pulse, and declared that it failed fast. The Dominie then begged that the Door opening upon the Staircase might be left open, that he might look at the great Clock. "For," said he with a Smile, "it is not every Man to whom it is given to know the Time of his Departing." And the Business of the Will being concluded, he called for some one to read aloud to him, he meanwhile gazing steadfastly at the Clock. Joanna began to read, and made shift

to get through a few Verses of Job (which the Dominie desired to hear), but being then overcome by Grief burst into loud Weeping, and was fain to give her Place to Robert, who read well, like the good steady Lad he is.

Dear Mother meanwhile went in and out, ever bethinking herself of something for his Comfort, while I betook myself to consoling poor Joanna, who was sunk down on the Staircase in much Grief. In truth, we were all in Sorrow, and in no little Fear as well. While we were thus waiting the End, Harry burst into the Hall, crying that Father was in Sight. I am sure you remember well what Comfort his coming ever brings. We all went down to the Door to meet him. He came in smiling, but noting our grave Looks, and Joanna, who was in Tears, said to Mother, "What hath befallen, Sweet-heart?"

Dear Mother then told him all, saying at the End, "It is well that you are come in time to see him die."

We, watching closely, were surprised to see him smile; then, turning to the Doctor who was come to meet him, "You bring ill news of your patient, Sir. Yet I hope soon to show you that I have a Remedy."

Then meeting Kitty on the Stairs, with a large basket of Nutshells in her Hand, he said, "What have you there, daughter? Put them aside: it is unseemly to hasten our good Friend's Departure."

"Sure, Sir," said Kitty, hurt, "I am in Grief that our good Dominie should die, yet I am but anxious to do my Duty in preparing the Funeral Feast."

"Truly, I know you are a good, thrifty girl," said dear Father, smiling, "and you shall prepare us a Feast, yet not a Funeral Feast, God willing."

We were all amazed to hear him speak thus; and being now come to the Landing, dear Mother pausing for a Moment to relate what measures she had taken for our good Friend's Comfort, he kissed her Hand tenderly, saying with a smile, "Sweet-

heart, you are so wise that I marvel that no thought of stopping the Clock hath come to you."

"And wherefore?" said Mother in amaze.

"I am much mistaken," said dear Father, smiling again, "if it prove not a potent Remedy."

Then, bidding Mother stand near the Clock, and us all to keep Silence, he went toward the Dominie's Chamber, the Door of which standing open, we could see and hear all that passed. Dear Father being come in, the Dominie said, "Alas, good Friend, you are but come in time to see me die."

"God be praised, dear Dr. Quitman, that I am come in Time to see you," said Father gravely; "I am the more glad as I have somewhat of importance to say to you." Then, making a Sign to Mother to stop the Clock, he took his stand at the Foot of the Bed, thereby hiding the Clock altogether from the Dominie, and said, "Good Doctor, you were ever ready with Charity; let me beseech you now to call your Lawyer up again, and add yet a Codicil to your Will in favor of poor Dominie Von Brunt of Duanesburgh, who now lies ill and sorely in Want of Help." And thereupon, without more ado, he bade Robert lay aside the Bible, and fetch Master Ryckman.

"Truly, I wish Dominie Von Brunt well, and would fain do him a Kindness, for he is a very worthy Man," said the Dominie, "but I fear it is now too late."

"Not so," said Father cheerily, and then, Mr. Ryckman having come into the Room, having had a Hint from Mother, laid forth his Papers with much Show.

"I fear me the Time is too short," said the Dominie again.

"No, Sir," said Father, moving to show him the Clock, which indeed marked but ten Minutes after eleven, "you have yet ample Time, and in the mean while drink this Cup of Wine which Joanna brings you. If it lengthen not your Life, it may make you stronger to do a manifest Charity to a

worthy Man, for such this Codicil will be."

Then the Dominie having drunk the Wine, which was of great Strength, and the Business of the Codicil commencing, our honoured Father did so deftly bring up many knotty Questions of the Law, and so interest our dear Friend by opposing him, which, as you well know, he can noways suffer, that the good Man soon seemed to forget his mortal Sickness in the keenness of Disputation; and good Master Ryckman and the Doctor did so well second our Father's efforts that we, listening, were startled when dear Mother, laying her Finger on her Lips, showed us that it was five Minutes past twelve by her Watch, which as you know is a good Timekeeper. We had thought that but a few Minutes had passed since our Father's coming, and lo, the Hour of the Dominie's Death was gone by and he still lived.

He, being still plied duly with Wine, said presently, "I feel heavy with Sleep. Sure, Judge, it is the Sleep of Death."

"Not yet, good Doctor, please God," said Father gravely. "The Clock yet marks but twenty Minutes after eleven, if it please you to look at it" (which was indeed true, Joanna having moved the Hand as Father spoke, and before he moved aside to show the Clock to the Dominie), "and you must finish the Codicil, or, better, sleep, Sir, for ten Minutes, and we will rouse you presently."

"Will you so, sir?" said he. "Then I will sleep, for in truth I can scarce keep my Thoughts together."

He then slept tranquilly for near an Hour, the Doctor sitting by his Bed the while and holding his Pulse, which, as he affirmed, though weak, grew steadier.

Said dear Father, smiling, "I doubt he is so refreshed with his Turn at Argument, that he will live now." Then, seeing that it lacked but a few Minutes of one o'clock, he awoke the Dominie, saying, "Dear Friend, you have now slept some Time, and it were well that the Business of the Codicil were com-

pleted. But, first, that I may be assured of the Truth regarding the warning you received, I would gladly hear the story of your Dream from your own Lips." Which Trap the Dominie readily falling into, related his Dream at much Length, repeating again, how he had been warned that after Twelve, Noon, he should no longer be in this World.

"Then, good Sir," said Father, smiling, "if you should be alive after Twelve o'clock to-day, you might outlive us all; is it not so?"

"Sure, Sir," said the Dominie, hurt, "I little thought that so good a Friend and worthy a Man as you would be full of Mockery at such a Time."

"God forbid!" said Father, earnestly. Then stepping up to the Bed, and taking the Dominie's Hand in both his, "Good Sir," said he, "God will call you when he pleases, but not yet. The Hour passed in your Sleep, Sir, and 'tis now One o'clock." Then, moving, he pointed to the Clock, which, being set on again, was now on the stroke of Two.

We all gathered round the Door, and dear Mother, seeing that the Dominie was like to faint with Surprise, bade Robert read a Psalm, and that being finished did herself read the Thanksgiving for recovery from Sickness, amid Tears of Joy from us all. The Dominie, then calling us round him, exhorted us in moving Words as to the Preparation for Death and Judgment, and, being afterward left alone with the Doctor, slept many Hours and rose refreshed. He came down to Supper, looking somewhat pale, but well and able to eat a good Meal. And he bore with Patience some Jestings from dear Father as to his Love of Disputation, which Father will have it called him back from Death. He hath just left us, having been mild and gentle, not rebuking us for levity, as is his Wont.

Dear Mother writes by this Mail. Pompey hath come in to tell me that

the black Mare has a colt, and perceiving my Letter, which I told him was going to England, hath inquired if they have Horses in that Country, and I, answering, "Finer than here," have much surprised him. Diana sends her respectful Duty. Eliza and Kitty beg that by the first Ship coming to this country you will send them Feathers, which they hear are lately come in Fashion at Court. Peggy, Joanna, and I send much Love.

Your faithful and Affectionate Sister,

BETSEY BESTON.

This letter is indorsed in a man's hand:

"Received this letter from my Sister Betsey, at Oxford, June —th, 17—, giving the Tale of the good Dominie Quitman's intended Dying, and my honoured Father's Cure for his mortal Sickness."

Tied up with this is another letter bearing date twenty years later, and addressed to Governor Charles Fleming.

HONOURED SIR AND DEAR FATHER: My Mother bids me Write to tell you that we are all well, and pray daily for your safety. She hath lamed her Hand, and cannot hold a Pen, and, by reason of the Sloop stopping but a moment, I must needs be brief. My Mother bids me say that nothing hath occurred since she writ last, save the Funeral of the late Rev. Dominie Quitman who was buried in the Family Vault on Thursday last, his Corpse being brought hither from Albany. It seemeth he was an old Friend of my Grandparents, but by reason of his infirmities hath not been here for many years. My Grandparents were much moved by Reason of his Decease. My Mother bids me say that you doubtless remember the Tale; so with my loving Duty, I will conclude.

Your affectionate and Dutiful Son,

JOHN ROBERT FLEMING.

Marie L. Thompson.

ISRAEL BETHEL CHURCH.

IT is a low and dingy building, rusty green as to shutters and rusty white as to color, under the hill south of the Capitol, below the new level of the streets, and in an out-of-the-way neighborhood. Of a pleasant Sunday morning a crowd still gathers at its narrow doorways, and I presume there are love-feasts and watch-meetings as in the olden time: but in these latter days negroes manage ward caucuses, and go to the common council, and sit in congressional seats, and are sovereigns of the ballot in the great Republic; they have other and aristocratic churches, and some of them now "attend divine service" with the whites; the glory of Bethel is among the things that were, and it has the general air of being past its prime and well on the downward slope of life.

In its day it was one of the institutions of Washington. There were larger buildings, and churches of more pretension; but in the first years of the war soldiers and citizens from the North went to Bethel, if they desired to see the negro at his devotions. It was a democratic place. Spruce young bucks and fashionably dressed girls sat on the benches with kitchen-maids and runaway field-hands, and the extremes of African or semi-African society joined hands in praying and shouting. Therefore we curious Yankees went to Bethel.

Not so often to the Sunday morning service, for the garish light of day acts as a curb and restraint on the negro's fervor and emotion; and the brethren and sisters, for the most part, then sit quietly and soberly in their pews, and dream their dreams of heaven and hereafter in decorous fashion. The evening service, whether on Sunday or week-day, brought them out: then they were caught of the "power," and wrestled with the Lord, and overcame the Devil, and cried exultantly in the

joy of redemption, and to their spirits the whole room was radiant with the very presence of the Most High.

Those were the days when city law or custom required the attendance of a white police official at evening meetings of the blacks, except as the authorities dared take the chance that neither "sedition, privy conspiracy, nor rebellion" would be furthered there. His presence seemed an insult and a menace, but so far as I ever observed he obtruded himself as little as possible, and before the end of 1862 he found it convenient to disappear from the scene. Those were also the days when no slave ventured on the street after a certain hour at night without a permit from master or mistress, except at the peril of a chase by the police, a detention in the watch-house if caught, and a fine by the magistrate in the morning. If one missed his favorite waiter at breakfast, he reasonably surmised that the "boy" might be found at the central police station, and at nine o'clock he sometimes went down and "swore him out" as his personal servant, without much compunction of conscience. For the young men of the North were wonderfully indoctrinated with Mr. Seward's "higher-law" theories, and it was an easily pardonable sin to circumvent the statutes of slavery in the national capital.

The Bethel "revival meetings" of that time were novel affairs to persons unfamiliar with the character and customs of the Southern blacks. They were held in the low broad back basement, packed with the chattels whom we were just beginning to call "contrabands," while doors and windows were thronged with negro boys and girls, and eager-eyed white men and women not quite equal to the social step of entering and sitting on the long benches with negroes. On one occasion I attended a two-weeks' meeting,

—going regularly every evening at eight o'clock, taking a seat that gave me an opportunity to observe the congregation advantageously. It was an experience that none of us can ever have again in all its strange fullness: the lowest of the city blacks had been quickened by the events of these last great years, and to the remotest corner of the South there had entered the influence of a new spirit.

The "leader" of this "revival" was an old man with white hair and trembling hands, the blackness of his face seemingly blanched a little from age. He had no great amount of culture, but his manner was magnetic and fascinating, and his tones could be tender, pleading, and supplicative. At times he thundered forth the terrors of divine law, and sketched graphic and startling pictures of the agonies of damnation; but he liked best to tell the joy of believing, and show us his idea of what delight there is in fellowship with Christ, the loving Redeemer of a wicked world.

Heaven was a reality to him, and to his imagination the Saviour was sovereign supreme: "Thar we'll sit at his feet an' fol' our han's all de day long ef we wants ter do so; thar we'll be free to go an' come tzactly as we pleases; thar'll be de Lo'd in all his beauty, an' he'll call de poo'est an' de brackest of us his chil'en, an' we can eat at his table, an' w'ar de crowns he'll gib us, an' walk in de cou'ts o' heben, an' sing de songs ob new Jerusalem from nightfall till sunup, an' dar'll be nobody to make us afeard, caze de Lo'd is no 'specter ob persons, but'll hab de brack man same as de white man saved in his big kingdom!" It was such material good as this that he held up as the reward of a Christian life, and it was with such promise as this that he broke stony hearts, and drew "mourners" to the "anxious-seat," and it was such vision as this that his ecstatic soul unfolded to the weeping penitent prostrate at the altar.

In one of these evening meetings we were given an original exposition of

the transgression in Paradise. The speaker was an elderly negro who had been a "hand" on one of the vessels in the Lower Potomac. He said the Devil first tried to get Adam to eat the apple, "but enny man in all he senses mightor knowed de Debil could n't er done dat ar; Adam's too smart fur Ole Nick when he had nuffin but hisself ter tuk care on. But de Debil knew, caze he was in heben fo' de Lo'd frew him outen dar,—he knew dar was a woman to be made, an' so he just hove out de anchor an' waited fur de woman. When Eve cum 'long he knew he'd got sure ting on dat ar apple; an' he hove 'longside whar she's a settin' an' whisper in her ear an' say she's mighty nice gal; an' she's so tickled wid his fine speeches dat she jus' say guv her de apple when he ask her don't she want it. De Debil so pleased to see she fooled so easy he like to larf out loud. Women is mighty hard creeturs to do anyting sensible wid,—dey jus' done go contrary ev'ry time dey can, an' when Eve got her min' made up to eat dat apple, she's eat it ef de Lo'd hisself tell her let um alone. Soon's she done eat it de Debil say to hisself, 'she made muss dat ar garden Eben'; an' she kinder hear what he tink, an' make up her wicked min' to 'tice Adam to eat toder one. So she cum 'longside one time when she seen him settin' under de tree, an' say, 'Adam, eat dis yer,—he's berry nice.' But Adam say he won't, an' she keep teasin' him, an' sayin' how she love him, an' finally he's 'ticed, an' eats dat bad apple, an' den de angel Gabriel fly 'long dar' an' druv 'em bof outen de garden, an' say dey bof hav' ter work fur der livin'. But Adam neber eat dat ar apple 'cept Eve done gone 'tice him; an' he did n't do it den 'less he love her, an' she such a tongue, like all de women, she make him b'lieve brack is white." Nothing could have been on the whole more lucid or satisfactory than this. Some of the younger men in the audience were inclined to smile and nudge one another, but the older ones preserved a gravity

of demeanor that was both comforting and convincing, while numbers of the women appeared to regard the story as a tribute to the smartness of their sex, and only a few ventured to show anything like resentment toward the speaker.

At another time "Brudder Jonsing" dealt with the question of sun-worship. He was aised, he said, down in No'l C'lina, and his mammy sot a heap by de sun. "She pore, ign'ant nigga, — got le'el Injun blood, mebbe. She pray de Lo'd Jesus in de meetin's when weuns 'semble out yon in de rosum woods, but she's drap on she knees an' pray de sun when we's in de fiel's at wo'k. Raised me dat ar way, she did. No good in dat ar. Pore, ign'ant ooman! Done gone to glory now. Reckon she know diff'rence now, — Son o' God from sun in sky. Don't do no good pray to sun. Shines on just an' unjust, one like toder, — on bad man same's on good man, — on pore mis'ble sinners hot's on de saints in glory. But Lo'd Jesus, he's de sun fur us. Shine on ev'rybody same's toder sun, but bad men don't know he 's shinin'. He 's what makes life well as light. Times when we's car'less an' don't mind how we libs, he blazes down on us, an' bimeby we's mighty glad to run like's if dogs howlin', an' git down on de knees an' beg him hol' on dar till we turn 'bout, an' turn 'bout, an' mind what we's doin'. Den when we gits cold an' dark, he 'sinuates hisself into we's souls, warmin'-like and brightenin', so's we wonders an' wonders how de wo'ld can be so nice place! Dat ar's his way. Won't do yer no good pray to sun when he stan's over Navy Yard 'morrow mornin', — pray to de Lo'd Jesus; he all de sun you want. He make our way easy an' our hearts light; he bring us what we wants most in dis yer life, an' gib us eb'ryting when we gits ober Jordan. He hear us cry when we larf in de street; he hear what we say when we don't spoke no'ting; he see de load on weuns backs what don't make no show! Dat ar pore mammy

o' mine, — she mean all right, but she's ign'ant Injun-nigga!"

Many of the negroes of some prominence in these Bethel evening meetings were runaways from the South. Slavery still legally existed in the District, but the fugitive-slave law was a dead letter; even the stupidest of plantation "hands" knew it could not be executed there, whatever was to be feared from generals commanding in the field. Washington was, therefore, a city of refuge. Any one considerably conversant with negro dialects could frequently correctly guess from what section the speaker came by the use or disuse of words and phrases. But the African is notably an imitative creature, and soon catches new forms of speech by association. Thus it happened that, as in the case of Brudder Jonsing, one had a mixture of dialects, with an occasional touch of reasonably good English. So, too, customs from a wide area were to be seen at the Bethel services, and songs from various parts of the Coast States found utterance there. I cannot doubt that in a single "revival season" we Yankees heard "spirituals" from dozens of localities, — common in South Carolina but strange to Virginia and Maryland, familiar to the region about Wilmington but unknown in Richmond.

The hymn,

"When I can read my title clear,"

generally began the "revival exercises" proper, which were preceded by a sermon or an exhortation of a most fervid character. A favorite song was one commencing,

"De Lo'd say he won't die no mo',"

and apparently running on indefinitely, recounting the story of the Jews, the dealing of God with each of the prophets, the life and sufferings of Christ, etc. It was sung to a wild and unusually complicated air, and gave rise to musical discords that would have been intolerable but that they were so extraordinarily discordant that I was lost in wonder how they could be pro-

duced. Certain marked changes in the tune were introduced with a shrill and ear-piercing shriek ; and however the members of the congregation sung at random elsewhere, they almost invariably united on this in the highest key of voice and with great energy of action. Another favorite was a chanting air to which about the only words were,

" De way to Heben is a grand highway,"

and this, with a variation of pitch, seemed to answer as a response to the "experience" of any brother or sister. In the meetings there was usually more speaking by the women than by the men, and I have noticed this fact in nearly all the religious gatherings of negroes that I ever attended. There was generally, also, more singing than speaking, for thereby everybody got voice, and the peculiar and desirable pitch of fervor and excitement was sooner reached. The song oftenest sung during the second year of the war was that rare melody, *Roll, Jordan, roll*. Sometimes it began,

" Massa Linkum sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jordan roll ;
Gen'l Fremont sittin' on de tree ob life,
Roll, Jordan, roll,"

and so on, through a list of all the public men dear to the negro heart. At another time it began with the name of the pastor of the church, or the leader of the meeting, and enumerated a dozen or twenty brethren and sisters as to whose religious standing there could be no doubt. I remember that, on one occasion, a singer introduced the name of "Brudder Brown," when the singing was interrupted by a woman with, "Does you mean Brudder Peter Brown? Caze if you means Fairfax Brown I calls for order!" A satisfactory explanation followed, whereupon the conductor of the meeting asked another brother to "lead in prayer for Fairfax Brown, and pray that he may return from his backslidin'." Frequently the song began with,

" Lo'd Jesus sittin' on de tree ob life,
Watchin' Jordan roll ";

and brought in the names of Moses, Joshua, Elijah, David, Solomon, John, Paul, and pretty much everybody else of good report in the Bible, duly elevating them to a position on "de tree ob life, watchin' Jordan roll." At times the white visitor could not help smiling at the placing there of certain public men ; yet it was never otherwise than delightful to hear the packed audience strike the notes of this joyful and swinging and resonant melody.

Time has rung out the Old and rung in the New, and those marvellous nights lie behind the war and the change of many years. But I have only to shut my eyes to the sights and my ears to the sounds of this busy afternoon, and I am back in the smoky, candle-lit basement of Bethel, and the last of the revival meetings of that March season is in progress.

The final unbeliever has yielded and declared himself "at peace in de Lo'd." The "power" has possession of four old women : one stands erect and stiff against the wall ; one sits on the floor and sways back and forth ; one has fallen in a motionless heap at the corner ; and the fourth springs up and down in front of the altar with loud shouts and much clapping of hands. The "power" has also seized some of the young men and young women. One lies on his back and does nothing but cry, "Glory ! glory ! glory !" Another is on her knees with her head bent to the floor, sobbing as if her heart would break with excess of joy, while she exclaims, "De Lord is good ! de Lord is good !" A third is kneeling with upraised face and streaming eyes, repeating over and over again the words, "My Father which art in heaven,— my Father which art in heaven !" Three or four have joined hands and are singing in the loudest key some jubilant air to words improvised by one who stands near and "beats time" with his fists on the window-sill. Half a dozen are alternately rising and kneeling at the farther end of the "anxious-bench," praying and singing and sobbing in the

same breath. Two sisters have fallen on each other's necks in the middle of the aisle, and, with her trembling hands over their heads, a wrinkled old mother ejaculates her thanksgiving. A young couple have run to the side of the room, and are dancing with clasped arms as they sing *Rock of Ages*; while a hundred others, men and women, shout their joys and hopes of Christian life in a volume of voice that may be heard many squares distant. It seems a wild, and almost mirth-provoking scene as I try to picture it for unaccustomed eyes; but it is a solemn and most precious feast for these negroes, whose faith sees heaven as a new world in which Christ will relieve them from all burdens, and give them the best of every material comfort and delight; and he would be a very cold-hearted man who did not feel some glow of sympathy with their hope and passion and longing, and thereby come into a mood of pitying reverence.

During the winter of 1861-62 and the spring of the last-mentioned year, many sermons and exhortations were delivered at Bethel in which the speakers trod on the perilous edge of what the local law knew as sedition. For months before the passage of the District Emancipation Act, the bolder preachers spoke of slavery as an iniquity near its end. "We must be patient, my friends," said one of them; "the Lord works in a mysterious way his wonders to perform; we cannot speed his coming, but we know this present will end, and he will work out his own salvation to the oppressed of every nation under heaven, and it needs that we set our hearts and our hands in order for his deliverance!" The words were not direct, but the duller hearer in the room knew what they meant; and from every quarter they were answered with nervous shouts of, "De Lo'd come quickly!" "De Lo'd sees what we want!" "De Lo'd help his pore chil'en!" "Amen and amen!" It was a shrewd peculiarity of the speakers in those times, that many of their utterances had one

tone for the ear and another for the heart; they talked of heaven and freedom and the Lord in impassioned strains intended adroitly to feed and cheer the hope of those longing for earthly liberty and the overthrow of slavery. And when emancipation came, Bethel did its share of work in steadying the liberated slaves to their new relations, — preaching sobriety and forbearance, inculcating a modest and orderly walk and conversation, and counselling dignity and patience in waiting for the civil rights of citizenship. Of its course in later times with respect to political affairs in the city I do not speak, though I confess to a belief that it has not manifested the wisdom and moderation of other days.

When I recall some of the prayers I heard in that unfashionable negro church at Washington, I have a sense of nearness to God often enough missed during prayers at fashionable churches in other cities. Certain of the brethren and sisters were spoken of by their fellow-members of the congregation as "greatly gifted in prayer." Two of these — "cousins" they named each other — were middle-aged men who worked out to freedom from Georgia. One of them was of imagination fairly tropical, and there were never more serene and realistic heavens than revealed themselves when he knelt and drew back the curtain from the refuge and reward of his eager and passionate soul. The other was more deeply concerned with every-day matters, and, unless my recollection is at fault, began every one of the score of prayers I heard him make with a fervent petition for the health, strength, and abiding in Jesus of "Mawsa Linkum de President." There were times when one found it a little difficult to restrain laughter at quaint conceits and odd expressions, but the sincerity and earnestness of the suppliants amply atoned for whatever was grotesque in their phraseology.

The Bethelites believed in prayer. What they wanted they prayed for, —

work, good pay, blankets for de chil'en, customers in the market, the success of de soldiers fightin' de Lo'd's battles. The Lord of Hosts was a mighty being to whom all things were possible, and they did not doubt that he would comprehend the secret of many purposely veiled petitions, and could answer the desire of the spirit as well as the words of the tongue.

At one of the Sunday-evening meetings in the basement, the preacher opened his prayer with, "'I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord,' for

'I love the Lord, — he hears my cries
And pities every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise
I'll hasten to his throne';

and I'm sure he'll never turn his back on any of us, his poor children, — never forget that our way of life is a rough one, and that we need his supporting hand more than our white brethren do.

'His ear attends the softest call,
His eyes can never sleep';

and we know we may come to him with all our woes and wants. Dear Lord, we want a clearer view for our waiting eyes; the world is a hard place for us poor blacks; if thou dost not show us heaven plainly, how shall we keep from easy sin and constant stumbling?" To the very last word the long prayer was wholly of this touchingly unconventional fashion.

On another occasion the services up stairs commenced with the familiar hymn,

"O God, our help in ages past,"

and continued with prayer which began in this wise: "Father in Heaven, Ruler of the Universe,

— 'our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home,'

we draw near to thee this evening in loving confidence." I never before heard a quotation in prayer given with so much point as the preacher's enunciation gave to this. The emphasis he threw upon the word "our" in each line startled me, and looking up I saw

that the tears were running down his cheeks. In all parts of the house was echoed, "Amen!" "Amen!" "Bress de Lo'd!" "Guv'im t'anks!" Clearly, these men and women understood whose arm held them in the long and weary way. In praying for the President and all in authority, the man said: "Be with them continually, teaching them to love virtue more than vice, right more than wrong, justice more than expediency, freedom more than slavery; and we pray thee especially not alone that they may *love* justice more than expediency, but that they may show their love in their deed." The entire prayer was marked by this directness of entreaty. In speaking of the army his word was: "Be with our men in the day of battle, so that the bullets from their guns may do thy sure and holy work."

The war spirit raged strongly at Bethel in 1862 and 1863. The pastor in charge for a part of those years was a stalwart fellow, of pure African blood, I believe, who has since served a term or two in one of the Southern legislatures, and, for aught I know, may still retain a seat therein. He was a leader rather than a follower, and one of the first negroes to enter the military service, going out as a chaplain, and, I doubt not, stirring his regiment to vigor and sternness of bearing. He had no scruples about the shedding of blood in a good cause, and never for an instant, so far as I was informed, wavered in the belief that war against slaveholders was righteous. He was a critic and censor; had no patience with those who adopted half-way measures or were content with a temporizing policy; and declaimed vehemently against the attitude of certain white folks' churches in Washington. Preach from what text he would, begin where he might, he seemed to always find the war within the scope of his theme. I suppose the military question more or less entered all the negro pulpits at that time; in this I always found it the principal one. What the war would do for the colored race, how it

was to bring all rights and all blessings in its train, — this was the burden alike of Sunday sermon and week-day exhortation.

Once I heard a sermon there from the text, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Probably I need not say that I was curious to see what work the preacher would make with the Mosaic account of the creation. He had heard men argue, he said, "that this record of the beginning of things is not true; that there was more than one source of life on the earth; that we did not all descend from Adam and the garden of Eden; that no well-educated person now accepted what was said in the first chapter of the Bible as an exact statement of fact. All this sort of talk, friends, need not trouble us. The Bible is true: on that I rest my feet. Whether we always understand the Bible right, is another thing. We must all study it as faithfully as we can. The Lord will not hold us responsible for mistakes, if we really do the best we know how. He is a tender father, we are ignorant children." How was one to get into an antagonistic mood toward a preacher who disarmed superior culture in this manner?

"This is what God means,— the wisest, greatest, highest, most majestic, most loving, most tender. All nations have this something above all other things. That is God. He created the heavens and the earth and the sea and all that is therein. He is manifested to us in Christ, the Captain of our Salvation." Some one in the rear of the church shouted out, "Thank God for our Captain!" To which the preacher responded, "Yes, thank God for the Captain! God is so high and mighty that we poor creatures would not have dared to call him 'Father,' except for the Captain who redeemed us and will lead us on to glorious victory. The Lord Jesus was in heaven just as God was, but he could n't bear to have the sons of men so far away, and therefore he came down to earth, took our form, lived our life, and suffered every-

thing to death, that he might know just how to be the Captain of our Salvation. He did not escape anything. He was naked and hungry and thirsty and shut in prison, just as we have been. That was what God created him in the heavens for in the beginning, to know whatever afflicts us, so that he might be our Captain.

"In the beginning God created, the Bible says. God has beginnings every day, and he goes on creating every day. Shall I tell you what? He is making us poor men over every day of all this war time. We were n't worth much two years ago; perhaps we are n't worth a great deal now; but God will make men and women of us before he rests from his work. He is every day creating righteousness of heart among the white people of this land, and when he finishes that creation the chains will fall from our race, and we shall walk free everywhere and know no master but Christ. And he is every day creating friends for us, not only here in Washington, but all over the North. Whoever else goes back on him, we can't do so!" This idea of going back on somebody or something was common among the negroes of that time. They were in the habit of saying that such and such officers had gone back on the colored race; and when once that notion got well abroad, the offending person was never again given a seat on the tree of life to watch Jordan roll.

The church had a well-lit audience-room, with pulpit at one end and gallery at the other, no cushions on the seats, cocoa matting in the aisles, and a pretty marble-top table at the front. After he entered the army, his people spoke of the chaplain as though they had a great deal of pride in his position, and the church was full whenever he chanced to be in Washington and could preach. There was a choir of twelve or fifteen good and tuneful voices, and the congregation was frequently asked to join in the singing; though, truth to tell, the great majority of the negroes themselves needed no urging. "Walk in, friends, walk in," was the sexton's salu-

tation as white men drew near the door ; walk in, the seats are all free ; go in on this side, please, the other door is for the ladies." On more than one occasion when I took a seat near the entrance, I was invited to sit farther forward ; I could hear to better advantage, and might be chilly if I remained near the oft-opening door. I cherish a lively memory of that sexton.

In March, 1864, word was circulated on Saturday that the chaplain had come to town, and would preach on the following evening. For some cause he failed to reach the city, and in one sense those of us who went to the church were disappointed. But we heard a stirring war-sermon, nevertheless, and saw the negroes in one of their peculiar moods. The preacher was a smooth-faced mulatto, educated at Oberlin, as I was subsequently told. "Looks quite young," I said to one of the class-leaders after the close of the meeting. "Yes, he is young, but he's been in service a good many years." War terms had then become a part of the current coin of conversation ; these colored people of Washington used them as if use brought a taste of civil advancement.

The "lesson" of the evening was the first half of the last chapter of Nehemiah. Into the words, "and I perceived that the portions of the Levites had not been given them," the reader put that tone meant for the heart rather than for the ear ; and half a dozen persons at once answered him with exclamations of, "Have n't got our part !"

The text was, "Will a man rob God?" from the third chapter of Malachi ; and the first part of the sermon related to God's dealings with the Jews, showing what wonderful things he had done for them, how much of love and gratitude they owed him, how they robbed him, went off after false gods, and were finally and justly punished for their sin and rebellion. We hear much to the effect that life is a burden of disappointment. This man of an oppressed race, leaning over toward his people, said : "I tell you, dear friends, it's very sel-

dom that a man does n't get the desire of his heart. If he really longs for love here on earth, some way the good Lord brings it to him. If he longs for the pleasures of sin, God gives him his free will and he gets his desire. But" — rising erect and lifting hands and face upward — "but you must not forget that God holds the balances !"

He turned to the second part of the sermon with this : "It is easy enough to criticise the Jews. There is always a little pleasure in contemplating the failings of others, if we can for the time being forget that we too are human. Shall *we* rob God? Do you see how near to our hearts comes the question asked by the prophet in those far-away days? Do you see how his words apply to us?" Leaning over the pulpit again, with sudden tears in his eyes, a curious fullness of the lips, and a wailing cadence in his voice, — "For we too are in bonds ; *we* know what it means to have task-masters ; *we* have felt the lash ; *we* have given our best and dearest for the oppressor's gain ; *we* have been driven to make brick without straw ; *we* have wept by the waters ; *our* harps have mourned for the joys of other lands !" The effect of these words was instantaneous and remarkable. Many persons burst into tears, and fifty voices responded, "Yes, yes, we know, we know all dat !" Springing upright, he made answer with ringing emphasis, "Yes, we know ! We *do* know what pain and longing and suffering and passionate desire are ! Our fathers and our mothers, and our sisters and our brothers, and we ourselves, are brothers and sisters of the Jews, — sealed as such by common bondage and common degradation. Like them we have cried day and night for deliverance ! The tobacco-fields and the cane-brakes and the cotton plantations of the South are our witnesses ! The waters of her rivers and the fastnesses of her swamps testify to our slavery and our suffering ! Her fields, her forests, her towns, her cities, her wide web of social life, her very bone and marrow, show how we knew

wrong and scourging and contumely and death!"

It seemed as if he must stop, for nearly all the women and a large proportion of the men were sobbing. But he rose to fuller height, and there was a defiant tone in his voice as he cried: "Had we not a right to lift our hands to heaven as the Jews did and cry, 'How long, O Lord? how long? how long?' Have we not deserved the victory? Have we not deserved our manhood? I appeal to these white brethren here with us to-night, do we not deserve the rights and privileges of manhood and womanhood?" He paused a moment, his rigid lips softened into a tender smile, his large eyes again brimmed with tears, he stretched out his arms and again leaned toward his audience: "Dear friends, the Lord heard our prayer! When there was no human ear open to us, he bent down from his mighty throne and gave us his ear! When there was no human arm reached out to us, he stretched down his strong and loving arm and led us through the wilderness! Dear friends, remember the Lord, — remember the Lord!" Once more standing straight, all alive with excitement, pacing up and down the platform behind the desk with rapid steps, he exclaimed: "Remember the Lord! He led us through the wilderness! He made a way for us when we couldn't see any! He turns the wrath of man to his praise, and by means of the war we are coming into our own estate! We've got over the worst of it! We are in the Red Sea yet, but the Lord will bring us through! The great waters are piled on either side, and our hearts grow faint, and our fears wrestle within us, but the Lord will bring us through! He'll bring us through it all; we shall get our deliverance and stand safely on the other shore! It's the Red Sea yet, but the Lord will bring us through! Dear friends, trust in the Lord! We shall yet come off conquerors through him who hath loved us!"

This was language to move to the

utmost the hearts of those to whom and of whom he was speaking; and from nearly every seat in the house came up, through the wailing and sobbing of the congregation, fervent responses, "Bress de Lo'd!" "Amen and amen!" "Trus' de Lo'd!" "We's mos' fru de Red Sea!" "Mos' fru, — mos' fru!" A score of men shouted and clapped their hands; half a hundred sprang to their feet in excitement; one old woman jumped on her bench, threw her arms above her head, and fairly screamed, "Stan' by de good Lo'd, everybody! Stan' up straight an' hang on ter his big hand an' he'll bring us all fru!" The scene was absolutely startling and painful in its wildness; and it was several minutes before such silence came as enabled the preacher to add his few words of exhortation, — that all should remember what God had wrought for them, and do everything they could to sustain religion, the church, and the army.

One evening there was a plea for Wilberforce College. The speaker asserted that it was in danger of being sold for debt, and urged that the colored people of the land ought to save it from such a fate. "Do you tell me," he said, "that you have given a great deal of money lately? Do you say it was not so before the war began? I answer, that is as it should be. It is a burden to be a man, — a burden to be a woman. Did you dream that you could have the ease and pleasure of manhood without its responsibilities? We have cried unto the Lord for our rights; we have wrestled with the world for the blessing of our recognition; thousands and thousands of our brothers are holding their hearts as marks for Rebel bullets (We pray thee, O Lord, thou mighty man of war, be with them on the right hand and on the left, so that they fail not in the work thou givest them!); and shall we who sit in comfort at home shirk our part of these new responsibilities? We want money to-night, — money for God and Wilberforce. Give us liber-

ally. We are not worthy to be men and women, if we do not gladly accept the burdens of manhood and womanhood." The amount realized from the collection was about two thirds of what it was thought the church should give. "I shall call for more next Sunday, and right along every Sunday, till I get what we ought to give," said the pastor; "it costs something to be men and women, but we don't want to be less than men and women, do we?"

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was kept at Bethel in the usual manner of the Methodist denomination, and the abandon of the old men and the old women as they sang the quaint songs of the church was something to be long remembered. "Sing, brethren and sisters, sing from the heart," said the pastor on one occasion; "the Lord made us poor in some respects, but he blessed us more than kings and queens in giving us love of song and the power to sing. Sing unto him a glad song while we eat and drink the tokens of his triumphant death and resurrection." There was no room for mistake as to his feeling in relation to the Sacrament; he knew it to be good for the soul,—a royal blessing full of life and warmth and all cheerful consolations.

During the spring months the Sunday-evening services frequently closed with the admission of persons to the church on trial. In this ceremony the character of the pastor again manifested itself most noticeably. One easily saw that the church was to him the court of heaven; there he found his greatest delight and his highest happiness; and the rest and comfort and inspiration it gave him he ardently desired every other soul to have in the same measure. "Harriet Johnson: says she has

n't religion, but wishes to come in among the Lord's people. Hearing no objection, we receive her. Harriet,"—taking her hand,— "we are glad to have you here. The Lord is n't such a task-master as you ran away from in old Virginia. He'll be delighted to serve you, if you'll only let him. We'll do you all the good we can; but if you love the Lord Jesus, he'll do more for you in an hour than we can in a year." Passing to the next of those who stood in front of him: "James Green: has lately joined the army of the Lord, he says. We welcome you to the ranks, James, and will try to help you fight the good fight like a man. Brother Brown, we shall put him in your class, —Wednesday evening, James, — and we want you to show him how we drill and do the Lord's work." So he went through the whole list of applicants, with a special word of encouragement for each, coming at last to a good-looking fellow of about thirty-five. Grasping his hand very heartily: "John, we are right glad to see you here. I've been waiting all winter for you. I felt sure you would get in after a while. Not one of us has anything against this brother. John, we expect you to do good service in the church. You must train with Brother Jones for a few weeks, but I shall soon put you over a class of young men, every one of whom I am anxious to save for the Redeemer. The Lord bless you, — bless you abundantly!"

Stepping to the pulpit stairway: "Now let us close this season of refreshing with the glorious Praise-God doxology, and then may the good Lord of life and love go with you all, and abide with you till you reach the grave, and then may we all abide with him and the saints in his kingdom for ever and ever!"

Sidney Andrews.

RECENT LITERATURE.*

DR. CLARKE is well known to the public and to the medical profession as an eminent practitioner, teacher, and writer on practical subjects connected with his calling. Having been requested to address the New England Women's Club in Boston, he selected a subject in which all the members of that association might be supposed to take especial interest, that of the relation of sex to the education of women.

The subject is a very delicate one to handle. It involves physiological points which it is difficult to deal with without giving offence in some way or other. Woman is the weaker vessel in many ways, and does not always care to be reminded of it. Yet the facts of anatomy and physiology are at the bottom of many differences in the capabilities and adaptations of the two sexes for the various offices of life. The female's muscles are weaker than the male's, and she must not be expected to do so much bodily work. The female's brain is five or six ounces lighter, on the average, than the male's, and she must not be expected to do so much "cerebration" as he can do. The special relation of the female to humanity that is to be, involves many disturbances, habitual and occasional, which handicap her, often very heavily, in the race of life. It is the duty of the anatomist and the physiologist to insist that these organic facts shall have their due weight in every arrangement which relates to the education and condition of woman. It was doubtless with the view of hearing Dr. Clarke's opinion on this particular subject, to which he was known to have devoted much time and thought, that he was asked to read a paper before the association mentioned above as having furnished him with an audience. A profes-

sional or scientific speaker likes to address himself to those who are in a position to understand him, people with eyes in their heads,—*oculatis auditoribus*, as Fallopius calls the hearers before whom he made his demonstrations. The mothers and teachers present were deeply interested, and some of them must have left the room sadder as well as wiser for listening to Dr. Clarke's statement of facts, and his weighty comments with their very serious practical conclusions. So far very well; but whether a woman's club with a sprinkling of men in it is the fitting place for the open-mouthed discussion of such subjects may be respectfully questioned. On the one occasion where we saw it attempted, which was at the reading of Dr. Clarke's paper, there was a cloud of dust raised about the special points involved, in the course of five minutes after the essayist's voice had ceased, under cover of which the main question disappeared like the Homeric hero when his celestial mother carried him out of harm's way in her vaporous mantle.

Still less can pathological conditions involving considerations of sex be discussed freely before the general public. They are to be studied and the facts respecting them made known by the experts who alone are qualified to speak with something like authority on these matters. The statements of these experts are to be weighed by parents, mothers especially, instructors, philanthropists, philosophers, but not to be bandied about in rhetorical debates or lively newspaper paragraphs. It must be remembered in reading Dr. Clarke's essay for whom and with what object it was written. There is nothing in it which will be specially sought for by prematurely or morbidly curious in-

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* *Sex in Education; or, A Fair Chance for the Girls.* By EDWARD H. CLARKE, M. D., Member of the Massachusetts Medical Society, Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Late Professor of Materia Medica in Harvard College, etc. etc. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 1873.

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Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years ago.

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quirers. There is much that is to be gravely considered and tested by the experience of others equally competent to form opinions on a question which is vital in its bearings on one of the social problems of the day.

The doors of our educational institutions have been besieged of late years by considerable numbers of women who have asked and sometimes demanded entrance for themselves and their younger sisters on the same terms with those of the other sex who have enjoyed the privileges furnished by these institutions. They have knocked loudly and long, and have been very unwilling to take no for an answer. Various motives of necessity or expediency have in most or many cases been alleged as the excuse for keeping them out; but the sisterhood and its advocates have not been satisfied; and as they commonly make themselves heard in these times when suffering from any real or supposed wrong, there must be few readers of a periodical like this who have not been reached by the cry of equal privileges in education for both sexes.

The most prominent objection, apart from temporary economic obstacles, has been the questionable effect of too close association upon the more susceptible young persons of the two sexes. Opinions differ as to this, and experience has hardly been ample enough to settle the question finally, at least in the minds of many whose own purity of character leads them to take the highest views of human nature. It is not an easy matter to get to the bottom of, for the sweet poisons of adolescence are subtler than any Tofana ever mingled for her involuntary patients.

But the considerations Dr. Clarke urges have been almost systematically overlooked. They were and are embarrassing to deal with, and yet the root of the matter lies there, and must be got at sooner or later. "Great plainness of speech" was necessary if the question was to be treated at all; and Dr. Clarke has not only promised it in his Preface, but has taken care to make himself understood in a way to redeem his promise. The following are the leading propositions of his essay, stated partly in our own language, which we trust is plain enough, and not too plain, for the common reader.

1. The organization of woman defines for her a special career of her own, as that of man does for him.

2. The maturing process in the female covers the same four or five years which

are commonly given to education in the better instructed classes.

3. If the brain is overworked during this period, the force intended for the development of the special life of the female is diverted from it, and there is an arrest in the development of physical womanhood.

4. The co-education of the sexes is generally understood to mean their *identical* education, and it is in this identical education that the dangers pointed out in the essay are to be looked for. The co-education of the sexes is an experiment which the poverty of our colleges practically prohibits, and which presents an inherent difficulty in the matter of adjusting the methods of instruction to the physiological needs of each sex: but these difficulties are not insuperable; "the former can be removed whenever those who heartily believe in the success of the experiment choose to get rid of it; and the latter by patient and intelligent effort."

5. Periodicity is the type (law) of female force and work; persistence, of male force and work.

6. A boy may safely study six hours daily, a girl not more than four, or at most five hours. She also requires a remission and sometimes an intermission of both study and work for one or more days at certain regular intervals.

7. The physical evils which follow from neglect of compliance with the physiological conditions of maturing womanhood are most evidently manifested after school-days are over.

8. *Special* and *appropriate* education for each sex is the need of the time.

All these principles, Dr. Clarke maintains, are habitually overlooked or disregarded in the education of our American girls, and to this fact he attributes, by no means exclusively, but in large measure, the discouraging aspects of American womanhood.

"The notion is practically found everywhere that boys and girls are one, and that the boys make the one." Case after case is reported in which the patient's story is condensed in one brief sentence by her medical adviser: "She lost her health simply because she undertook to do her work in a boy's way, and not in a girl's way." "Girls of bloodless skins and intellectual faces may be seen any day, by those who desire the spectacle, among the scholars of our high and normal schools, — faces that crown and skins that cover curving spines

which should be straight and neuralgic nerves that should know no pain. Later on, when marriage and maternity overtake these girls, and they "live laborious days" in a sense not intended by Milton's line, they bend and break beneath the labor, like loaded grain before a storm, and bear little fruit again. A training that yields this result is neither fair to the girls nor to the race."

It is not asserted that improper methods of study and a disregard of the special laws of the female organism during the educational life of girls are the only causes of disease among them, but it is asserted that the number of female graduates of our schools and colleges who have been permanently disabled to a greater or less degree is so great as to excite the gravest alarm and to demand the serious attention of the community. "If these causes should continue for the next half-century, and increase in the same rates as they have for the last fifty years, it requires no prophet to foretell that the wives who are to be mothers in our Republic must be drawn from transatlantic homes. The sons of the New World will have to react on a magnificent scale the old story of unwed Rome and the Sabines."

"Dii, prohibete minas! Dii, talem avertite casum!"

After all, the experience would not be so new to America as Dr. Clarke seems to imagine. The Virginia colonists in the year 1620 being in as close a strait as the unwed Romans, Sir Edwin Sandys proposed to send over to the old country for a cargo of wives. An invoice of ninety girls, "young and incorrupt," was the first importation, followed the next year by sixty more, handsome, and with the best of characters. They cost, on the average, just about their weight in tobacco, that is, one hundred pounds apiece for the first lot, and one hundred and fifty for the second.

"Fortunately," says Dr. Clarke, "the reverse of this picture [that of wife-importing America] is equally possible. The race holds its destinies in its own hands. The highest wisdom will secure the survival and propagation of the fittest. Physiology teaches that this result, the attainment of which our hopes prophesy, is to be secured, not by an identical education or an identical co-education of the sexes but, by a *special and appropriate education that shall produce a just and harmonious development of every part.*"

Dr. Clarke's little book is a most impor-

tant contribution to the cause of female education. Parents and teachers wish to know what is best, not for an abstract intelligence, but for a growing young woman with an organization governed by peremptory laws of its own which cannot be violated with impunity. The truth is not always agreeable at first, and Dr. Clarke might have borrowed the motto *Vera pro gratis* as a shield against harsh or petulant animadversion. It is a mistake to allow any trifling consideration to disturb the calm balance of judgment with which such an essay on such a subject should be read. There may be some vivacities of style or pungencies of epithet which could have been spared on so grave a subject, and left it free from any possible source of irritation. But we may be very sure that no person who has at heart the best interests of woman and of education will stop to quarrel with a word or a phrase here and there which he might prefer to have had changed or omitted. It cannot be disputed that there is a syllable too many in a line which Dr. Clarke has quoted; that the name Ulysses should have been Achilles; that a sentence here and there might be rewritten with advantage in point of style; that a sharp word or phrase might in one or two instances have had its angles smoothed with good effect on the tempers of some readers. To fasten on these points for serious criticism is like quarrelling with the steersman who is doing his best to guide our vessel through a dangerous strait because his hands are not so absolutely white as a little more care would have made them.

The falling off in the standard of the female constitution means national deterioration and degeneracy. It is a mistake to suppose it is peculiar to this country, though there is reason to fear that it has gone farther here than in other parts of the world. Miss Nightingale speaks of "the fact so often seen of a great-grandmother, who was a tower of physical vigor, descending into a grandmother perhaps a little less vigorous, but still sound as a bell and healthy to the core, into a mother languid and confined to her carriage and house, and lastly into a daughter sickly and confined to her bed." Miss Beecher's statistics almost go to show that invalidism is in the present generation the normal state of New England womanhood. And in this essay Dr. Clarke attempts to show one cause of this prevailing infirmity, and to suggest the means of avoiding it. No one pretends that any

single opinion on such a subject is final, or that a single series of cases can satisfy all inquirers. But there is probably no one man in this country whose opinion would carry more weight with it than Dr. Clarke's. Of mature age, of a judicial habit of mind, of great and varied experience, recognized by the community and his own profession as standing in the very front rank of American practitioners, his testimony on this vital question, supported by his clinical evidence, is not indeed at once to be "believed and taken for granted" as absolute truth, still less to be pecked at with petty criticisms, but to be "weighed and considered" and committed to the verification or the modification or the confutation which men and women as competent as himself, if such can be found among us, shall work out by the same care with the same opportunities as those which have led him to his momentous conclusions.

— What the native Californian is to be in literature we do not know any critic who is able to foretell, and the first-born of that State is yet too young to give us any means of rightly guessing. The California of the present times is merely a set of circumstances, and the literature which has come from it is the work of young writers who have all felt the same shaping influences, but who are of widely various origin. Very likely the real Californian, son of the red soil and the blue sky, will be altogether different from Mr. Mark Twain Clemens, formerly Missourian, or Mr. Bret Harte, formerly New-Yorker, or Mr. Prentice Mulford, or Mr. Charles Webb, or Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, who are all conscious of their California, and view it objectively. He will probably be no more aware of his Californianism in this sense than the Bostonian or New-Yorker is aware of his local qualities. He will have no ground of former associations from which to regard it, and it may never occur to him as a stupendous joke, of which he is an amusing part, and so he may not be a California humorist, as each of these writers is. It is very possible that he may take it entirely *au sérieux*, and be a poet, say, of a high, earnest, and sober sort.

The writers whom we have named, and whom, without an invidious silence concerning other clever people we may consider as having given California her distinction in our literature, were Californians of occasion, and are now Californians no longer; Mr. Clemens living in Hartford,

Messrs. Harte and Webb in New York, and Messrs. Stoddard and Mulford in England. Yet they have each deeply received the same Californian stamp, and their humor, broad or fine, has the same general character, as if in each of them it came from a sense of their own anomaly, as men of the literary temperament and ambition in a world of rude adventure, rapacious money-getting, and barbarous profusion. The state of things in which they found themselves must have affected them as immensely droll; in it, but not of it, they must have felt themselves rather more comic than anything about them; and this sense of one's own grotesqueness in the midst of grotesqueness is Humor, with the large H, which we have been gradually coming at. All literary men, we suppose, feel their want of relevance to surrounding conditions at times and in some degree; and the conditions being exaggerated in the case of the Californian *littérateurs*, we can readily account for the greater irreverence and abandon of their humor, which has now become the type of American humor, so that no merry person can hope to please the public unless he approaches it.

Not to go so far back as John Phoenix, the first and, in some respects, the best of the California humorists, and taking the more conspicuous of the writers we have mentioned, we have three very distinctly different geniuses, each characterized by the same general qualities. The greatest humorist of the three, strictly speaking, is Mr. Clemens, who has, perhaps, also the most thoroughly original expression. You are pretty constantly aware of Mr. Harte's reading; you think of Thackeray, and notably of Dickens, whilst you acknowledge a new force under the changing disguises, which at the important moments puts them all aside, and declares itself a dramatic power, verging upon the theatrical it is true, but accomplishing things that irresistibly move you. We go again and again to Mr. Harte's stories, as we do to the minor stories of Thackeray, and read them with a delight that is always fresh; the bad ones have a charm of vigor and boldness, and the good ones, in spite of their lapses, are simply unsurpassed. But it is for the enjoyment of his dramatic effects, his tragic as well as his comic situations, his strong conception and portrayal (not analysis) of character, that we read Mr. Harte; whereas we read Mr. Clemens solely for the humor of Mark

Twain. He is as present in all he writes as Charles Lamb in his essays, and this perpetual personal companionship with his reader is characteristic of the pure humorist, as distinguished from the humorous dramatist or novelist.

As a California humorist, then, in this strict sense, we should place the author of the *South-Sea Idyls* next to the author of *Roughing It*, though in most other traits they are as unlike as possible. Of all the Californians, Mr. Stoddard has the best feeling for style, the subtlest appreciation of literary grace. He is a humorist, and he is also a poet of delicate nerves, and, as one sees, of those fastidious likes and dislikes in words which make a clumsy expression or any phrase not of just the right tint or tone intolerable to him. His style is the effect, not the reflection, of his deeply enjoyed reading, and it is in these papers a most cunningly handled instrument. But it is as a humorist that he first impresses you, — his book is conceived in the true humorous spirit, and written with that unegotistic egotism, that self-abandonment to the reader's right feeling, which is the charming and distinctive trait of humor.

What we should call the Californian quality of his humor is observable enough. He feigns himself an unrepentant prodigal son, returned from his wanderings, and saying to his father, "Don't kill anything. I don't want any calf." "I am never able," he says of the Tahiti women, "to account for the audacious grace of those women, who throw themselves upon the floor and stretch their supple limbs like tigresses, with a kind of imperial scorn of your one-horse proprieties." In days of extreme poverty, not far removed from famine, in Tahiti, he tells us, "I had also a boot with a suction in the toe; there is dust in Papeete; while I walked that boot loaded and discharged itself in a manner that amazed and amused a small mob of little natives who followed me in my free exhibition, advertising my shooting-boot gratuitously"; and so on to no end of instances, not easily detached from their context, but each expressing that careless, audacious irreverence, that aptness for fitting the higher conceptions and emotions with the associations of the lower, that sublime content with the ignominy and even squalor of the personal experiences lending themselves to literature, that confidence that the reader, if he is honest, will own to something similar, which distinguish Cali-

fornia humor. Our author's shooting-boot cannot miss its aim, because most people, at some time or other, have fired off similar dusty volleys from the same ordnance. "One-horse proprieties" is preciously imaginative; and no comment can heighten the effect of the burlesquing, unregretful, consequence-defying worthlessness of the prodigal son's, "Don't kill anything. I don't want any calf." It all strikes us as the drollery of a small number of good fellows who know each other familiarly, and feel that nothing they say will be lost or misunderstood in their circle. It was a stroke of genius in Mr. Clemens to address his familiar jocosities to the public as confidently as to his nearest friend; this is his characteristic attitude, and that of the other Californians who are merely humorists: it is Mr. Stoddard's attitude so far as he is a humorist; but then he is a poet besides; and in this he differs in world-wide degree from Mark Twain, who, whatever his enemies may say of him, is at least not a poet.

There is a story of shipwreck in the first chapter of the *South-Sea Idyls* which will not let us say that Mr. Stoddard has not dramatic faculty; but we may safely say that it is not the chief faculty in him, as it is in Mr. Harte, who is also humorist and poet. Mr. Harte seems always drawn onward by his own strong feeling of the dramatic element in what he does; whereas Mr. Stoddard seems not to seek any dramatic effect, and if one falls in his leisurely, discursive way, to be rather surprised at it himself. But the whole tendency and performance of the two are as diverse as their material, — Mr. Harte seeking his material in the gulches and cañons and bars and flats of the sierras, and Mr. Stoddard finding his in the shadow of the breadfruit-trees and cocoa-palms of

"Summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea."

The figures in his desultory, dreamy sketches are nowhere sharply outlined, but melt into the mellow atmosphere, and emerge from it as they will, and seem often as elusive of the author as of the reader, both of whom we fancy asking with equal doubt whether this fantastic record of vagrant life in Hawaii is half or wholly fabulous, and placidly giving it up in mutual content and the common hope that a thing so pleasant must also be true. For ourselves, we do not know how much or how

little of it we receive as fact; and indeed it matters no great deal what actually happened among the things set down here with such indifference to general statement and order of narration. You must rest satisfied with your inference that at several times Mr. Stoddard visited Tahiti and the islands of the Hawaiian group; for there is no historical *resumé* of the facts of his goings or comings, more than there is of the Howadji's in Nile Notes, a book of which, certainly not by force of literary resemblance, the South-Sea Idyls make you think. They make you think too, by their subject and their vagueness, of Herman Melville's Omoo; and we do not say but we should like a little more structure in the book, something more of bone as well as marrow, of muscle as well as nerve. However, the tone for writing about the equatorial, lotus-eating lands has been set, and we are not sure but Mr. Stoddard gains a charm by holding to the traditional vagueness. Perhaps, indeed, the social conditions of Hawaii demand a certain degree of mystery from the tourist, and it is well for our souls that there should be kaleidoscopic arrangements of palms and surf and coral reefs, and lomi-lomi and hula-hula rather than the honesties of realistic art in his record. At any rate it is only glimpses of the *vie intime* that you get from Mr. Stoddard, humorous and poetic glimpses, full of truth, we dare say, but shimmering and evanescent; and no one need go to the Idyls of the South Sea for information.

There are sixteen sketches in all, of which our readers ought to remember the best, namely, A Prodigal in Tahiti, which is one of the best pieces of light, humorous writing we know, and which we should not know where to match for certain qualities of *bizarre*, reckless melancholy and gentle drollery. We suggest very clumsily what will enforce itself, and we wish to remind the reader of a passage descriptive of the author's latest moments of privation in Tahiti:—

"I sought a place of shelter, or rather retirement, for the air is balm in that country. There was an old house in the middle of a grassy lawn on a by-street; two of its rooms were furnished with a few papers and books, and certain gentlemen who contribute to its support lounge in when they have leisure for reading or a chat. I grew to know the place familiarly. I stole a night's lodging on its veranda in the shadow of a passion-vine; but for fear of embar-

rassing some early student in pursuit of knowledge, I passed the second night on the floor of the dilapidated cook-house, where the ants covered me.

"There was, in this very cook-house, a sink six feet in length and as wide as a coffin; the third night I lay like a galvanized corpse with his lid off till a rat sought to devour me, when I took to the streets and walked till morning. By this time the president of the club, whose acquaintance I had the honor of, tendered me the free use of any portion of the premises that might be not otherwise engaged. With a gleam of hope I began my explorations. Up a narrow and winding stair I found a spacious loft. It was like a mammoth tent, a solitary centre-pole its only ornament. Creeping into it on all-fours, I found a fragment of matting, a dry crust, an empty soda-bottle,—footprints on the sands of time.

"'Poor soul!' I gasped, 'where did *you* come from? What *did* you come for? Whither, O, whither, have you flown?'....

"At either end of the building an open window admitted the tip of a banana-leaf; up their green ribs the sprightly mouse careered. I broke the backbones of these banana-leaves, though they were the joy of my soul and would have adorned the choicest conservatory in the land. Day was equally unprofitable to me. My best friends said, 'Why not return to California?' Every one I met invited me to leave the country at my earliest convenience. The American consul secured me a passage, to be settled for at home, and my career in that latitude was evidently at an end. In my superfluous confidence in humanity, I had announced myself as a correspondent for the press. It was quite necessary that I should give some plausible reason for making my appearance in Tahiti friendless and poor. Therefore, I said plainly, 'I am a correspondent, friendless and poor,' believing that any one would see truth in the face of it, with half an eye. 'Prove it,' said one who knew more of the world than I. Then flashed upon me the alarming fact that I could n't prove it, having nothing whatever in my possession referring to it in the slightest degree. It was a fatal mistake that might easily have been avoided, but was too well established to be rectified."

This, which is so delightful, is of a piece with very much in the book. Character, coffee-colored or white, is always

effectively, though always very quietly suggested. Here, for example, is a portrait of the first officer of the French transport in which the author once voyaged to Tahiti :

.... "A tall, slim fellow, with a warlike beard, and very soft, dark eyes, whose pupils seemed to be floating aimlessly about under the shelter of long lashes. His face was in a perpetual dispute with itself, and I never knew which was the right or the wrong side of him. B—— was the happy possessor of a tight little African, known as Nero, although I always looked upon him as so much Jamaica ginger. In the equatorial seas, while we sailed to the measure of the Ancient Mariner, B—— summoned Nero to the sacrifice, and having tortured him to the extent of his wits, there was a reconciliation more ludicrous than any other scene in the farce. It was at such moments that B——'s eyes literally swam, when even his beard wilted, while he told of the thousand pathetic eras in Nero's life, when he might have had his liberty, but found the service of his master more beguiling ; of the adventures by flood and field, where B—— was distinguishing himself, yet at his side, through thick and thin, struggled the faithful Nero. Thus B—— warmed himself at the fire his own enthusiasm had kindled on the altar of self-love, and every moment added to his fervor. It was the yellow-fever, and the cholera, and the small-pox, that were powerless to separate that faithful slave from the agonizing bedside of his master. It was shipwreck, and famine, and the smallest visible salary, that seemed only to strengthen the ties that bound them the one to the other. Death — cruel death — alone could separate them; and B—— took Nero by the throat and kissed him passionately upon his sooty cheek, and the floating eyes came to a stand-still with an expression of virtuous defiance that was calculated to put all conventionalities to the blush. We were awed by the magnanimity of such conduct, until we got thoroughly used to it, and then we were simply entertained. We kept looking forward to the conclusion of the scene, which usually followed in the course of half an hour. B—— having fondled Nero to his heart's content, and Nero having become somewhat bored, there was sure to arise some mild disturbance, aggravated by both parties, and B——, believing he had endured as much as any Frenchman and

first officer is expected to endure without resentment, suddenly rises, and, seizing Nero by the short, wiry moss of his scalp, kicks him deliberately from the cabin, and returns to us bursting with indignation. This domestic equinox we soon grew fond of, and having become familiar with all its signals of approach we watched with agreeable interest the inevitable climax."

The longest of the idyls is called *Chumming with a Savage*, in which is related the history of the author's romantic friendship with a Tahitian boy, whom he invited afterwards to California to be converted, and who pined away with homesickness and had to be sent back to Tahiti, yet found himself tainted with the ennui of civilization amid his native scenes, and, seeking to return to California in his canoe, was lost at sea. It is lightly told, but with such an undertone of pathos that the reader's smile never broadens into a laugh. The conversion of Kána-aná prospered superficially, but when it seemed well advanced he relapsed into idolatry, and said his prayers to the wooden Indian of a tobacco-nist.

"When he arrived, I took him right to my room and began my missionary work. I tried to make all the people love him, but I'm afraid they found it hard work. He was n't half so interesting up here, anyhow ! I seemed to have been regarding him through chromatic glasses, which glasses being suddenly removed, I found a little, dark-skinned savage, whose clothes fitted him horribly, and appeared to have no business there. Boots about twice too long, the toes being heavily charged with wadding ; in fact, he looked perfectly miserable, and I've no doubt he felt so. How he had been studying English on the voyage up ! He wanted to be a great linguist, and had begun in good earnest. He said 'good mornin'' as boldly as possible about seven P. M., and invariably spoke of the women of America as 'him.' He had an insane desire to spell, and started spelling-matches with everybody, at the most inappropriate hours and inconvenient places. What an experience I had, educating my little savage ! Walking him in the street by the hour ; answering questions on all possible subjects ; spelling up and down the blocks ; spelling from the centre of the city to the suburbs and back again, and around it ; spelling one another at spelling, — two latter-day peripatetics on dress parade, passing to and fro in high and serene

strata of philosophy, alike unconscious of the rudely gazing and insolent citizens, or the tedious calls of labor. A spell was over us; we ran into all sorts of people, and trod on many a corn, loafing about in this way. Some of the victims objected in harsh and sinful language. I found Kána-aná had so far advanced in the acquirement of our mellifluous tongue as to be very successful in returning their salutes. I had the greatest difficulty in convincing him of the enormity of his error. The little convert thought it was our mode of greeting strangers, equivalent to their more graceful and poetic password, *Aloha*, 'Love to you.' So we perambulated the streets and the suburbs, daily growing into each other's grace; and I was thinking of the propriety of instituting a series of more extended excursions, when I began to realize that my guest was losing interest in our wonderful city and the possible magnitude of her future.

"He grew silent and melancholy; he quit spelling entirely, or only indulged in rare and fitful (I am pained to add, fruitless) attempts. . . . The circus failed to revive him; the beauty of our young women he regarded without interest. He was less devout than at first, when he used to insist upon entering every church we came to and sitting a few moments, though frequently we were the sole occupants of the building. . . . I began to suspect the occasion of his malady: he believed himself bewitched or accursed of some one, — a common superstition with the dark races. This revelation filled me with alarm; for he would think nothing of lying down to die under the impression that it was his fate, and no medicine under the heaven could touch him further. I began telling him of my discovery, begging his secret from him. In vain I besought him. 'It was his trouble; he must go back!'"

Kána-aná's friend very affectingly relates how he learned the circumstances of his death in another visit to the boy's native land. He is one of many of his gentle race whom Mr. Stoddard likes to sketch; he is the best, and after him comes Joe of Lahaina, whom his friend saw last at Molokai. This is the little island to which the government banishes the victims of that terrible leprosy of Hawaii, and there in a pretty village the hopeless creatures live and die by inches.

"A brisk ride of a couple of miles across the breadth of the peninsula brought me to

the gate of the keeper of the settlement, and there I dismounted, and hastened into the house, to be rid of the curious crowd that had gathered to receive me. . . . I used to sit by the window and see the processions of the less afflicted come for little measures of milk, morning and evening. . . . And it was a constant entertainment to watch the progress of events in that singular little world of doomed spirits. They were not unhappy. I used to hear them singing every evening: their souls were singing while their bodies were falling rapidly to dust. They continued to play their games, as well as they could play them with the loss of a finger-joint or a toe, from week to week: it is thus gradually and thus slowly that they died, feeling their voices growing fainter and their strength less, as the idle days passed over them and swept them to the tomb.

"Sitting at the window on the second evening, as the patients came up for milk, I observed one of them watching me intently, and apparently trying to make me understand something or other, but what that something was I could not guess. He rushed to the keeper and talked excitedly with him for a moment, and then withdrew to one side of the gate and waited till the others were served with their milk, still watching me all the while. . . . There was a face I could not have recognized as anything friendly or human. Knots of flesh stood out upon it; scar upon scar disfigured it. The expression was like that of a mummy, stony and withered. The outlines of a youthful figure were preserved, but the hands and feet were pitiful to look at. What was this ogre that knew me and loved me still?

"He soon told me who he had once been, but was no longer. Our little, unfortunate 'Joe,' my Lahaina charge. In his case the disease had spread with fearful rapidity: the keeper thought he could hardly survive the year. Many linger year after year, and cannot die; but Joe was more fortunate. His life had been brief and passionate, and death was now hastening him to his dissolution.

"Joe was forbidden to come near me, so he crouched down by the fence, and pressing his hands between the pickets sifted the dust at my feet, while he wailed in a low voice, and called me over and over, 'dear friend,' 'good friend,' and 'master.' . . .

"How I wanted to get close to him! but I dared not; so we sat there with the

slats of the fence between us, while we talked very long in the twilight; and I was glad when it grew so dark that I could no longer see his face, — his terrible face, that came to kill the memory of his former beauty! . . . 'Sing for me, Joe,' said I; and Joe, still crouching on the other side of the lattice, sang some of his old songs. One of them, a popular melody, was echoed through the little settlement, where faint voices caught up the chorus, and the night was wildly and weirdly musical. We walked by the sea next day, and the day following that, Joe taking pains to stay on the leeward side of me, — he was so careful to keep the knowledge of his fate uppermost in his mind: how could I dismiss it from my own, when it was branded in his countenance? The desolated beauty of his face plead for measureless pity, and I gave it, out of my prodigality, yet felt that I could not begin to give sufficient. . . . In leaving the leper village, I had concluded to say nothing to Joe, other than the usual '*aloha*,' at night, when I could ride off, in the darkness, and sleeping at the foot of the cliff, ascend it in the first light of morning, and get well on my journey before the heat of the day. We took a last walk by the rocks on the shore; heard the sea breathing its long breath under the hollow cones of lava, with a noise like a giant leper in his asthmatic agony. Joe heard it, and laughed a little, and then grew silent; and finally said he wanted to leave the place, — he hated it; he loved Lahaina dearly: how was everybody in Lahaina? — a question he had asked me hourly since my arrival.

"When night came I asked Joe to sing, as usual; so he gathered his mates about him, and they sang the songs I liked best. The voices rang, sweeter than ever, up from the group of singers congregated a few rods off, in the darkness; and while they sang, my horse was saddled, and I quietly bade adieu to my dear friends, the keepers, and mounting, walked the horse slowly up the grass-grown road. I shall never see little Joe again, with his pitiful face, growing gradually as dreadful as a cobra's and almost as fascinating in its hideousness. I waited a little way off, in the darkness, — waited and listened, till the last song was ended, and I knew he would be looking for me to say *Good night*. But he didn't find me; and he will never again find me in this life, for I left him sitting in the dark door of his sepulchre, — sitting and singing

in the mouth of his grave, — clothed all in death."

These passages, tragically effective as they are apart from the context, lose much in their separation; for Mr. Stoddard's peculiar spirit is diffused through every line of his book. He has apparently not written for the convenience of the reviewer eager for exemplary extracts, and we shrink somewhat from presenting any fragment as illustrative of his graphic power. Here, however, is one picture out of innumerable as good or better: —

"We were in the tropics. You would have known it with your eyes shut; the whole wonderful atmosphere confessed it. But, with your eyes open, those white birds, sailing like snow-flakes through the immaculate blue heavens, with tail-feathers like our pennant; the floating gardens of the sea, through which we had been ruthlessly ploughing for a couple of days back; the gorgeous sunrises and sunsets, — all were proofs positive of our latitude.

"What a sunrise it was on that morning! Yet I stood with my back to it, looking west; for there I saw, firstly, the foam on the reef — as crimson as blood — falling over the wine-stained waves; then it changed as the sun ascended, like clouds of golden powder, indescribably magnificent, shaken and scattered upon the silver snow-drifts of the coral reef, dazzling to behold, and continually changing.

"Beyond it, in the still water, was reflected a long, narrow strip of beach; above it, green pastures and umbrageous groves, with native huts, like great birds'-nests, half hidden among them; and the weird, slender cocoa-palms were there, — those exclamation-points in the poetry of tropic landscape. All this lay slumbering securely between high walls of verdure; while at the upper end, where the valley was like a niche set in the green glorious mountains, two waterfalls floated downward like smoke-columns on a heavy morning."

After the sketch of A Prodigal in Tahiti, we think the most finished of the sketches are In a Transport, already mentioned, and My South-Sea Show. The former is comfortably tangible and tenable as a real experience of the author's, and it is full of airy humor, by which the reader is made a partner of the voyage, and the amused companion of those amiable French midshipmen and lieutenants; whereas, humorous and pathetic as is the notion of the

author's carrying three little Polynesians to California, where one of them died from the efforts of a good soul for his conversion, imagining that her prayers were spells to his mortal hurt, it is all so little palpable as to be a kind of trouble, in spite of the subtle grace with which its fantastic substance is managed. A very lovely little sketch, sympathetically reverent and touched with the sweetest humor, is that of the missionary life of Père Fidelis and Père Amabilis, the gentle and devoted young priests whose friendship is described in *The Chapel of the Palms*.

We welcome Mr. Stoddard's book as a real addition to the stock of refined pleasures, and a contribution to our literature without which it would be sensibly poorer. It is fitly named, for it is at once a series of humorous travel-sketches and of charming poems.

—The tendency now manifest for confining popular novels to the compass of a single volume each is a great improvement upon the old license which allowed the author a choice of expanding his matter into two, three, and even ten volumes; and it is praiseworthy, not only as a tendency favoring the best ends of the art of fiction, but also as producing works which inflict less trash upon the careful critic than those of greater bore can emit. There are even cases, we think, in which the single volume itself might be dispensed with. Without going so far as to include among these Dr. Smart's *Driven from the Path*, we must still, in conscience, give it as our opinion that it contains very little worthy of preservation. It purports to describe the life of a young Scotchman, one Lew Gordon, who abandons his home to escape the tyranny of an unnatural mother and unjustly favored brother, with the purpose of becoming a sailor. He retains a love for his mother, and imagines that he will some day bring her to a perception of his radical goodness; but, returning home, after four years at sea, he finds her unchanged. He then has an interview with his disagreeable brother, who treats him to a disquisition of seven pages on the use of tobacco, and an entire chapter on religion. Partially as a result of his brother's loquacity, we suppose, Lew goes off to California, where he becomes involved in gold-mining and gambling,—the only activities which writers of fiction have thus far chosen to touch upon as connected with that quarter of the world.

There he meets an interesting renegade, known as Red-Shirted Baldy, who is drawn with some clearness and mastery. Baldy, after commissioning Lew to look up his relatives in New York, if anything should happen to himself, is conveniently murdered on a prospecting expedition in Southern California; leaving a sum of ten thousand dollars invested for Lew's benefit. After terrific adventures, Lew gets out of Southern California, and repairs to New York, where he finds Baldy's niece, Dora Raymond, and likewise his disagreeable brother, who is paying court to her. Lew has cherished a passion all this time for a certain Lizzie, at home; but returning thither, he finds that she has been misled and ruined by the disagreeable brother. After due despair, he comes back to America, takes up arms in the Union cause, and meets in battle his brother, who is a Rebel colonel. He shoots at his brother, who falls at that instant by a rifle-ball from somebody else,—a fact which Lew does not distinctly ascertain at the time. He now reproaches himself as a fratricide; but, again returning to Scotland, he finds his mother dead, and learns, moreover, that she was not his mother at all. On this, he sails for New York, "positively for the last time," and marries Dora; though, curiously enough, he retains the name of Gordon, to which he has no right, as we have seen. We have given this careful abstract of the book, to show that, whatever be the causes of its mediocrity, the author is not at a loss for complications of circumstance. The idea embodied in so queer a mass of incident seems to be, that a man is apt to have a different career from that which he projects in boyhood. Lew cannot demonstrate his love for his mother, cannot marry Lizzie, and as it appears cannot kill his brother; he is "driven from the path" at every point. But this idea becomes worthless, because it is not artistically developed. There is more incident than the author can hold together, and he introduces many long yarns from minor characters, which are wholly irrelevant. There is something fresh in the picture of garrison life and Indian diplomacy in the West; and in the course of the four hundred and sixty octavo pages there are two or three not unskillful touches of characterization; but the representation is for the most part so literal and uninspired as to sink the whole into the plane of a muddy vulgarity. The author hints

that he could have made the story better by paying a less strict allegiance to fact than that which he has observed; and we cannot but hope that in any future effort, he will make all the improvements that occur to him, and not satisfy himself with the feeble declaration that he could have done better had he chosen to.

— But at least Dr. Smart has the appearance of taking an interest in his narrative, while one can hardly concede that the author of *The Dead Marquise* has gone even thus far toward a successful consummation. The *motif* of the story is sufficiently good, and had the whole been well wrought out it would have taken its place at once on a much higher plane than that on which the novel just noticed moves. A certain Marquise, forced to disguise herself and remain in humble lodgings at Paris, in the Reign of Terror, comes to look upon life in a new way, and gradually falls in love with a poor young painter in a garret opposite her own. She had previously been betrothed to a baron, her cousin, Gervais de Montfaçon. Honorable obligation and the pride of caste now oppose themselves to the new inclination of her heart; but before the inward conflict is decided, she is discovered and arrested by the republicans. On this, the young painter, Fluvian, contrives also to be arrested. They meet once in the prison, and rejoice in the mutual consciousness of their love; soon after which the liberation takes place. The Marquise is delivered, but Fluvian goes to the guillotine in the very last tumbril which goes at all. The Marquise retires to her recovered château, lives unwedded, and occupies her last years in writing out this her history. The conception of character and incident is feeble in the details, and the story drags on as if it had in very deed been penned by an old court-lady, who had come to the task without any more literary skill than might have insensibly communicated itself to her from industrious novel-reading through an extended lifetime. The revolutionary incidents are described in a particularly dry and dreary manner; and even the episodic introduction of Bonaparte, as a young artillery-officer in dingy uniform, with his hands precociously folded behind his back, and a piercing eye, fails to make any satisfactory impression. On the whole, it may be doubted whether anything is accomplished toward the improvement of American fiction in the production of a book so evidently an outgrowth from constant absorption of sec-

ond-rate French romances, — and so weak an outgrowth at that.

— Romance of Old Court Life in France consists of a succession of scenes from the lives of French monarchs through a period of two centuries, — from the accession of Francis I. to the throne, down to the death of Louis Quatorze, — and drawn with some vigor and at least a laudable brevity. Such a work can hardly pretend to anything like artistic unity; but it is a convenient compend of more memoir-history than the general reader would find it possible to take in detail. If the authoress aimed at anything like finished literary result, she would have done better to confine herself to a shorter range of subject, and to have entered more skilfully into characterization. As it is, the characters of the various distinguished actors are summed up in a terse, cut-and-dried manner that admits of no appeal, and the chief interest therefore devolves upon exciting incident, intrigue, and picturesque surrounding. We are far from hinting any improper purpose in the book; we would suggest only that subjects of the kind so frequent in these scenes, where Diane de Poitiers, Louise de la Vallière, De Montespan, and De Maintenon figure largely, reconcile themselves better with the laws of ethics and æsthetics if elevated to the rank of intellectual studies, and allowed to present their purely sensuous, scenic, and picturesque aspect only in subordination.

— We have been at some pains to examine the novel entitled *Pemberton*, both on account of the confident clamor of praise with which numerous daily papers have noticed it, and because it is evidently a well-intentioned endeavor. The result of this examination, however, is discouraging. Two rather wooden young women, one of them in love with Major André, the other with *Pemberton*, — a vacillating patriot of no earthly importance or interest as here presented; a good Quaker; a spy who appears as a woman, known as Captain Fanny; several historical personages, including Washington and Arnold; and various lifeless supernumeraries, — constitute the ingredients of the volume. And it must be added that they are not very successfully combined. There is but little to attract in the plot, which moves languidly; the style is without force; and the language of the persons is commonplace to the last degree. Even in Thackeray's Virginians one suffers a little from the somewhat ordinary representation of so eminent a character as Washington's;

but the feebleness of his appearance in Mr. Peterson's book is pitiable. The great obstacle in the way of the author's success is, it seems to us, a sheer lack of unifying and creative imagination. His conception, to begin with, lacks vigor; and in the execution he wavers between abject literalism of representation and a purposeless romantic hollowness. There is some doubt, in our own mind, whether the history of the Revolution will ever supply the novelist of to-day with material fitted to his peculiar exigencies. The events and men of that period, in consideration of the idealized atmosphere through which we generally view them, would perhaps yield themselves up more thoroughly to the highest type of drama, which has the extreme resource of verse and poetic diction at its command. But it is certain that if anything good ever *is* to be made out of these passages in our history in the novel form, it will only be through the operation of some more fervent and genuine poetic imagination than has as yet applied itself to the task.

— Dr. Boyland, in his *Six Months under the Red Cross*, has had the fortune to write a book of the rarest kind in literature, a book with apparently no more literary premeditation than Pepys's *Diary*, or Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, and having a simplicity, straightforwardness, and business-like clearness that refreshes the jaded critical sense at every moment. He sets down his surgical experience with an exactness that we imagine must commend his reminiscences to his profession; but his value to us is the vigor with which he gives the conditions of this experience, from the time he leaves Paris amidst the arrogant enthusiasm of the French army and people, till, after the long siege of Metz and the capitulation of the starved garrison, he rides into the Prussian lines at Versailles. The criminal want of sanitary preparation in the French service, the insubordination of the men, the laxity of the officers, and the drunkenness of both, the childish insolence of the people and National Guard of Metz, the dubious inaction and secrecy of Bazaine, the vainglorious, helpless bravery of all, the joyfully credited lies, the uncertainty, and the angry despair settling at last upon city and army, make this peculiarly a picture of the Franco-Prussian war; but it is even more to be prized as a picture of War in its large and general sense, and of

its horrors as they exist with all the mitigations of our time. It is still war, with hardly a feature changed, hardly a trait softened, and here painted with a distinctness that would be very hard to match. In fine, it is such a picture of war as you may, perhaps, get your soldier-friend to give in some singularly propitious mood, but for which the civil imagination mostly hungers in vain amongst the literary records of war, — the kind of detail being here without which statements of facts are vague and dim. Dr. Boyland gives all with a surgeon's nerve and with a graphic force of which we like to believe he is unconscious. We shall by no means do justice to his fulness by the extracts we have room for, and still less shall we indicate the fluent rapidity of his narrative, in which the events follow each other merely in the order of their occurrence, but seem none of them confused or out of place.

The most pleasing episode of Dr. Boyland's life in Metz was his night at the convent of *Sacré Cœur*, where he dined with the abbess, and riding back to the city found the gate shut, and so was obliged to return to the convent and implore the protection of the sisters. It is very prettily told, but the reader must go to the book for this humor of war, as he must likewise for its grisliest horror in the description of the horse-butcher, a personage almost intolerably realized at his occupation. It is a glimpse only less terrible that the author gives of the horses of the cavalry in the last days of the siege, "dying at their stakes, or held in useless fetters, for, alas! they little thought of running away. In vain did these noble animals gnaw the bark of trees and the branches, still covered with dead leaves, and dragging in the filth of the camps. They would also eat each other's tails off, as if to deceive their craving hunger. We saw them often — mere skeletons, with the skin worn off in many places — hang their heads in weariness, their eyes sunken and almost out, and fall down in the mud."

The relentless fidelity with which the squalid misery of the camp and the hospital is portrayed, also brings home to the reader many incidents of battle in their proper hideousness. Near Woippy a Prussian cavalry regiment charged a French position. "On they came, swift as the wind and shouting fiercely. They were charging the trench. Our soldiers rose up, and having a few more rounds left, poured sev-

eral volleys into them, while the battery gave them a broadside. It was frightful to see them falling, which the light caused by the battery enabled us to do. They were unable to arrive, and the few that remained turned back. Three only, who tempted death, dashed up and mounted the outwork. They were riddled with bullets; and one (horse and rider) that had reached the top fell over into the trench, crushing to death a soldier standing but a few feet from me, and to whom I had just been talking. The rumble caused as this heavy mass rolled suddenly down the embankment somewhat startled me. I examined the man to see if any life was left in him. His whole side was torn open, stomach and heart protruding, while the skull was fractured in several places and the legs well shot. The horse had come off no better. We climbed over this mass of bleeding flesh, and went on in the direction of the farm."

Here is another of these sketches, which, perhaps, even more vividly seizes the imagination: "Behind St. Barbe is a churchyard, in which, with the aid of my field-glass, I could clearly make out a body of Prussian troops. In an instant more I saw the French rise up on all sides, completely surrounding the churchyard. The Prussians thrust the butts of their muskets in the air, in sign of surrender. Our soldiers did not heed this, but shot them down without mercy. I could hear almost each report separately, observe the flash, and see the man fall."

Of other characteristic features of war there are abundant sketches, often too slight, however, for transfer thither, and, at times, not detachable from too long a context. But here is one that we find extremely touching and effective; the locality being a village to which the wounded were taken after Gravelotte: "We drove into Châtel St. Germain. Almost the first building was the church, from whose steeple, dark as it was, we could see our flag flying, while before the door were stationed four of our fourgons. On entering the church we found it full of wounded, bleeding and groaning; no straw had been scattered about, and they seemed to suffer intensely. None of these had been dressed, and had evidently been hours in that condition, as the clotted blood plainly showed. . . . After attending to these, I crossed the street and entered a house which was likewise filled with wound-

ed, whom I proceeded to relieve. Most of them were on the first floor, — the house being of wood and but one story high. The dead, dying, and wounded were huddled together in one large room with a door. I walked to this and opened it. Alone on the floor, in a small room, lay a man, whom I supposed from his position to be wounded; he was sitting half up, leaning on his right hand; his head was sunken upon his breast. Going up to him I said, 'Well, my man, where are you wounded?' He made no reply. I called for a lantern. The feeble light shone upon a face sad to behold. The man, a sergeant, was dead. His eyes, glaring from their sockets, were fixed intently upon the ground, while his lips were parted as if he were articulating a name. In his left hand he held something clutched tightly. I opened it and found a woman's portrait."

Not less characteristic and impressive is this incident of the same night: "Observing a high wall with a little Gothic portal, through which light was streaming, I rode thither, got off my horse, and, leading him behind me, entered. The path led up through a churchyard to a chapel. About half-way up the path, and on a flat tomb, I saw a barrel from which wine was oozing; a tin cup and a candle were lying upon the ground beside it. There was no sign of any living being. As I was thirsty, I drank of the wine, and taking the light passed on to the chapel, whose walls were covered with moss and ivy. The door was open. It was midnight. I entered, taking the horse along with me.

"A few French soldiers were lying upon the straw, which some one had scattered about for them. Upon examining them I found them all dead.

"I tied my horse in the sacristy, and taking some straw from under the dead men, put it in one of the pews, where I lay down, and being worn out with the fatigue and exertion of the day, was soon asleep. Just near me, others were sleeping the sleep that knows no waking."

At another time, in a little hamlet near Metz, Dr. Boyland tried to enter some of the village houses, but found them locked: "One of these I helped the men break in; on entering we found the house empty. On the floor of the cellar we found an old woman with her throat cut from ear to ear. Near by was a wine-cask empty. We conjectured that she had been murdered by some soldiers in order to get the wine.

"Leaving this revolting scene, we crossed the street and went into the church. This was in good order, and the holy light was faintly burning above the altar. Its sole occupants were two dead captains. They were lying outside the chancel, and had evidently been brought there wounded. Two chairs had been thrown down, and they were leaning, half sitting up, against the backs of these. They seemed to have been left thus upon the cold stone floor. The resignation depicted in the face of one of them touched me; he had his hands folded in his lap, and the expression was soft and lifelike. He was an old man, and on his breast hung many a medal, doubtless well deserved. He had been wounded in the left temporal region, but was not in the least disfigured, although his weather-beaten and wrinkled forehead was blood-stained."

How terrible, how affecting, is all this, and how simply and poignantly it is told!

But it would be unjust to his book to leave the reader with the impression that it is merely a series of sketches, however powerful. It is not only a careful record of surgical experience, but a comment full of instruction upon the mismanagement of the French army, especially at Metz, where Dr. Boyland shared the common suspicion of Bazaine.

— In the prefaces to his little book, the author of *Church and State in the United States* tells us that one portion of it was written to be published in the German language for the information of Germans, while others were compiled at the request of Prince Bismarck, and that by Americans "it should be regarded as a rudimentary essay upon topics with which they may be presumed to be familiar." But things which "everybody ought to know" are certain to be those about which most people have vague "impressions," rather than definite knowledge, and therefore we take great pleasure in saying that this is precisely one of the books which "everybody ought to read," for it is a terse, lucid, and interesting sketch of our principal religious bodies, and of the relations they at present hold to the state and to each other, as well as those which they have held in the past.

The book is divided into six sections or chapters, which again are conveniently subdivided into paragraphs with italicized headings, so that one knows just what one is going to read about; and this to the hasty mind is a comfort not to be exaggerated.

The first section gives "The Provisions of the Constitution of the Laws of the United States concerning Religion." The second treats of "The Relations of Church and State before the Revolution." The third is upon "The Theocratic Government in New England." The fourth, "The Relation of the Churches to the Laws." The fifth tells us "How Churches are constituted and supported"; and the sixth brings together some "Incidental Relations of the State to Religion." The treatise concludes with one appendix upon the American Thanksgiving, and another upon the German population of the United States. "Familiar" as is the ground traversed by the author in these pages, we hope that few of our people will finish them without a great sigh of satisfaction, and a warm sentiment of gratitude that their lot is cast in a land where this great and magnificent, this unique and—judging from all previous religious history—almost incredible blessing of religious freedom exists in all its fulness. Well as we know it, we do not realize it so perfectly but that a little review like the present is useful in making us feel how immense in this respect alone are the privileges of a political system which rests upon its citizens as lightly as so much gossamer, and which yet against its foes can become a coat of mail invulnerable.

We have but two faults to find with the Rev. Dr. Thompson's book. The first is, that, from being prepared for a foreign market, perhaps, it is rather of *couleur de rose*. For instance, he says that the state, being "grounded in moral reasons and existing for moral ends," has a right to suppress offences against the well-being of society, such as bigamy and polygamy, the plea of conscience or religious liberty notwithstanding (pp. 125, 126). Why, then, do both the latter flourish so rankly in a valuable Territory under this very plea? As for Dr. Thompson's assertion that Utah will never be admitted as a State while polygamy is permitted,—this seems to us by no means so sure, even if that were the question. The real question is, "Why do the United States permit it even in a *Territory*?" It can only be because the country, as a whole, has not made up its mind to stand on the Christian dogma, that "*twain* only can be one flesh," i. e. that a man cannot have in any other relation but that of adultery a plurality of women.

Dr. Thompson speaks also of seven

years as the ordinary length of time taken by candidates to prepare themselves for the ministry, and he says that "a learned ministry is the strength of religion in America." Perhaps that is why their strength looks at present so very much like weakness, for we very much doubt whether the majority of our ministers go through anything like such a curriculum as four years in a college and three in a divinity school would give them. It is probable that as a body they are greatly deficient even in their old-time Greek and Latin and Hebrew, while in the peculiar culture of the day — history and science — they are conspicuously deficient, and keep on in their old methods of divinity-school preaching precisely as if these two elements, now so portentously arrayed against them, had never come into existence. He makes no mention either of the wretched support of the great body of American clergy, which is, no doubt, the chief cause of their deficiencies in ability and education. Again, Dr. Thompson says that the clergy "as a body have been eminently loyal and patriotic," and he gives an instance of service rendered to the military arm of the government in his own church, the Broadway Tabernacle. But this is a knife which cut both ways, for the Southern Clergy were equally, if not more, loyal and devoted to the Confederate government; and the fanaticism of the Southern women for their "cause" is largely attributed to their faith in the utterances of their preachers, who continually told them that the Bible was on their side on the slavery question, and therefore that God *must* be so. To say that clergymen as a body are loyal to the government over them is merely to say that they are "men of like passions with ourselves." They are probably kind fathers, also, but surely that is no merit. There are various other little instances of that loose way of talking common to the good-natured and catholic-minded Henry Ward Beecher school of Congregationalist. Dr. Thompson is a Congregationalist, and very naturally displays a mild partiality for his own denomination in his little book. As for the Roman Catholics, Dr. Thompson sees that they are an enemy to be feared, evidently, and his anxieties many of his Protestant readers will share. All that can really be said on the subject is, however, that having so much the start of them, it will be the fault of disunited Protestantism itself if they ever become the dominant religious body

of this country. Certainly we are indebted to Dr. Thompson for telling us some of their ways of evading the laws relating to property held for religious purposes.

— As in all good books by good writers, the dedication and preface of Mr. Hamerton's *Intellectual Life* are well worth reading. The latter contains a valuable sentence, which may serve as a definition of the title: "The essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science or in perfection of expression, but in the constant preference for higher thoughts over lower thoughts." This, of course, contains the same general conception as Matthew Arnold's "Culture," or one nearly akin to it, with the important difference between the writers, that Mr. Arnold says, "Stupid brutes, you ought to be cultivated, and you're not"; Mr. Hamerton, "Cannot I persuade you to lead an intellectual life?" The aim is not to make men and women select any special calling or special study, or even any particular practical mode of life, but to cultivate certain habits of thought, both in and out of professions and studies, which shall stimulate, develop, and purify the intellect as a whole.

Now, while sympathizing entirely with this aim, and with Arnold's indignation at want of culture, we feel that whether the cultivation of the higher thoughts be within the power of every man or not, by no means every man can recognize the distinctions which these writers do. Mr. Arnold scolds at Philistines. Well, why not? Did not the Philistines capture the ark? Do not the Davids of the present day, harp and all, find Ashdod and Gaza very comfortable cities to live in, while the homes of culture experience very short commons? Mr. Hamerton has "the conviction that the intellectual life is really within the reach of every one who earnestly desires it." But how for those who do not? This charming book seems to assume that all do. Yet many men of sound heads, warm hearts, and pure lives, nay, with sometimes keen intellect and quaint fancy, do not know what you mean by higher and lower thoughts; they do not see why a photograph of the Roman Forum or the Mauvais Pas is better worth having than one of the Burnt District or Hambletonian Judge. There is something on this point in Mr. Hamerton's Part XI. Letter IV., "To an energetic and successful cotton manufacturer." But we could

wish he had given us a letter, "To a friend who professed himself perplexed by the word 'culture.'"

After the preface we are especially struck and pleased with the practical nature of the whole book. The difficulties noticed and answered are such as really occur in life, and such as have deterred many men of most refined and powerful minds from higher thoughts. We specially commend Part III. Letter II., "To an undisciplined writer"; Part III. Letter X., "To a student who complained of a defective memory"; the letters in Part IX., "On Society and Solitude"; and Part X., Letter IV., "To the friend of a man of high culture who produced nothing."

In Part III., "On Education," are two or three very striking letters on the subject of the study of modern languages. Mr. Hamerton is especially qualified both by taste and study to speak on this subject, as will be seen in a very interesting sketch of his life in a recent number of our contemporary, *Old and New*. He states several propositions as the result of his experience, which he admits are discouraging, but insists on their truth. The gist of them is, that the acquisition of even one foreign language perfectly is possible only in very peculiar circumstances, almost always involving loss in your own, and that even correct—as less than perfect—acquaintance with one—still more two—is arduous, and hampered with many difficulties and drawbacks. He relates, in this connection, many amusing anecdotes, and gives a most laughable account of how a Frenchman read Tennyson.

Certainly this result is very discouraging; and it is made still more so by the evidently unfavorable opinion which the author has of the study of the ancient languages. Indeed, we cannot help feeling that the best answer to all he says about Latin and Greek is, "You never studied them enough to know." And this has nothing to do with the fact that Mr. Hamerton did not go to Oxford or Cambridge; for neither did George Grote. But really, this book, so strong in its illustrations of the beauty of the intellectual life, is enough to prevent any one from entering on that phase of it which is concerned with language.

The case seems to be this: the author is far too fastidious. His "perfection" in linguistic knowledge must be far beyond that of many cultivated natives; and his "correctness" would involve a teasing,

belittling study of comparatively unimportant points; exactly the sort of study suited to Latin and Greek, when the life and soul of the nations spoke through the enclitics and the subjunctives, but, as it seems to us, otherwise in languages constructed on synthetic principles, like those of Western Europe to-day. But apart from his setting his standard too high it seems—and yet it is incredible in a man of such intellectual vigor—that he has not caught the notion of what is called the genius of another tongue; how, after a certain amount of grammatical study, and practice with books and pen, the mind seems to leap all at once to a grand induction, from which the language as a whole, except in a few queer idioms, follows by an almost mathematical sequence. We can appeal confidently to the experience of many a student at college, who after months, possibly years, of befogged drudgery, suddenly "had Greek come to him," and felt that he was possessed thenceforth of an unsurpassed intellectual treasure.

On the subject of the cultivation of the female intellect, our author is well worth studying. His dedication alone indicates his respect and regard for the mind of women; but in his excellent Part VII., he does not hesitate to draw, with a firm hand, what he conceives to be the dividing lines of the masculine and feminine intellects. We specially commend to those who desire to cultivate the minds of both sexes by the same processes, certain remarks on pages 244 and 245, about the absence of *intellectual initiative* and of *scientific curiosity* in most women as distinguished from most men. Is he not right in asserting that most women, no matter how generously educated and warmly encouraged, stay where their teachers leave them, repeating, but not extending their information; and that they rarely care to know the insides of things, or to ask the reason why?

A single point more must suffice. In the earlier part of his book, the author dwells on the importance of freedom from party spirit in the intellectual life, the perfect willingness to accept truth whatever it may be, and the aversion he feels, and thinks all men should feel, to the position of an *advocate* of any view. This is a very common tone among the cultivated men in England now, and we think much to be regretted. Their doctrine appears to be that the

student should go on indefinitely pursuing truth, accepting nothing as not possibly to be changed to-morrow, and as indifferent to what becomes of his views; that all advocacy implies enmity to a possible change, and an attempt to check free discussion and investigation. Of course this theory is entirely inconsistent with anything like first principles of truth, to which touchstone all observation can be brought, and which, once recognized, are incapable of change. But without going so deep into the nature of things, Mr. Hamerton's own theory of higher and lower objects of thought involves a belief in the repulsive and the attractive, the injurious and the beneficial, the corrupting and the depressing. The lover of the intellectual life will come sooner or later upon painful truths, humiliating truths, blasting truths; these it is his duty by vigorous and persuasive advocacy to—not deny, not seek to ignore, but—combat, sap, kill, and to enlist all men in the same work. There are truths in the world of which men ought to be ashamed, and these the lover of higher thoughts should present in something other than a cold moonlight.

But the best commentary on all this doctrine of a judicial or rather indifferent temper about questions is found on pages 326–328, where, discussing “solitude,” he bursts at last into one grand, truly oratoric sentence, nobly and *rightfully* disdaining, in the interests of real truth, all pretence of that silly impartiality which affects to see two sides when there is but one.

In conclusion, we wish Mr. Hamerton might be induced to pass some months—years would be better—in America, and write a few chapters on the peculiar hindrances and opportunities of the intellectual life here. His frequent and cordial tributes to our honored and lost Greenough show that he is entirely prepared to appreciate our efforts for culture.

—American readers will perhaps be able to judge how far they would be edified by Dr. Engländer's *Abolition of the State* from a few extracts, the italics being our own. “I am not free so long as I accept the standard of my rights and of my duties from any other, even if the other one should call himself the majority of society” (p. 35). “Laws should only be binding on that party or fraction of a party which specially acknowledged them” (p. 37). “Every class hopes that when the war is over the law will remain with it. . . . Only a small knot of our

governable men desires that in the universal struggle for the post of law-giver, *the law itself may be broken up*, and that people may no more be made happy or be governed by act of Parliament, . . . and that with the abolition of written laws *authority itself may cease to exist*, and mankind awake to self-consciousness and morality” (p. 46). “Must I, a single individual, by the foolish abstraction of popular sovereignty, be content with things which I regard as false, and which drive me back a century? May it not be allowed for a hundred individuals to band themselves together in unrestrained liberty, while another hundred continue under the old system of legal guardianship? Away with the notions of universality! We will not be citizens. We will all be sovereigns” (p. 47); and so on through nearly two hundred pages of obscure and tedious narrative and declamation.

It is a French way of talking which is almost incomprehensible to English or American common-sense, that the “State” is an entity existing outside of the “People,” and tyrannizing over the latter for its own advantage; whereas the most fundamental of all political conceptions surely is, that the People *is* the State, the last being but the external form of the mysterious life which moves through the first. One cannot but pity the radical school of French political thinkers, for they seem forever trying to solve the problem of how to get humanity outside of itself so that it may begin all over again. Hence “revolution” is the principal word in their vocabulary of progress. It does not appear to contain those of “regeneration,” “reformation,” “amelioration”; and that a people must be changed in heart and life before its forms of government can radically alter, has never occurred to them.

Proudhon is the inspired prophet of Dr. Engländer, and his theory was that “property is robbery,” and that all government is a violation of the natural rights of adult manhood. If the “State” could only be abolished long enough for the “People” to get used to doing without it, he thought that everything would arrange to get itself done by contract merely. Meantime, while waiting for this happy crisis, and as a preparation for it, he proposes that the “People” should organize a Federal Republic, and that they should elect not only their legislators, but all their pastors, judges, generals, teachers, and revenue officers, and that “the heads of these various administra-

tions" should be placed together to fulfil the double function of a Council of State and of the Executive Power. In particular, after the legislators had passed a law, it must be referred back to the whole people to be voted upon by them; and from the rest of the book, we infer that Proudhon would have only those who voted for it obey it.

There can be no doubt that human affairs will ameliorate and the exactions of government grow lighter in proportion as morals grow purer and sentiment kinder. But these things will hardly be through the teachings of Proudhon and his followers. The dismal fruit of the seed they sow is rather to be found in the acts of senseless violence which characterized the Paris Commune; for that experiment was an actual result of the principles of those who, like the author of this little work, advocate what is called "Direct Government," and who glory in the name of "Anarchists."

FRENCH AND GERMAN.*

In his book *De la Corruption Littéraire en France*, M. Potvin takes up a fruitful subject, and one which perhaps goes beyond any one man's strength to solve. What he finds fault with is the immorality of most French novels and modern plays; and his book is a seasonable and sharp-tongued attack on their lack of principle, which is so strongly marked that the appellation "Frenchy" is the summing up of serious blame of some production which it would be euphemistic to call frivolous. That he has plenty of material to base his denunciation on is, of course, plain enough; but that his book will be of much service to the cause of propriety we cannot help doubting. It is a peculiarity of the French mind first to settle all complicated questions on paper; and that being done, it seems to be imagined that all is done, and that we have no further call for uneasiness. Among English-speaking people matters are settled in that abstract way only by debating societies, which seldom discuss questions that have arisen during the last century; we prefer to deal with each case as it comes up, with an eye to its own

merits, and with but little regard to the broad question involved. This is a hasty generalization after the manner of the Gaul whom we are now deriding, but it expresses an opinion which more or less clearly defines a great difference between the French and ourselves. In France such books as M. Potvin finds fault with are tolerated, and then the question whether they should be tolerated comes up; if by a *plébiscite* to-morrow the whole French nation should declare their aversion to them with their usual unanimity when an appeal is made to universal suffrage, as they would still go on reading and writing them, their votes would go for little. With us such books are denounced as they appear, and the main question is left in abeyance.

M. Potvin regards this fault as a sign of literary decay; but if so, French literature has always been decayed, and English literature often. Our literature has recovered from its paroxysms of degradation; but in France there has been no such change. The French good book is seldom more than dull, — of course, here we only refer to novels and plays, and that too with knowledge of certain exceptions, — and such one-sidedness is all that is needed for making out a just accusation of inferiority. Against so sweeping a judgment the names of half a dozen writers could be mentioned which stand and always will stand pre-eminent in the roll of literature; they are faulty, but they are really great. Such are Balzac, George Sand, and Alfred de Musset, to mention but a few of the best known. But leaving out of the question those who are great in spite of their faults, we are here more especially concerned with those who are notorious on account of their faults. Before following M. Potvin through his book, we should like to call attention to one peculiarity which seems to escape the eyes of the French, and that is the frightful snobbishness of nearly all of their writers of fiction. In their minds Paris is more than human; no American who has been received at a foreign court feels half the self-complacency that fills the Frenchman's heart when he puts his dainty foot on Parisian asphalt. So much is Paris to France, that their devotion to the city serves Frenchmen for patriotism. Their pride in it, their contempt for the rest of the world, their unflinching belief in it, their joy in all its habits and ways, their ignorance of everything else, claim univer-

* All books mentioned under this head are to be had at Schönhof and Müller's, 40 Winter Street, Boston, Mass.

De la Corruption Littéraire en France. Étude de Littérature comparée sur les lois morales de l'art. Par CH. POTVIN. Bruxelles, Leipzig, and Paris. 1873.

sal admiration so loudly that the foreigner bows his head in deep humility and acknowledges its supremacy. In their novels and plays the French exhibit this quality to the utmost; they treat of purple and fine linen, and titled men and beautiful women, and mock sentiment with artificial rhetoric, and such unbounded self-confidence, that nonsense, which, seen without that glamour, would only excite laughter, is read with credulous calmness as if all the rest of us, English, Germans, and Americans, were rude barbarians. It would seem as if admiration were to be had, not for the asking, but for the taking.

M. Potvin in beginning shows that the accusation against the immorality of the French lighter literature is one that is by no means new, nor one that is wholly due to outside influences. On the contrary, the Academy, the magistrates, the critical press, even novels and plays themselves, have had their say against it. M. de Montalembert, Victor Hugo, have been charged with it as well as Feydeau and Dumas *fils*; Proudhon and M. Louis Veuillot have both been most earnest in their denunciations of it. Our author draws a sorry picture, but a true one, of the condition of modern French literature. His own words hardly touch the root of the evil, which is a natural fondness of man for forbidden things; with the French this inclination is buried within a cloud of pseudo-philosophy. All sorts of foulness are pandered to under the pretence of devotion to art, and where the line is to be drawn no one can say; it varies with custom, the susceptibility of the readers, their greater or smaller faith in it, and a thousand other things. But there is no need of wandering from the point to settle so abstract a question; we are all more specially concerned with those books about which there is no room for doubt. M. Potvin compares the lofty morality of other writers, such as Homer, Shakespeare, Schiller, and Molière, with the laudations of breaking most of the laws of the decalogue which are so prominent in French literature. He quotes from George Sand's earlier works as well as from other writers, enough to acquit them from the charge of being allies of society. On M. Dumas *fils*, who has brought to the study of certain sides of Parisian life great cleverness and an exceedingly ingenious and artificial system of immortality, he is especially and deservedly severe. This last-named writer,

who, wit and all, if he undertook to write in English would be in danger of the horse-pond, deserves as severe reprobation as any one; but in the way of ridicule for his narrow-mindedness, rather than in the form of reproachful condemnation, which is but the advertisement of his meretricious wares.

But M. Potvin hits very much in the dark when he seeks the causes of this degeneracy. He ascribes it to artistic and literary liberty, and also, singularly enough, to the fact that French writers are too familiar with Shakespeare. He says with rigid obedience to the maxim, *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, "It was perhaps an error to try to introduce this romanticism into France, as had just been done in Germany. Great as he is, Shakespeare's genius is not French enough to take root in France and bring forth healthy fruit. Was it not enough for French genius to produce Molière and Corneille? One would have had to be master of his art, and especially of its moral conditions, to break with the old traditions and create a new, unfamiliar art! Literary progress is never made, unless according to of the genius of a nation. Victor Hugo failed in that point as well as Goethe."

A more rational suggestion is that of the number of men living by their wits, each one of whom has to seek to outdo his neighbor. But that merely touches one point.

We may perhaps be excused for translating a few words of Ch. Renouvier, quoted by M. Potvin:—

"Why is it that the power of reasoning is so weak in this great man (Victor Hugo), that all the writers of our time have so failed when those of earlier periods have been so successful, and that they cannot justly be praised for accurate thinking, sound judgment, natural sentiments, correct imagery, nor for persistent, well-directed instruction, and that they have left unguided the popular thought, the minds of women and children? The admiration which Chateaubriand aroused at the beginning of the century has been used in behalf of retrograde ideas; what Lamartine won as a poet has hardly passed beyond a petty, worldly circle in which reign dull, affected emotions; what the young felt for Alfred de Musset did not tend to improve their morals; what we all feel for Victor Hugo, and which has become greater than ever since his muse has reached the lofty

heights of a broader view of humanity, is not of a sort to become general, to descend into the hearts of the people and act on the minds of ordinary intelligence, because this great dreamer lacks taste, moderation, and sometimes perception and judgment. Such are the harsh truths which we have to face concerning the path followed by the intellectual leaders of the age; and yet we say nothing of the long and brilliant series of novelists and play-writers who have contributed so much towards producing the anarchy of heart and head against which our struggle is so long and sad."

While we cannot commend M. Potvin's book as either a successful attack upon the evil it denounces, or by any means as a very thorough analysis of its causes, it will be found readable for the statement of the nature of the fault he would have removed. It will, at any rate, tend to show people of other nations how great is the evil towards which we are willing to look

with lenient eyes so long as it is our neighbors and not ourselves who are guilty of it, and so long as we can derive from it an amusement which is only occasional and so without harm. It will also serve to teach us that we need not relax our efforts to keep literature clean; the French writers do not monopolize all the wickedness in the world, and it will only be by persistent weeding that we shall be able to preserve what is now one of the greatest honors of English literature. Against it we shall always hear the cry of art for art's sake; but if we will only see to what that maxim may lead us, we may more cheerfully bow our heads to those narrow-minded conservatives who say that man is not all wickedness nor woman either. That plan of life which claims to be the most untrammelled is really most tightly bound by chains of its own forging to monotony of subject and variations of treatment which only degenerate from bad to worse.

MUSIC.

THE editorial leader—What are the Symphony Concerts for?—in a recent number of Dwight's Journal of Music throws open an interesting field for discussion on the subject of concert programmes.

Although the article in question has more direct reference to the ways and means of obtaining a series of ideally perfect orchestral concerts in Boston and to the insurmountable difficulties that stand in the way of the complete realization of this object, there is still enough of sound truth in it, applicable as well to all concerts with a serious artistic purpose, to make it worthy the careful attention of everyone interested in musical matters, and especially in the musical culture of our public. That the article is written from a conservative point of view, in so far that the production of any but tried and acknowledged master-works, and all exploring into what is new and not yet of recognized sterling value is strongly deprecated, must not blind those whose instincts are more progressive to the real merits of the writer's position. Mr. Dwight states at the

outset that he would have the concerts appeal to "a public who wish to be assured every season of some programmes of pure standard music, caring more for the chances of keeping alive their acquaintance with the great, unquestioned master-works, than for any novelty." Again he says, "Nor is it the especial province, nor in any sense the duty, of these concerts to introduce the new composers, and cater largely to the passion or the curiosity for novelty. These things they can safely leave to others. They undertake to fill a certain place. Professedly they are, and strive in the best sense to be, classical concerts; their chief aim is to keep the standard master-works from falling into disregard; to make Bach and Handel, Haydn and Mozart and Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, and others worthy of such high companionship, continually felt as living presences and blessed influences among us. Yet they would not be 'classical' in any bigoted or narrow sense. *Good music* is the one thing sought; when aught presents itself with a convincing proof that it is worthy, it will not be

rejected." This sounds well, and would be entirely well, were circumstances different. We do not think that the introducing of new composers can as yet be safely left to others, and it can hardly be doubted that the hearing of their works is now almost an artistic necessity with many of us, especially the younger ones. Not from any Athenian craving after mere novelty as such, not from mere curiosity, but from a need to imbue ourselves thoroughly with the musical spirit of our own time, do we feel impelled to listen to Wagner, Berlioz, Liszt, Gounod, and others. And here let no one for an instant think that we believe that Bach, Handel, Mozart, or Beethoven have had their day, or that their music is any less fresh and vigorous now, or, humanly speaking, ever will be, than it was in their own time. If ever human works were immortal, theirs are; they belong to no particular age and fashion, but to all ages, and can outlive all fashions. We cannot hear them too much. But yet, with all this, we at times feel a craving after music that belongs distinctly and perhaps exclusively to the time we now live in, for, as George Eliot says, "None but the ancients can be always classical." There are a goodly number of composers to-day, of greater or less genius, writing music in as grim earnest, and with as much artistic singleness of purpose, as any man who ever put pen to paper. If there be, perchance, among them some man, the anointed of divine genius, who has laid the foundations of immortality, and is successfully building the ladder by which he is to climb to that high place where he can meet the Beethovens, the Michelagnolos, the Dantes, and Shakespeares on equal footing, all the better. But that is not our affair, as indeed we can now know nothing of it; but say that his works are only of the transitory sort, and will not bear the wear of ages, — does that prove that there is no good and elevating thing in them? and because they are not fitted for eternity, shall we say that they are not fitted for the uses of the present? If they are immortal, then small is the need of hurrying them into public notice; if they are perishable, then let us, in heaven's name, take them while they are fresh, and before they have staled with age, — always premising that there really is good in them; and few will be inclined to deny the existence of much good of the really sound sort in the works of men like Gade, Raff, Brahms, Svendsen, and some others. Of

these composers Gade, it is true, has had his full share of recognition in our Symphony Concerts (his music came to us, indeed, with the quasi indorsement of Felix Mendelssohn), and Raff's name has figured once or twice on the programmes; but of Brahms, Max Bruch, Svendsen, the Frenchmen Gounod and Massenet, and some of the young English composers, we have yet to hear the first note; while the performance, a year or two ago, of Bargiel's *Medea* Overture only made us wish for more. Of other modern composers of a more distinctly *Zukunft* type, such as Wagner, Liszt, and Berlioz, we have indeed had some specimens (with the exception of Berlioz, who, of the three, has, perhaps, the best right to find a place in a symphony programme), for which let us be thankful. We have said that the introduction of the modern composers cannot, in our opinion, be safely left to others, because we do not see where and who the others are that shall present their works in a satisfying manner and in congenial surroundings. With the manner in which their works are performed by, say Mr. Thomas's orchestra, we have no fault to find, but we have yet to see a programme of Mr. Thomas's that bears the stamp of any artistic *raison d'être* whatever. His chief object seems to be to present as many novelties as possible. We find Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz, Volkmann, Hornemann, and others thrown together pell-mell into a programme, with perhaps a movement from a Beethoven symphony, a Strauss waltz, a Meyerbeer march, and some Franz or Mozart songs, and a harp solo by Godefröid. The mere recollection of it makes us groan. What would be said of a programme composed of an unheard Beethoven overture, a set of dances (new) by Schubert, a Bach suite (performed for the first time), a Handel organ concerto with which the audience were wholly unacquainted, some songs from an entirely unfamiliar opera of Mozart, say the *Oca del Cuero*, or the *Schauspieldirector*, and the *Allegretto* from the Eighth Symphony? Somnolence or headache can be the only results in either case. No, we are far from wishing to hear the modern music as a novelty, but *as music*, in a programme constructed upon some really artistic principle. One or, at most, two new things are enough for one concert. And when we do have a new thing performed, let us have it repeated once or twice during the winter, that we

may really get acquainted with it. One hearing of a work is nothing. Ask any number of musical people what their impression was on first hearing the Seventh Symphony, and we think that nine out of ten will say that they could make very little out of it. Keeping up the interest, or creating new interest, in the greatest classic music is a noble ambition for any musical association; and all other ends and objects that cannot be made to go hand in hand with it should give way to it, as of prime importance. But the programme committee of the Harvard Musical Association should bear in mind that their concerts are virtually the only source to which we can as yet look for the performance of orchestral works on a large scale under fitting and congenial conditions, and that to enlarge their repertory a little, so as to include the works of contemporary composers, would in no wise detract from the purity or artistic symmetry of their programmes, while it would supply a want that Boston has long felt.

Again, Mr. Dwight says: "It is a mistake to suppose that these concerts are for the purpose of bringing famous virtuosos, vocal or instrumental, before the public. . . . A Symphony Concert in which a Nilsson should be announced to sing, or a Rubinstein to play, were it but a single piece, becomes at once a Rubinstein or Nilsson concert, draws another audience, with another motive; Beethoven and Mozart lose the place of honor; it is a Symphony Concert no longer. . . . Now these concerts seek, as the first end and aim, to make the master compositions. . . . paramount in interest, so that the music shall be of more consequence than the interpreter, the poem than the reader. Solo performances, of course, fall properly within their scope. But when they are introduced it is always for one or the other of two reasons, or for both: first, because certain important compositions exist in the concerto form, with orchestral accompaniment, which ought to get a hearing, and which otherwise would seldom or never get it, in which case the composition, for its own sake, is inserted in the programme, if there chance to be at hand an artist who, even if not famous, can perform it with a fair degree of skill and in a true artistic style and spirit; . . . secondly, solos are brought in to give variety and elasticity to programmes which otherwise might challenge a too close continuous attention." We quote this because

it is in every way so excellent, and is so complete an answer to all those who, carried away by the first enthusiasm for the superb technique of Mr. Thomas's orchestra and the brilliant virtuosity of Miss Mehlig and Miss Krebs, have since then taken every occasion to pooh-pooh the Harvard Musical Concerts as slow and poor in the matter of technical efficiency. But we should nevertheless bear in mind a fact regarding concertos (and one which some of our resident soloists themselves seem at times too prone to forget), namely, that one of the prime objects of a concerto is and ever has been just to show off individual virtuosity and highly developed technique. Take the element of bravura out of a concerto, and you at once take away half its vitality. We are most of us inclined to take concertos, especially the older ones, much too religiously. Because the quondam brilliant runs and bravura passages in the old Mozart concertos, for instance, strike us now as technically mere child's play, we must not forget that they once excited the greatest astonishment, and that they were probably played by their composer with all the fire and brilliancy that we see and wonder at now in Rubinstein's or Von Bülow's playing of some of their own hand-racking cadenzas. The old composers did not, certainly, indulge in any very outrageous flights of bravura by our present standard, but they put into their concertos the most brilliant and astonishing things they knew how, and we of the present day should play them in as much of the spirit they were written in as we can. We are far too prone nowadays to treat everything that came from the pen of a classic genius with oppressive and indiscriminating solemnity. We sing Handel's long roulades, for instance, as if some deeply poetical, and usually rather sad, meaning were attached to every note. Does any one suppose that Handel jotted down all those long flourishes of "linked sweetness long drawn out" only in obedience to the promptings of his own mighty genius? Not a bit of it! Handel was one of the run-after opera composers of his day, and was straining every nerve to outwrite Buononcini, who happened just then to be a thought more run after than he; and he well knew that the public liked roulades, and that, if he did not put plentiful flourishes into his songs, there was not a singer in London who would think it worth his while to sing them. The only difference

between him and the *mere* effect-composers was that *he* wrote *good* ones. Just so with Mozart! During his whole life in Vienna he was keeping up a brisk rivalry with Clementi and the Abbé Vogler as a pianist and doing his best to outplay them. Look at the first page or two of Beethoven's great E♭ Concerto, the "Emperor," and see if all that running from one end of the keyboard to the other does not mean technical display and virtuosity. Look at all the runs and flourishes in the G-major Concerto, that exquisite poem in tones that some of us can hardly mention except in a whisper of reverential awe, and see if even they do not come to much the same thing. That there is in them something much higher and nobler than mere virtuosity and bravura is most true, or else any Herz or Litolff concerto would be as fine as they; but the virtuosity and bravura are distinctly there for all that.

— Talking of pianists and piano-forte virtuosity brings us insensibly to a subject of rather vital, if unpoetical, importance to one part of the musical education of our country, namely, that of piano-stools. Now that many of our prominent physicians and surgeons are laying weak spines, abdominal tumors, contracted chests, and all sorts of anatomical irregularities to the charge of piano-forte practising, it seems high time that as much as possible should be done to prevent these abnormal outgrowths of music. We ourselves have had considerable experience with piano-stools of various descriptions, and must confess to never yet having seen a really good one. Of all the various kinds, the old-fashioned stool that screws up and down is the most abominable. Let anybody try to sit down and rest on one for half an hour, and he will begin to appreciate what a seat he has been practising on, sometimes for perhaps three hours on a stretch. In piano-forte playing worthy of the name the arms from the shoulder down must have perfect freedom, and must in no wise be called into requisition to balance the body. If the seat is continually turning, even in the slightest degree, from side to side (and with what wabbling motion, if the stool is at all old, pianists know too well), the body as continually tends to be thrown out of balance by any at all violent side motion of the arms; and as the player has absolutely no firm support, he must keep his balance by bending, and twisting his spine from side to side. Add to this

that the pedal of a *square* piano-forte (when will that insane instrument, whose only proper place is in a museum of antiquities, at last fall into disuse and give way to the rational upright?), at which full nineteen twentieths of all practising is done nowadays, is a good long foot *to the right* of the middle of the keyboard, opposite which the player sits, and we see under what hygienic conditions practising is usually done. The solid four-legged stool is much better, but not so good as a chair of the proper height. The old idea that a piano-stool should not have a back may be regarded as pretty well exploded. To have a support to the back while playing quiet passages is a great and entirely innocent comfort. But if the player sits back in his chair so that the front of the seat comes forward to the inside of his knee-joint, he has only the weight of that part of his leg *below* the knee to act as ballast to his whole body. He should sit as near the edge of his chair as is consistent with having a firm seat, and then, with his heels firmly planted on the floor, the weight of his legs will easily and naturally counterbalance any horizontal or vertical motion of his arms, however violent, and his arms will be at perfect liberty. Now to bring the back of the chair up to the body, the seat should not be more than nine or ten inches deep for an average man. The seat itself should be as cool as possible. Cane-bottom is the best, *with the rough side of the cane turned uppermost*, as less slippery than the polished side. The legs of the chair should flare considerably, so that there shall be no possibility of tipping over, or resting on two legs. That the chair should be perfectly firm in every way, and that nobody should be allowed, even for ten minutes, to practise on a rickety chair, is a matter of course.

— Before closing we must say a few words about M. Frédéric Boskowitz, the young Hungarian pianist, who has lately come to Boston. Judging from the little that we have heard of his playing, and that too in a most unfavorable hall, we should hail him as a most valuable and solid addition to our already brilliant array of resident pianists. In a pupil of Liszt, great executive ability and dashing *verve* in playing is never surprising; and in this respect M. Boskowitz more than satisfies all expectations we may have been led to form of him. His playing also shows that exquisite delicacy that can only come from great

strength. In the light and graceful as well as the strong and fiery phases of piano-forte playing he is alike excellent. Of his playing of the more thoughtful or deeply passionate piano-forte compositions we can hardly judge as yet, although his really superb rendering of Sebastian Bach's great

Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue points to his being in no degree wanting in the higher kind of musical sentiment and understanding. We hope that we shall all have the privilege this winter of hearing him under the best conditions that our city can afford.

SCIENCE.

IF we return again so soon to the Spontaneous Generation controversy, it is for several good reasons. First, the theoretical importance of the question is immense. Second, from the monotony of the experiments, almost all of them being concerned with flasks and degrees of the thermometer, we know by trial how hard it is to keep a distinct "tally" in one's head of the number of points each side has recorded in its favor, and how useful a clear summary from time to time may be. And, third, the subject is in so rapid a state of development, that every few months enables one to shape a few more questions, if not conclusions. And in science a well-put question may be as useful as a conclusion.

Referring our readers back to the Atlantic for January and May of this year for an account of the question prior to, and at the publication of, Dr. Bastian's book, we will only say that at its appearance it was pretty roughly handled by many critics. From the first, Dr. Bastian's career has been unusually marked in this way. Not only has the Huxleyan hoof left its print upon him, but biologists of a lesser growth have taken pains to treat him with personal contempt. It may be that his early work deserved this, and left a presumption that all he might do would prove to be but rough experiment and rash conclusion. Certainly the brunt of the criticisms was that Dr. Bastian could not be depended on for his facts. Professor Huxley said he should as soon believe a geranium or a gold snuff-box to be generated in an infusion flask as some of the things Dr. Bastian said he had found there. In short, when he said that flasks of turnip infusion, sealed while boiling so that the fluid remained *in vacuo*, were productive of bac-

teria, every one denied the fact of production, and not the probability of the boiling heat having destroyed all the germs that may have pre-existed in the flask. *They*, hardly any one doubted, died far below 100° C. But when Dr. Bardon-Sanderson, whose authority as an experimenter no one seems to doubt, came out in the journal *Nature* with a communication corroborating in every point what Dr. Bastian had advanced regarding the behavior of turnip infusions, the tactics of the panspermatists had to change. And the vital question now is one that was formerly supposed settled, namely, To how high a temperature may organic germs be exposed, and yet remain capable of propagation? Whether the theory which Dr. Bastian upholds prove true or false ultimately, it is now certain that he will remain in possession of a most honorable reputation as a persevering, profound, and, in all that regards bacteria at any rate, accurate investigator.

The ultimate decision of the question will, we think, depend on a balance of probabilities. The germs whose existence is to be decided are confessedly invisible by the highest microscopic powers, and any *direct* assurance that they are excluded or not, or killed or not, is impossible. A crucial test experiment seems also impossible to contrive. And we shall have to look about therefore for as extensive a mass of facts as possible, and see which theory, that of germs or that of spontaneous molecular reconstruction, is, on the whole, the simplest and easiest "fit" for them all. Pasteur, taking a single series of data, arranges them so as triumphantly to point to a conclusion in favor of the germs; Bastian is now able to arrange another set so as to point almost as persuasively to evolution. But neither Pasteur's nor Bastian's series

leaves an opposite explanation *impossible*. To take a few examples, Huizinga (in *Nature*, May, 29, 1873) thinks he has proved the genesis of bacteria without germs in this way: he takes three fluids, composed respectively of a solution of certain salts and peptone, of the same with the addition of glucose, and of the salts, glucose, and urea. Each solution is an excellent *nidus* for bacteria (i. e. it will swarm with the creatures if a drop of fluid containing them be sown in it), but if three sets of flasks are filled, each set with one of the solutions, boiled ten minutes and closed while boiling with a hot tile cemented by asphalt to the rim of the flask, so that the air which enters as the flask cools may be strained of its dust and germs by the porous clay, all containing the second-named fluid will be fertile, while all of the two other sets remain barren. The barrenness of the two other fluids proves, this author thinks, that the boiling heat destroyed all germs within the flask, whilst the tile excluded all new-comers from without. If germs had survived the heat and filtration, they would infallibly have developed in these two *niduses*. *Ergo* in the other flasks which were fertile there could have been no germs, for they were subjected to identical physical conditions; and their fertility was then independent of germs. But this reasoning wholly ignores the *possibility* that germs in one fluid may survive a degree of heat which in another would be fatal to them. Their vital resistance may be not simply a resistance to thermal, but to thermo-chemical death. And the second fluid, being differently composed from the two others, *may* have let them live for ten minutes even at a boiling heat, so as at last to make it fertile. Or, another possibility still, there may be two kinds of germs present, one most apt for propagation in the second fluid, and capable of resistance to ten minutes' boiling; and this may have survived also in the barren fluids, but not developed there, owing to their uncongeniality; whilst the germs to which they were congenial could not survive the boiling. Either of these *possibilities* leaves open a door of escape from spontaneous generation. Whether we shall take it depends on their being made, by other evidence, *probabilities*.

Here is another recent experiment by Dr. Bardon-Sanderson, which he thinks tells against archebiosis: he finds that a turnip and cheese solution which was fer-

tile after exposure to 100° Centigrade was barren if the temperature was carried one or two degrees higher. He supposes that the slight additional rise of heat might easily have made the difference between life and death to germs, but may less easily be supposed to have altered the molecular constitution of the fluid so as to turn it unfit for taking on those molecular reconstructions that archebiosis implies, while it was fit a moment before. Nevertheless, the latter alternative is *possible*, and we may adopt it if we can make it on other grounds seem *probable*. And the same balance of probabilities comes in when Dr. Bardon-Sanderson then inoculates the barren fluid with a drop of distilled water and soon finds it teeming with bacteria. Which is *likeliest*, that the drop contained germs, or that it modified favorably the molecular state of the liquid? Of course, the former supposition.

Thus nowhere, the reader sees, is there a truly crucial test of the two explanations. Every experiment appeals to alternate possibilities, and the aim of experimenters now should be to multiply facts to give to one or the other of these a clear balance of probability. Whichever gets this, be it panspermism or evolution, will no doubt be adopted as truth. Often an experiment will seem to strengthen both sides. Thus, — to take a recent very beautiful one by Chauveau, — rams in France it appears are sometimes converted into wethers without rupturing the skin by twisting the spermatic cord. This occludes the artery, and if the animal is healthy, the part cut off from blood undergoes fatty degeneration, without inflammation or gangrene. But when Chauveau injected a putrid fluid full of vibrios into the ram's blood long enough before the operation for the animalcules to reach every organ, and then twisted the artery, the gland putrefied. He then filtered carefully some of the fluid and injected into another animal the liquid alone without the vibrios. In this case the gangrene did not take place. This proves, he thinks, the absolute dependence of putrefactive changes on a supply of animalcules from without, and is certainly very brilliant as far as the particular case goes. But Bastian can say, Let us distinguish! *This* gland, I admit, under *these* circumstances, cannot engender animalcules of itself. But you have no right to make the case universal. And your result seems to prove, moreover, that vibrios have no germs. No filter

can hold back germs of the minuteness which panspermism postulates. If there had been any in your case they would have passed through with the liquid and inoculated the testicle, which, the first experiment shows, was inoculable. I have a right therefore to appeal to this experiment as disproving the existence of those invisible bacterium and vibrios germs which no one can directly observe, but which you erect as a dogma.

And so the matter hangs while observations are multiplying. The day is past when the behavior of one or two fluids could be taken as types by which the general problem might be settled. Hundreds of fluids will become alike good niduses, yet they differ enormously in the influence which physical circumstances have upon their productivity. Degree of heat, length of exposure, pressure, presence or absence of air, specific gravity, warmth of incubation, are all factors of fatal or vital moment, but to no two fluids in just the same way. This diversity is accounted for by the panspermists by the supposition of a corresponding number of germ species, each with its peculiar physiologic idiosyncrasy. Thus, if 60° C. renders saline solutions barren, though they be open to the air, while Professor Wyman once found a mutton-juice flask fertile after 152° C., we may suppose a peculiar salamandroid mutton-juice germ to exist everywhere, but to find in a saline solution no fit nidus; while we must suppose that the germs which saline solutions suit are both killed by a heat of 60° in such fluids, and are not carried about alive by dry air.

Bastian ingeniously explains the different effects of different fluids under the same circumstances, and vice versa, by supposing the power to produce an organism by archebiosis to be only an intensification of the power to make a germ hatch or to nourish an adult. And he divides all substances into three classes, corresponding to as many degrees of this fertility or fermentability. In the first and highest class (of which a turnip infusion, neutralized and containing a speck of cheese is the best known type) the power is absolute and the liquid is fertile of itself. In the second degree we find a stimulus from without needed. But that of a dead ferment will do, any speck of dead organic matter such as the air is filled with may start the molecular reconstruction by its own "motor-decay," as in Liebig's theory of catalysis.

A great many infusions and liquids are contained in this class, all in fact which will not keep *in the air* after exposure to a higher temperature than 60° C., which is supposed fatal to germs. The success of Pasteur's whole set of experiments (straining air through cotton or flexed tubes, taking it from mountain-tops and vaults, or calcining it) is explained by the exclusion of this indifferent organic *dust*, not germs as Pasteur thought. Substances of the third or lowest degree of fermentability need actual inoculation with infusoria before they can produce. Such are saline fluids as regards bacterium production. The surrounding conditions may make a given fluid pass from one class into the other. Thus in tight-stopped bottles which they fill, simple turnip infusions are of the third degree; in flasks communicating with the air by a tube bent many times, of the second; while *in vacuo* they are of the first.

Now here again the issue is one between probabilities. And at the first glance both Dr. Bastian's theory and that of an immense germ fauna or rather flora struggling for existence* lie open to rather similar objections. The fact for both theories to explain is the same, namely, that the difference between barrenness and fertility in a liquid depends on very minute physical and chemical circumstances. The theories differ in their definition of *what* it is in the fluid upon which these varying circumstances bear, and bearing make or mar the result. Pasteur & Co. call it germs and their viability. Bastian calls it determinate possibilities of molecular re-groupment. Now Bastian may say to the friend of germs, "What you postulate in each particular explanation is at variance with what we see in the general total of cases. You require an exact fit between germ, moment, and nidus before evolution can take place. Yet we find everywhere, when we intentionally inoculate with infusoria, that they are not so squeamish, but almost indifferent about their habitat; that is, *any* nidus may be fertilized at *any* moment by a drop from almost* any source." Whilst the friend of germs can retort, "So does the general look of facts contradict your theory of the necessity of a sharply defined adjustment of the molecular state. How can the exact

* Any experiment showing an inhibitive effect of infusoria upon each other's growth when sown together in a nidus would be important in establishing this struggle of life conception of their status.

† "Almost": see Lister's observation, farther on.

state desiderated be present alike in all the infinite variety of fluids which may be niduses, — fluids differing from each other as much as ammoniacal solution and beef-juice, — and yet be made to abort in a given fluid by so slight a change as five minutes more of heating, or a degree of rise in the thermometer, or a few shades more of density or pressure?"

Appeals again to probability! The panspermist may defend himself by saying that germs do not behave as adult infusoria. "These latter are what you sow, and to these the nidus is to a certain extent indifferent. But their *germs* need an exactly propitious soil; as a chicken can live and a hen lay under circumstances in which no egg will hatch." And the evolutionist may quote Huxting (Pflüger's Archiv. June, 1873): "Time may show that the characteristic properties of protoplasm flow rather from its physical molecular structure than its chemical composition, and that the latter may within certain limits vary"; and go on to say, "Fluids of very different chemical composition may offer this structure at certain moments of their existence, but not at others, and so the production of life depend more on the moment being realized than on the fluid which shall realize it." *

But a truce to explanations and counter-explanations! When we get enough data, the more probable hypothesis will readily enough appear. And we have left ourselves no space for telling what some of the most important recent achievements in the way of data are. We may say however that one fact is now pretty clearly established: the air is a less sure ally to panspermism than was supposed. Exposure to air is not necessarily fatal to the purity of a nidus. Saline niduses may be left open almost *ad libitum* after heating above 60°. And Lister found that he could cover and uncover a variety of organic fluids for a few seconds, and even transfer portions from one vessel to another, without the air inoculating them as much as twice in sixty times. This disarms to some degree the reproach of having failed thoroughly to exclude air germs, which has so

* So that the dead organic dust particles which Bastian says his second class of fermentables require as a stimulus may while in that state start a process which would be beyond their power if previously dissolved and heated in the fluid.

often been thrown at successfully fertile flask experiments. Lister himself makes this reproach as regards the fermentation of milk, which many investigators, including Pasteur, found fertile after boiling; milking a cow with carbolized fingers, from a carbolized udder, into a superheated glass which had been allowed to cool under certain precautions, he found that once out of eleven times it kept unaltered, though unboiled for six months. And this once, he says, suffices to prove the inalterability of milk *per se*. (Nature, July 10 and 17, 1873.) Boiled milk he easily kept unaltered, and so did Roberts. (Ibid., February 20, 1873.) This contradiction only shows that we need more observations on milk; Lister's interpretation of his result seems inadmissible, for his bold indifference to atmospheric contamination in one half of his experiment renders nugatory his extra-scrupulousness in the other half. Bastian reports cases of flasks containing turnip juice and urine into which cold air had been allowed to penetrate, but which remained barren.

Lister also found that bacteria which appeared in milk refused to grow when transplanted into egg-water and urine. This is very important if true; for it will show real idiosyncrasies among bacteria, and strengthen the hands of the germ theory very much, whilst the other observations of the same Lister reported in the same paper, showing how organisms have no intrinsically distinct tendency to development, but may change their forms when placed in different media, will reinforce Bastian's notions about heterogenesis, and have an opposite effect on the germ theory.

The putrefaction with vibrios, etc., of eggs within the shell has been a sort of stumbling-block to the germ theory. But lately Jayon (Comptes Rendus, 21 Juillet, 1873) reports that he has found animalcules in the oviduct of fowls; in which position there is no doubt they may be inclosed within the shell while it is forming, and afterwards multiply.

But we must close abruptly. If the reader will remember the principal sub-problems into which we have seen the total question resolve itself, he will, we are sure, find no difficulty in following and thoroughly understanding in their bearing the new observations of fact which every month will probably continue to bring forth in this most interesting field.

POLITICS.

IN the last number of the Atlantic we endeavored to explain what seemed to us to be the true cause of the panic, which had, when we wrote, hardly begun. In the events which have since occurred we have seen no reason to change our opinion, then expressed, that the distrust which caused the difficulty was at bottom a well-founded moral distrust. At the outbreak of the panic the country was in a very prosperous condition; crops were never larger, manufactures never more flourishing, and ordinary business never conducted on a sounder and more conservative footing. There was, however, one black spot on the horizon, which was not of sufficient size to attract the attention of the general public, but was already noticed and dreaded by those whose occupation always makes it necessary for them to keep a sharp lookout for disturbances in the financial atmosphere. That spot was the stock market. During the entire summer, and indeed for much longer, rumors had been spreading affecting the credit of railroad corporations throughout the country. Now that the storm has burst and swept over us it seems a trite thing to say that it was brought about by a panic in stocks. But, as we said last month, it certainly is an interesting thing to know why there should have been a panic in stocks, when there was no reason to anticipate a panic in anything else.

Stocks in theory and stocks in fact are two very different things. In theory the railroad stockholder is a capitalist who, having by some means or other — perhaps by an operation on the “street,” perhaps, but not probably, by honest industry — accumulated a considerable sum of money, goes to Washington, and by corrupt means secures, in combination with other capitalists, a large land-grant from Congress, then builds his road by means of selling his land, calculates how much the poor farmer ought to be made to pay for transportation, in order to render his stock profitable after it has been thoroughly watered, establishes rates of freight based on the result of this calculation, and then retires from business on the fruits of his fraud. If at any time he needs more money, he makes a new cal-

culation, waters his stock again, and again wrings from the poor farmer his hard-earned substance.

Railroad stocks in fact, however, as many people know to their cost from what has happened in the past few weeks, are quite a different thing. So far from its being true that the dividends they yield are certain and easily made, there is hardly in the world any security which is subject to so many risks of a kind so difficult to calculate. There are, it is true, a good many railroads in the older parts of the country the condition of which is thoroughly known and under management entirely trusted, which yield a certain income upon the capital invested in them; but the income is small, and it is not these roads which even in theory form and support the breed of railroad capitalists. It is the new roads built through the West, with land-grants, by means of bonds, as well as such old roads as find it necessary to extend their business in all directions by the purchase and lease of competing or connecting lines. And these are the roads of which we say that stock in many of them is, and will be for a long time, a dangerous investment; so dangerous that those who risk their money in the purchase of them are amply entitled to all the returns they ever can make.

It will probably be admitted, even by those who look with suspicion upon what they call capitalists, that an investment which leaves the investor without any means of ascertaining from month to month what income, if any, he will derive from his investment, is hardly to be considered absolutely safe: but this is the case with all that kind of stock of which we are now speaking. There is, in the first place, the land-grant. As one instance of the precarious and speculative nature of property of this sort, we may refer to the case of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which has one of the most enormous land-grants in the world. Stories have been set afloat damaging to the value of the land in the grant, but it seems unquestionable, from the report of Haas, recently published, that the grant in reality consists of good fertile land; but land may be the richest in the universe,

and if there are no people on it, it will be of no marketable value. This was the difficulty with the Northern Pacific, and has been the difficulty with many other roads. It is never possible to know in advance what will be the amount of so uncertain a thing as emigration; and emigration with a new railroad is the one thing which is absolutely necessary.

If we suppose, however, that by some species of prophetic insight the projectors of a new road are able to make reliable calculations as to the product of their land, there is still in the way, so far as all the stockholders not actually engaged in the management are concerned, the difficulty of understanding the actual financial condition of the road. This difficulty can hardly be over-estimated. Once a year, it is true, the directors make a report to the stockholders, and submit to them an account of the earnings and expenses; but the directors who submit it are the only men who know what it means. We are not speaking now of fraudulent management, like that of Fisk and Gould, but of an ordinarily honest management. It is of course easy enough to make out from the report of such a road what amount of stock and bonds have been issued, but to the stockholder who is not preternaturally acute of what use is this information? It is the amount of earnings, compared with the amount of expenses, which he ought to know; but the net earnings of a road, though they are put down in black and white, are still very likely to be matter of conjecture. What with the "construction account" and the "suspense account," the managers themselves are very often in doubt as to the true nature of large sums of money, and of course in doubtful cases it would be unreasonable to expect that managers should not have a very strong temptation to divide as earnings any sums which might even by strained construction come under that head, trusting to new loans to make any deficit good. The other day, at a meeting of the Erie stockholders in London, Mr. Peter H. Watson, president of the road, and a skilled railroad manager, made a statement which seemed to be considered satisfactory by those who were present, but which illustrated very well the impossibility of stockholders knowing anything more about the state of their property than their directors choose to tell them. He had been asked by a stockholder whether a balance appearing to be in favor of the

road "was available for division"; and he made the following lucid statement in reply: That when he became president of the company, the accounts were in confusion, and it had taken a long time to get them into any approximation to system; indeed, they were not yet entirely organized. Under the charter and laws, before a dividend could be paid on the common stock, the company must first pay seven per cent upon its preferred stock, if its earnings would permit; that if there were not earnings to that amount in the year, then the right to claim a dividend lapsed and was forever gone. The accounts were made up to the 30th of September, because the company was required to furnish a report specifying certain items to the State engineer, and the reports are made up to the 30th of September, and must be in the office by the following December. It was impossible to make up the report for 1872, the accounts were in such a disorderly state, and the engineer had kindly extended the time for sending in the report till February; as to the present account, the officers could only swear that it was correct "so far as they were able to state." When that report was made out for the engineer, there was a balance of \$280,000 standing to the credit of profit and loss, and on the 30th of June, to which date the accounts were as correct as possible, there was a balance of \$290,000; but until the account could be completely analyzed, no one could swear whether the balance was net earnings or balance of some other account. "He was, therefore satisfied that it would be safe for them to pay one per cent." There is no reason to doubt Mr. Watson's honesty, but there is no reason either to believe that anybody who was present at this meeting knew anything more about the condition of the road than he did before it was called. Here we find a company declaring dividends when they themselves, after careful investigation for a year or two, confess that they do not know in what condition their affairs are, and admit them to be unintelligible. The Erie Road is an exceptional case, it will be said, and this to a certain extent is true; but it is not an exceptional case that directors should be anxious to declare dividends at all hazards. Indeed, it is hardly worth while to cite examples. Every candid man who has looked into railroad accounts will be willing to admit, that as a guide for investors little or nothing can be made of them; while the tendency appar-

ent in the minds of many brokers engaged in selling and buying railroad securities, to consider the annual statements rather in the light of a joke than as anything else, is not reassuring.

The value of stocks, however, is affected by still other considerations. It is not merely that it is difficult to learn anything about the exact value of the land-grant or the exact condition of the finances from the annual reports (the right of the stockholder to "inspect the books" of the corporation long since became valueless and fell into disuse, for the same reason that railroad accounts became mysterious), but that stock in all railroads of importance is used for two different purposes, which gives it two different values, the precise relation between which, in ordinary times, no one knows. Railroad stock is, of all securities, the best to borrow money upon, on account of the ease with which it can be transferred and sold. For this reason it is that millions of stock in roads which are commonly spoken of as good roads for investment are in easy times pledged in Wall Street for millions of debts. This stock may be perfectly good, dividend-paying stock, the management may be honest, and the business of the road increasing, but nevertheless, if money becomes "tight," quantities of it are likely to be thrown upon the market by people who have been taking it as a collateral security. This creates an unnaturally large supply, and the price falls. There are really, for all the well-known stocks, two prices, one of which is determined by the actual earnings of the stock, and the other by the condition of the money market. This is what is meant by the phrase "shrinkage of values"; there is in such a panic as that of September 20th no shrinkage of real values at all. There was on the 20th of September just as much real value in any one of the stocks quoted on the stock exchange as there had been on the 1st; but the value which had been determined on the 1st, mainly by the dividends or supposed earnings of the stocks, was now determined by the enormous and unnatural supply produced by fear. It may be said, of course, that this fact, not diminishing the real value, therefore does not affect railroad stocks as an investment. But the manner in which it affects them is through the difficulty of finding out in any case how much of the quoted price is due to the condition of the money market, and how much to the present and prospective

earnings. Something is clearly due to both, but who shall say how much.

This difficulty does not yet exhaust the subject. The fundamental trouble (and, as we said last month, it was this fundamental trouble which caused the distrust that led to the panic of this autumn) is the enormous opportunities of dishonesty which the present system of railroad management offers. There is very little difference in this respect between a great modern railroad and certain modern political corporations, resting on the same fiction of universal democratic control, vested in a body which never exercises it. Both railroads and large cities like New York rest on universal suffrage, but railroad stockholders are to this degree in a worse condition than the inhabitants of such a city as New York, that they are scattered over the four quarters of the earth, have no acquaintance with each other, and no opportunity for concerted action. It will be remembered that during the Tweed rule in New York, the stockholders in that municipal corporation always voted regularly, or went through the form of voting, just as many stockholders of the Erie Railroad at that time may, for all we know, have been in the habit of sending their proxies to the annual meeting of that corporation for the purpose of keeping Fisk and Gould in office. There was very little difference between the *modus operandi* of the two cases. By shrewd manoeuvres, the purchase in the one case of votes, in the other of proxies, two or three men get control of a majority of the stock or the votes, and after that keep the control by new issues of stock or by fraudulent returns. In how many roads this has been done we do not know, but the facility with which it may be done is now pretty generally understood.

It was becoming a matter of private inquiry and speculation just before the panic. We cannot, for obvious reasons, give the names of the roads the management of which since last January had been the subject of excited discussion, — a discussion not so much about the good sense as about the honesty of the management. We do not refer to the silly proclamations and pronouncements of the farmers, but to anxious discussions of a much more private and a much more rational kind. There were roads in Kansas, there were roads in Illinois, there were roads in a dozen other States, about which it was

beginning to be asked what were becoming of their dividends, and what was the character of the management. Simple-minded stockholders consoled themselves for the decline in the market value of their stock by the fact that they had always got ten per cent on their stock; and astute men explained the situation by means of generalizations (to a certain extent true), to the effect that in modern times it was necessary for roads to extend themselves, and that earnings must be used for that purpose rather than for the old-fashioned object of paying dividends on stock. With regard to the Pennsylvania system of roads, it was openly declared not so very long ago, with what truth we do not pretend to know, that the dividends the stockholders continued to receive were paid out of capital instead of income.

It is not our object to inquire into the truth of the stories which filled the air a few months since, and which, in our opinion, naturally and legitimately produced, in connection with the startling revelations of dishonesty in offices of trust of which we have lately been having such a plentiful supply, the distrust which led to the break in stocks in September. Whether the stories about Western roads were true or false, there was enough plausibility in them, when taken in connection with the fact that the accounts of these roads are to the investors in them absolutely unintelligible, to explain what has happened.

Of course there are in cases like these a large number of persons who always wish to know "what is proposed as a remedy." For ourselves, we propose no remedy at all. The only remedy for dishonesty is honesty, and the only remedy for absurd investments is safe investments. The remedy proposed by the farmers, of taking away from the stockholders what little profit is left them, hardly seems likely to be carried out; the remedy of handing the railroads over to the State or to the United States is not a practical question among intelligent people; and there remains nothing but to leave them in the hands which now manage them, to leave freights to be governed by the law of supply and demand, and to leave stockholders to discover that the industry of building railroads in new countries is highly speculative, and that, if they choose to invest in undertakings whose actual condition they have no means of ascertaining, they must take the consequences.

Great complaints have been made, and we have ourselves helped to make them, of new roads "built on bonds." We are obliged so admit, however, that the more this subject of railroads is studied, the more evident it becomes, that while these roads have in many cases been nurseries of fraud and swindling, the dishonesty has been brought about, not by the system of building "on bonds," but by the general causes which we have tried to indicate here, and which may be summed up in words,—irresponsible power. Roads nowadays must, like everything else, be begun with borrowed capital, and must be controlled by a very small number of men, generally one. There is no objection to such a system, if it is well managed. But when these few men induce the public to believe that they are a corporation of the old-fashioned democratic kind, and that the public will do wisely to buy their shares, they merely give one more proof of the extreme gullibility of the people, and their own rather dishonest sagacity.

There seems to be reason to hope that this panic will do something to bring people back to their senses on the subject of railroads. In 1857 a panic was produced by over-speculation in railroads, which restrained the public for some years from having anything to do with shares. Then the mania began again, and went on with increasing violence till last year. It had reached its height at about the time of the exposure of the Union Pacific Credit Mobilier swindle; though that road, to be sure, had never reached the point at which the public could be induced to take an active interest in its stock certificates. The curious part of this later railroad craze of the public is that, side by side with it, has gone on *pari passu* a more and more intelligent discussion of the real character of railroad investments, amounting practically to a demonstration that, while investment in bonds might or might not be prudent according to circumstances, there was no question that stock was a thing which, though nominally in the hands of the owner, was practically managed for him by some one at a great distance, who gave no security either for the honesty or efficiency with which he executed his trust. It is now several years since the exposure of the condition of Erie made a suggestive contribution to the public knowledge of the railroad question, and yet the exposure of Erie has been followed by wilder and still

wilder speculation in more and more distant roads. It seemed evident to most people at that time that Fisk and Gould, far from being monstrous productions of unnatural forces, were really natural though exaggerated results of a system which had spread over the entire country. Still people persisted in treating them as "out of nature," all railroads other than Erie as well managed, and all stocks other than Erie as perfectly safe.

While the public at large went on investing in all sorts of wild securities, managed by men of very doubtful reputation, and often managed no one knew by whom (for it is one of the peculiarities of the modern railroad that those most interested in the matter are sometimes unable to find out even who the real head of it is), the farmers of the West began to study the railroad problem, and in face of the fact, of which half an hour's examination of a few

railroad tariffs will convince any one, that for years past the rates of transportation have been declining, boldly asserted that the way in which railroads were managed was this: the freight rates were established in a fixed ratio to the stock or debt of the road, and the freight tariff was made to depend, not on the expense of transportation, but on the amount of dividends the directors chose to declare. The farmers, having made this brilliant discovery, determined at once to limit the rates of transportation by law, and, without a doubt, greatly contributed, by their insane clamor, in bringing about the depression in all railroad property. Their discussion has certainly had one good effect, that of making it plain that the great farmers' movement of 1873 grew out of a glut in the grain market, and not out of the iniquities of the unfortunate holders of watered stock.